Sept. 2, 1974

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Labor Day, Sept. 2. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bad Habits—A pair of very funny one-acters by Terrence McNally, each of them set in a sanatorium. The performances, under the direction of Robert Drivas, couldn't be better. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Labor Day at 2:30.)

Candide—A revival, in much altered form, of the 1956 original. Leonard Bernstein's score and Richard Wilbur's lyrics sound as wonderful as ever; Hugh Wheeler's new book, making a satire into a mocking, cheerful farce, works well. Harold Prince directed the inventive, lively performance, and Eugene and Franne Lee designed the effective "environmental" setting. Be prepared to climb up ramps and steps to find a seat. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A revival of the musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 1.)

Lorelei—A sadly mutilated partial reprise of the old musical, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Carol Channing is the valiant star. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, Sept. 3, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Magic Show—A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning are worth going to see. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Labor Day.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—Reopens Tuesday, Sept. 3, with Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Tom Clancy. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My Fat Friend—Lynn Redgrave and George Rose are as clever as can be in a frail English comedy by Charles Laurence. Directed by Robert Moore. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Sunday, Sept. 1, at 7:30.)

Over Here!—A musical that claims to tell us what is was like on the home front during the Second World War. It is really an excuse for presenting the two surviving Andrews Sisters, who sing splendidly, and for showing off some wonderful young dancers. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Labor Day.)

Scapino—A headlong farce, freely adapted from Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin" and acted to perfection by Jim Dale, of the Young Vic company, and a number of others. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 1, for four weeks.)

Thieves—A comedy about life in a high-rise apartment house. The author is Herb Gardner and the chief reason for seeing the show is Marlo Thomas. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Labor Day at 3.)

Why Hanna's Skirt Won't Stay Down—A play by Tom Eyen. (Top of the Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. YU 2-9292. Tuesdays at 7:30 and 9:45, and Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The World of Lenny Bruce—Frank Speiser in a one-man show. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Long Runs—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling, witty, all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,969 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GOOD EVENING:** Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a series of sketches, all but one or two of which are very funny indeed. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, except Sept. 4, and Saturdays at 3; special matinée Labor Day at 3.) . . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays and Labor Day, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Labor Day.) . . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tues-

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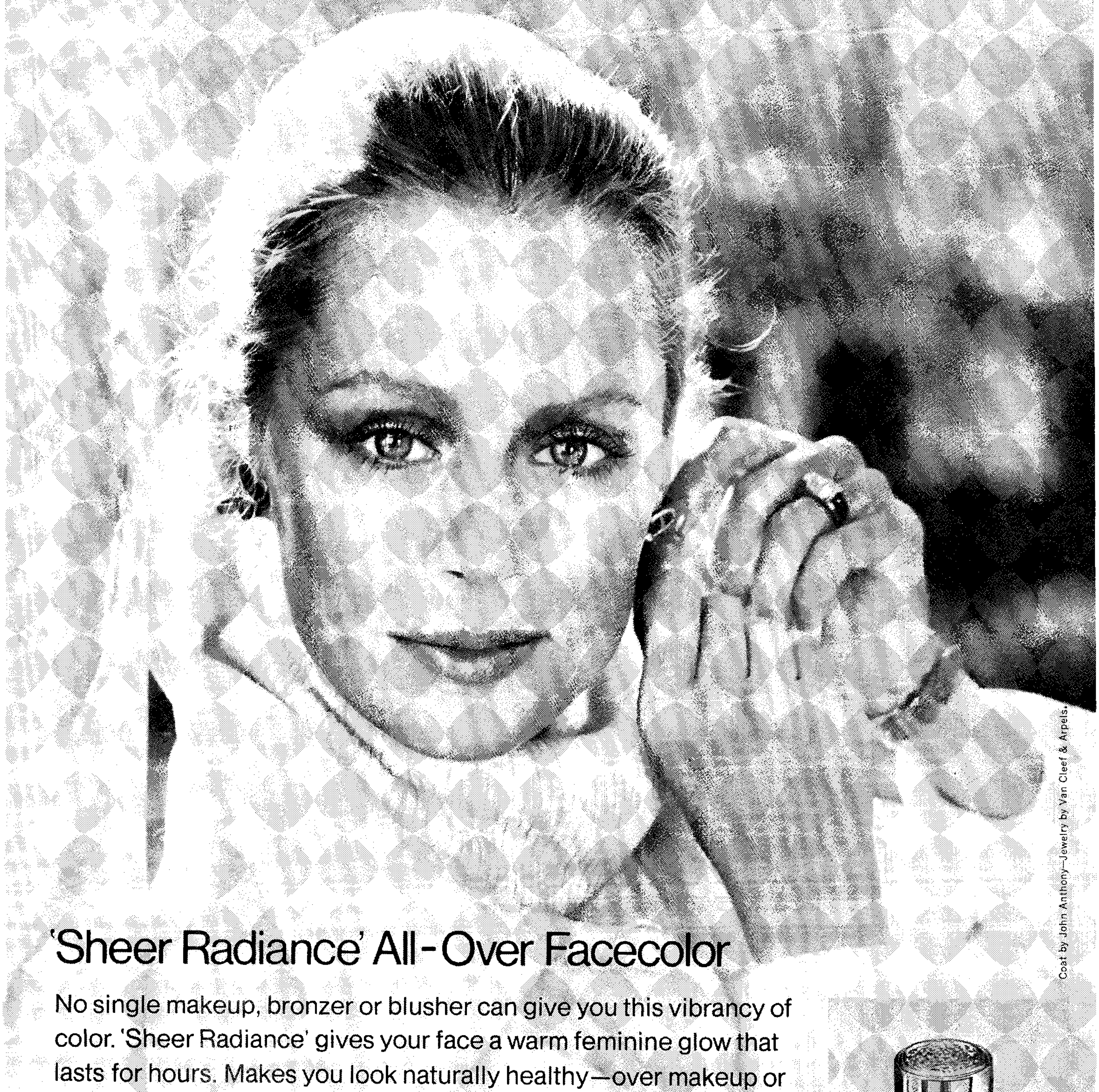

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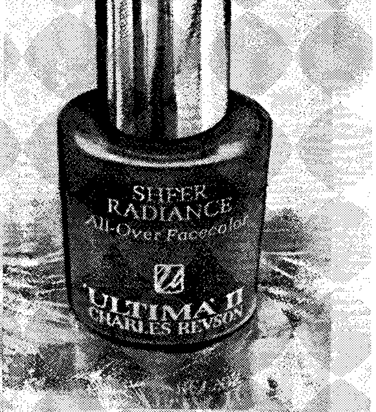
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days, except Sept. 3, through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Labor Day.)... **IRENE:** This pastiche of a lot of musicals of the last fifty years will close Saturday, Sept. 7. Jane Powell is in it now, and Debbie Reynolds will take over for the final week. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Labor Day at 3.... **MOONCHILDREN:** Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Jim Jansen and Renée Tadlock, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **RAISIN:** Worth seeing for its appealing and gifted cast, though the book of the musical is as old fashioned as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

UKRAINIAN FESTIVAL ON ICE—A hundred skaters (including Olympic and other champions) and musicians, from Kiev, appearing here for the first time, in a program of Russian folk dance, ballet, and ice skating. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L. I. 516 794-9100. Tuesday, Sept. 3, at 7:30; Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 4-6, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 7, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Sept. 8, at 12:30 and 7:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

CHET BAKER—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Trumpet, leading a trio, Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to three.

GEORGE BENSON—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Guitar, leading a quintet, at nine-thirty, except Sundays.

JAKI BYARD—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

ROY ELDRIDGE—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Pete Clarke, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

ELECTRIC FLAG—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Blues-inspired rock, by Mike Bloomfield, Nick Gravenites, Buddy Miles, Barry Goldberg, and Roger Troy. Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 4-7, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

ART FARMER—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Flugelhorn, leading a quartet. From ten to three, through Sunday, Sept. 1.

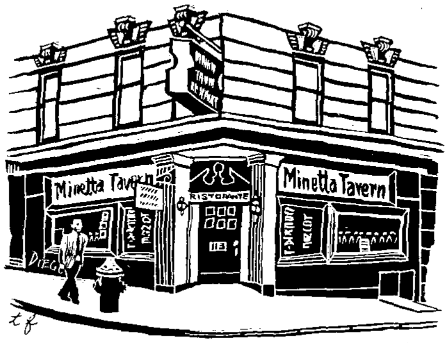
SONNY GREER / RUSSELL PROCOPE / BROOKS KERR—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, and Sundays from nine-thirty to twelve-thirty.

TINY GRIMES—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio, from nine to one, Thursdays and Fridays.

LIONEL HAMPTON—Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970). Vibraharp, leading a band, at dinner and supper, through Saturday, Aug. 31.

ROY HAYNES—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading a quintet. From ten to three, Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 5-7.

THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS BAND—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). With vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater. At ten, beginning Monday, Sept. 2.



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RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Reeds and many other instruments. With a sextet. From ten, through Sunday, Sept. 1.

LEE KONITZ—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Alto saxophone, leading a trio. Wednesdays and Thursdays, from nine-thirty to three....¶ Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to two-thirty.

ELLIS LARKINS—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, with bassist Al Hall, from eight to one, except Sundays. Beginning Thursday, Aug. 29.

CHARLES MINGUS—Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120). Bass, leading a quintet. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 30-31, at ten.

RED NORVO—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Vibraharp or xylophone, with Hank Jones, Milt Hinton, and Joe Corsello, from nine-fifteen to one, through Saturday, Aug. 31.

BUDDY RICH—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Drums, leading a septet, except Sundays.

JIMMY ROWLES—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, from nine-thirty to two-thirty, except Sundays.

LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Vocals and guitar. Friday through Sunday, Aug. 30-Sept. 1, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

CHUCK WAYNE AND JOE PUMA—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

DICK WELLSTOOD—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Piano, with trumpeter Billy Butterfield, saxophonist Kenny Davern, bassist Major Holley, and drummer Ronnie Cole. From nine-fifteen to one, beginning Tuesday, Sept. 3.

•

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A seaworthy vessel complete with dangling halyards, barrels, and a close-quartered conviviality. The musical crew consists of the Duke Cleamons trio Friday and Saturday, Aug. 30-31, and the Cedar Walton trio the following Friday and Saturday (Sept. 6-7). Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home base (the *only* base, in fact) for the Grove Street Stompers, a Dixieland band that brings immeasurable amounts of enthusiasm into this little bar between nine-fifteen and one every Monday. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until three, pianist Mabel Godwin plays good-time oldies. Closed Sundays.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—White brick walls, blown-up musings by R. D. Laing, succulent collard greens, and one of the most distinguished jukeboxes in town, stocked with recordings by many of the artists who appear here from time to time. Joe Thomas, on tenor sax and flute, leads a quintet through Saturday, Aug. 31. On Tuesday, Sept. 3, bassist David Williams plays with a quartet. Reedman Robin Kenyatta, who has lately wandered from jazz to soul to pop, wanders in with his quartet on Wednesday, Sept. 4. Music from nine to three. Closed Sundays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A four-hundred-and-fifty-seat rock-and-folk club in New York conjures up an image of hordes of bodies glued together in an indoor Woodstockian setting. At the Bottom Line, the seating is congested but ample, the décor is simple but pleasant, and the commitments to the sound system and lighting are admirable. The Incredible String Band, a not-too-amazing Scottish folk ensemble, trades sets with Hudson-Ford, a British singing duo (not an antique car), through Thursday, Aug. 29. Loudon Wainwright III, who writes passable countrified melodies and wry, witty lyrics, sings such numbers as "Clockwork Chartreuse" ("I got the black belt/ You got the gun/ Let's team up tonight/ Have some fun"), "The Swimming Song," and a song to his unborn child, in which he warns of life's unpleasantries and points out: "You cannot get inside again/ Once you have come out." Bryan Bowers, who is a master of the stack of autoharps he carries onstage but who is a bit too counter-culturally slick, appears opposite Wainwright Friday through Sunday, Aug. 30-Sept. 1. On Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 2-3, a comic duo, Proctor and Bergman (exes from the Firesign Theatre) will share the facilities with seasoned folkie Eric Andersen, who sings songs about women: Lila, Florentine, Sheila, Mama, etc. The Electric Flag, a band composed of prominent rock musicians who eventfully merged in 1967 and who went their separate ways before the decade was over, has recently regrouped and will play here Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 4-7. The original and current members are Mike Bloomfield, whom many have regarded as the consummate rock-and-blues guitarist ever since he came to notice with the Paul Butterfield Blues Band and backing Bob Dylan, almost ten years ago; Nick Gravenites, a wonderful (and too seldom heard) rock-and-blues singer and songwriter; Buddy Miles, a rampaging drummer; and Barry Goldberg, an accomplished keyboard sideman. Jelly Roll (Roger) Troy has replaced the group's original bass player, Harvey Brooks. On the same bill is King Biscuit Boy (Richard Newell), a competent Canadian blues-harp player who appropriated his name from Sonny Boy Williamson (who did some of *his* harmonica playing on "The King Biscuit Time" radio show in the fifties). Shows begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—An animated, crowded, wood-panelled bar that is highly regarded by the Village artisans and musicians who patronize it. Jimmy Rowles, working with bassist Bill Takas, provides the music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Sundays, from nine to one, are devoted to the piano of Jaki Byard—composer, New England Conservatory professor, and multifaceted jazzman—along with the bass of Major Holley. Dinner.

BUDDY'S PLACE, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855)—Whiz-bang drummer Buddy Rich's club is a most agreeable spot: a warm, red-carpeted square room with a helpful, amiable staff. There is, in addition, no problem with committed conversationalists or hecklers, thanks to the outspokenness of Rich, who makes short work of restoring order. His septet is exciting and talented: saxophonists Sal Nistico and Joe Romano, pianist John Bunch, guitarist Jack Wilkins, bassist Anthony Jackson, and Angel Aaende on congas. Two shows Mondays through Thursdays; three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—West Coast pianist Calvin Jackson, who spends a lot of time leading his thirty-one-piece symphonic jazz orchestra in California, more than makes do with bassist Rusty Gilder. His last night is Wednesday, Aug.

EDITION

The Daily Newspap

OLUME 506, No. 7— WEATHER: Sunny, Breezy. Coo

BIG THREE UP!

G.M., Ford, Chrysler Hike Prices.

DETROIT—To keep up with recent rises in the price of steel, the Big Three auto manufacturers announced new increases on cars and options.

This is GM's seventh price rise since the end of the '73 model year. Increases have included not only the basic vehicle but extra standard equipment, optional equipment and destination charges. The increases average over $550 per vehicle over final '73 model prices.

It was the sixth [illegible] for both

Ford and Chrysler, hiking their prices a total average of $584 and $458 respectively.

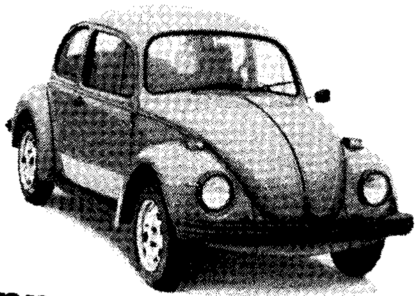
Extraordinary Increases

The multiple price increases put into effect by the auto makers are unusual for the industry, which in the past tried to limit increases to one per model year.

However, the recent rises in the cost of materials have forced the auto mak

as quickly as

Little One Down!



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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28. On Thursday, Aug. 29, Ellis Larkins, a subtle, facile pianist, and his bassist, Al Hall, replace the Jackson-Gilder duo. Sundays, Dick Hyman takes over the keyboard. Music from eight to one. Dining in relaxed surroundings.

Grand Finale, 210 W. 70th St. (595-4206)—A spacious night spot quartered on the ground floor of one of those large, sturdy apartment fortresses that proliferated on the upper West Side forty and fifty years ago. Lynn Kellogg, an alumnus of "Hair," sings folk and popular songs through Saturday, Aug. 31. On Sunday, Sept. 1, Marta Heflin, who was also a member of a "Hair" company, as well as a cast member of "Jesus Christ Superstar," sings lightweight rock. Alaina Reed, a sturdy, poised singer who should concentrate more on the songs she sings than on her act, comes in on Tuesday, Sept. 3. Mondays are devoted to unveiling new talent. Nightly shows at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Formerly a hamburger stand, this tiny bar is a warm, unruffled refuge situated in a bustling neighborhood. Through the bamboo shades that cover the picture-window walls, one can watch the nighttime traffic surge up First Avenue. Or one can listen as a lively swing trio leaps into what amounts to a tribute to the late Duke Ellington. The senior member of the threesome, drummer Sonny Greer, worked with Ellington for more than thirty years, beginning in 1919. Russell Procope carries out his duties on the alto saxophone and clarinet with the gusto and smooth finesse that typified Ellington reeds (he joined Ellington in 1945). Twenty-two-year-old Brooks Kerr, a stride stylist and an Ellington scholar, sits at the piano between Greer and Procope, generating much of the excitement. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, and Sundays from nine-thirty to twelve-thirty. Lee Konitz, still one of the most pleasing alto saxophonists around, plays with a trio and behind vocalist Lynn Crane on Mondays and Tuesdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Snacks.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—A jazz club in a sombre, modern setting, complete with black-tied waiters. The usual double-bill policy of first-rate or name groups often manages to fill the neat rows of tables and the banquette-lined wall. Guitar whiz George Benson and his quintet alternate with pianist Lance Hayward from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Dart boards and piano music. Vinnie Ruggieri is at the piano Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 29-Sept. 1. The Wednesday-night keyboard custodian is, as always, Jim Roberts. Dill Jones, the Welsh piano-playing member of the J. P. J. Quartet, takes over starting Monday, Sept. 2. Bassist Lyn Christie participates on Fridays and Saturdays, and on Sundays, Jane Valentine sings along. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Pete Clarke, and Eddie Locke play from nine-thirty to three. Sundays, the Frankie Dash quartet holds forth.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—This famous musical emporium has just been sold, and the new owner, apparently a traditionalist, reportedly plans to preserve the status quo. Meanwhile, the cramped, humid, second-story quarters continue to attract rock celebrities, who squeeze through the crowd onto the stage night after night. Patti Smith, a singer, poet, actress, and weirdo in general, delivers her stories, songs, and patter with a Mae Westian, Dylanesque, or Lou Reed-inspired inflection, usually dressed in a torn T-shirt and a black jacket. Television, a local young rock band, opens things up. Through Sunday, Sept. 1. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Drinks and snacks.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—This harmlessly Anglophile restaurant, complete with Tudor trappings and a bar flanked by a round Antonioni-red phone box, is, more often than not, distractingly animated and noisy. Red Norvo, the father of the vibraharp, works out on that instrument (and sometimes on the xylophone, too) for his stint here. His colleagues include pianist Hank Jones, bassist Milt Hinton, and Joe Corsello on drums. Through Saturday, Aug. 31. On Tuesday, Sept. 3, Chicago-jazz sessions get under way with pianist Dick Wellstood, trumpeter Billy Butterfield, Kenny Davern on soprano saxophone, Major Holley on bass, and drummer Ronnie Cole. Nine-fifteen to one are the hours. On Mondays, a Dixieland sextet plays from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

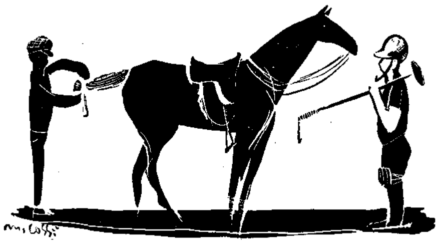
Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Located in an upper-West Side, urban-renewed, high-rise area, this corner restaurant, with its plastic-windowed sidewalk gallery, spaciousness, and easygoing atmosphere, is one of the neighborhood's major assets. Art Farmer, whose flugelhorn playing has lately been at its bright, strong, innovative peak, heads up a quartet through Sunday, Sept. 1. Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 3-4, Esther Marrow, supported by her quartet, sings impeccable rhythm-and-blues tunes. Drummer Roy Haynes begins taking his young quintet in and out of some moving, if familiar, material Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 5-7. Music from ten until three. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A speakeasy during the twenties, this lively West Village cabaret is now a pleasant mishmash of glitter, business suits, and bluejeans. Shows are presented at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays in the Paradise Room, a roofed-over, brick-walled garden, with mammoth potted palms, a campy neon sign, and a black-and-white-tiled stage. Judith Cohen, who tosses her burning-bush head of red hair about, does an assortment of unbecoming songs in a throaty, scratchy voice. Singer-pianist Bruce Roberts alternates with her through Saturday, Aug. 31. On Tuesday, Sept. 3, Anita O'Day, whose vocal breakthroughs of some thirty years ago remain influential, arrives to sing opposite Hugh Brodie. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—A couple of rooms, one of them with an illustrated ceiling, above a Greek-French restaurant. Guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli plays chord-dominated solos from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A dark but friendly and attractive little upper-West Side outpost devoted to live jazz (and to recorded soul, rhythm and blues, and similar Motown fare on its jukebox). Other points of interest include recessed yellow ceiling lights and a flamboyant bartender. Mondays and Tuesdays have been turned over to cool and placid Chet Baker and his trio. The Lee Konitz trio crosses town (after Monday- and Tuesday-night stands at Gregory's) to perform Wednesdays and Thursdays. Pianist Larry Willis leads a trio Friday and Saturday, Aug. 30-31; and drummer Jual Curtis is one of another threesome on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 6-7. Sundays are claimed by the silken guitar duo of Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma. Music from nine-thirty until three Mondays through Saturdays, and from nine until two on Sundays. Snacks.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—A weekend jazz program has been reinstated at this rambling, tri-level downtown institution. Bassist Charles Mingus, who has taken on more of an inspirational role, works in the background with his quintet. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 30-31, at ten.



Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—This murky basement of a night club still keeps tabs on some of the best jazz around. Rahsaan Roland Kirk, a forceful reed section all by himself, performs with his sextet through Sunday, Sept. 1. Beginning Monday, Sept. 2, the fifteen-member Thad Jones-Mel Lewis aggregation lets go with a week of big-band seriousness. Not always as serious, but every bit as intense is the band's vocalist, Dee Dee Bridgewater. The entertainment begins at ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Hanging tetrahedrons of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Pianist Hugh Lawson, a pleasing interpreter, especially of Horace Silver compositions, plays with Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays from eight to two. Mondays through Wednesdays, the musical chores are taken on by pianist Kenny Brawner and a bassist, except on Wednesday, Aug. 28, when Chuck Fowler is at the piano. Dinner.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old stamping ground of Kerouac and Ginsberg when they were Columbia students. Now it's a modernized and enlarged cafeteria, with jazz. The patrons here—still for the most part students—form an interested and enthusiastic audience for saxophonist and clarinettist Russell Procope, trumpeter Franc Williams, drummer Sam Woodyard, and pianist Sammy Benskin, on Monday and Tuesday nights. Trumpeter Ed Lewis, pianist Sonny Donaldson, Harold Cumberbatch on baritone saxophone, and drummer Warren Odze get together Wednesdays. Thursdays and Fridays, Tiny Grimes, a bluesy, bebopping four-string-guitar picker, glides along with his trio. Saturdays, a quartet headed by tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette and Lewis takes over. Sundays, Mabel Godwin plays piano and sings with her trio. All this and student food at student prices, starting at nine.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein are playing in the newly refurbished **PLAZA RESTAURANT,** from six to ten, Mondays through Fridays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** pianists Joan St. James and Ruth Andrews play Mondays through Fridays from four-thirty to midnight. Saturdays from five to midnight and Sundays from four to midnight, Sandu Marcu supplies violin music.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The sumptuous mountain fastness is presenting the Lionel Hampton band at dinner and supper. On Tuesday, Sept. 3, Kelly Garrett, a young lady given to song, will replace the Hamptons. The dance tunes, which begin at eight, are on tape through Saturday, Aug. 31; by a dance band thereafter. Closed Sundays and Labor Day.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This room with a view affords harp music by Eleanor Fell, from seven to eleven, every night but Monday.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Labor Day.)

GALLERIES

Georges Lacombe (1868-1916)—Forty-nine black-and-colored-crayon drawings by a member of the Nabi group, including studies for a four-panel sculpture named *Lit*. Through Sept. 27. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St.)

José Guadalupe Posada (1852-1913)—Original prints by this mordant Mexican pamphleteer-artist. Through Sept. 15. (Washington Irving Gallery, 126 E. 16th St. Daily, 1 to 6.)

Pennerton West (1913-65)—Paintings spanning the artist's career. Through Friday, Aug. 30. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Group Shows—At the **AFRICAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE,** 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.:

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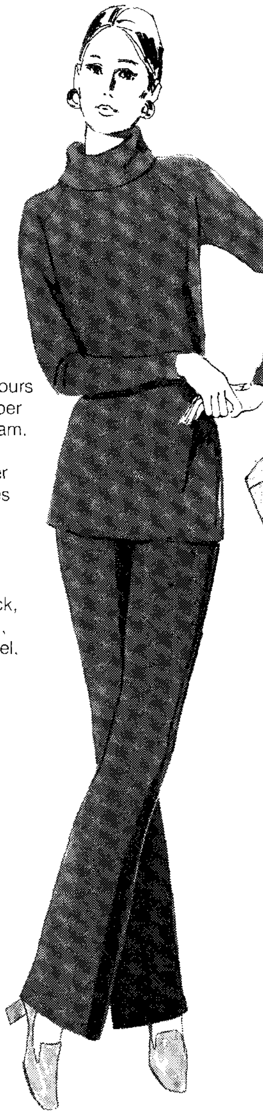

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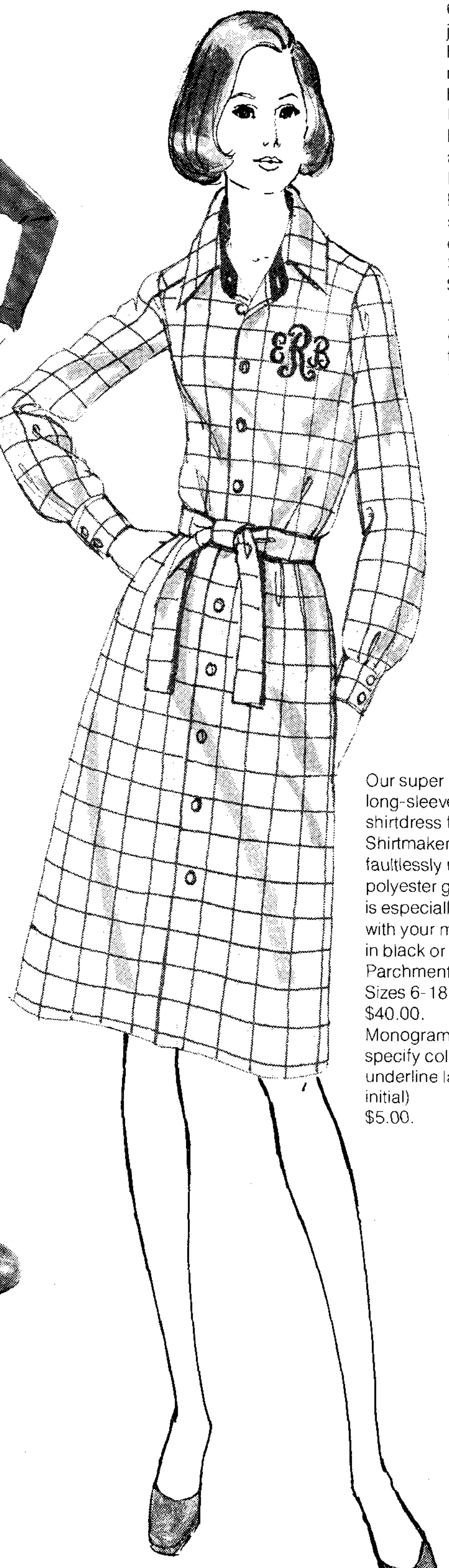

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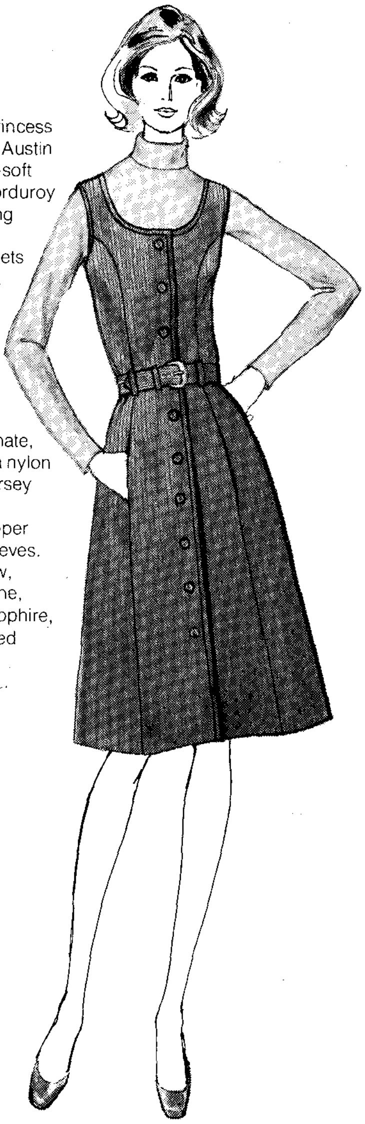

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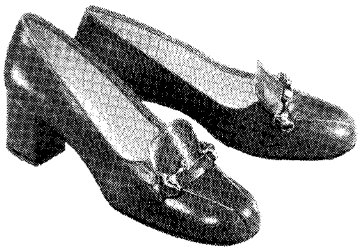

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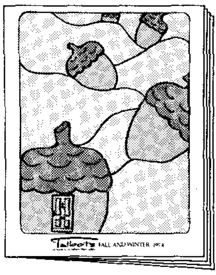

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

Four contemporary African artists, from Mozambique, Nigeria, Ethiopia, and Sudan. Through Oct. 19. (Open Saturdays.)... **PARSONS**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by forty American abstract artists. Through Friday, Aug. 30....¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others, during the hiatus, pull from their stock and mount shows of gallery artists, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of those open: **ARRAS**, 29 W. 57th St.; closed Mondays, open Saturdays.... **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.... **SECOND STORY SPRING STREET SOCIETY**, 167 Spring St.; closed Mondays, open Saturdays.

PHOTOGRAPHY

C. L. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) (1832-98) / **Julia Margaret Cameron** (1815-79)—Portraits from the eighteen-sixties by two of the greatest of Victorian amateur photographers. Through Sept. 30. (Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Ron Galella—Photographs of famous people, including, of course, Jacqueline Onassis and her family. Through Friday, Aug. 30. (Nikon House, 437 Madison Ave., at 50th St.)

Group Shows—At **EASTMAN KODAK**, 1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St.: A large exhibition of black-and-white and color photographs by high-school-student winners in an annual competition held by *Scholastic*. Through Sept. 14. (Closed Monday mornings; open Saturdays.)... **JEWISH MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.: Photographs of Jerusalem by twenty-one photographers from various countries. Through Tuesday, Sept. 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)... **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: Fifty photographs of public institutions (hospitals, fire and police departments, schools, and the like) taken between 1890 and 1906, and drawn from the Harvard Social Ethics Collection. Through Monday, Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: Photographs of lower Manhattan by fourteen photographers. Through Oct. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)... **WOMEN'S INTERART CENTER**, 549 W. 52nd St.: A joint exhibition of photographs by students and teachers of the Center and by members of a group called Women Photographers of New York. Through Friday, Sept. 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A large exhibition of Currier & Ives prints—landscapes, city views, genre scenes, cartoons, portraits of pet animals, and pictures of clipper ships, steamboats, and trains. Through Sept. 8....¶ Photographs, models, studies, and replicas of nineteenth-century New York public sculptures by, among others, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Daniel Chester French, and Frederick William MacMonnies. Through Sept. 29....¶ An exhibition of twelve quilts from the American Wing, spanning twelve decades (1800 to 1920) and illustrating twelve varieties of American quilt design and technique. Through Sept. 8....¶ More than a hundred paintings by Venetian artists from the fourteenth century to the eighteenth, including Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese. Through Tuesday, Sept. 3....¶ The complete set of ten tapestries—the "David and Bathsheba" series—from the Cluny Museum, in Paris, four of which were included in the recent tapestry exhibition here. The showing is supplemented by armor, weapons, and furniture of the period from the museum's collection. Through Tuesday, Sept. 3....¶ "The Tens, the Twenties, the Thirties: Inventive Clothes/1909-1939" is an exhibition of a hundred and fifty dresses from the great days of Chanel, Poiret, Vionnet, and others. Through Tuesday, Sept. 3....¶ About fifty Indian miniatures from the Jeffrey Paley collection. Through Sept. 29. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Seurat to Matisse: Drawing in France," an exhibition of a hundred and eighty-four works on paper from the museum's collection, done in France between 1881 and 1954, the year of Matisse's death. Through Sept. 8....¶ Drawings by German Expressionists, selected from the museum's collection. Starts Saturday, Aug. 30....¶ Recently acquired drawings by contemporary European and American artists. Through Sept. 8....¶ Works of cord and tape, which the spectator can enter, by Marlene Scott V. Through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **NOTE**: The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11. Casual entertainment Fridays and Saturdays at 8: folk stuff, ballet, and such.

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Approximately two hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by Kandinsky, Klee, Picasso, Mondrian, Brancusi, Léger, Delaunay, Chagall, and Marc, from the museum's collection. Through Sept. 8. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Labor Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings and sculptures by American artists, from the museum's collection. Through Sept. 29....¶ Abstract paintings in acrylic by Jack Whitten, a young New York artist. Through Sept. 22. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Labor Day, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Paintings, watercolors, drawings, and sculptures by Cézanne, van Gogh, Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, Soutine, and others, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman and the Henry and Rose Pearlman Foundation. Through Sept. 29....¶ Puerto Rican stone and terra-cotta artifacts from the Taino culture (1000 to 1500 A.D.). Through Sept. 29. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5; Labor Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The scanning electron microscope can magnify objects, such as grains of sugar or a segment of a fly's eye, up to two hundred thousand times. About a hundred photographic blowups of S.E.M. magnifications are on exhibit here. Through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Labor Day, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Craft objects from six private collections, among them a collection of rugs, jewelry, ceramics, and sculptures by contemporary American Indians. Through Sunday, Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Three small exhibitions (of stone carvings, wooden sculptures, bronzes, ceramic vessels, and other objects) illustrating the use of art to invoke the supernatural in New Guinea, Nigeria, and the pre-Columbian Andes. Through Sept. 8. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A show called "Toys from the Attic," of which the centerpiece is the ten-room, two-bath doll house designed in the twenties by Carrie Walter Stettheimer and decorated by William Zorach, Gaston Lachaise, Marcel Duchamp, Marguerite Zorach, Alexander Archipenko, and other artist friends. Through Nov. 30....¶ An unconventional and extraordinarily well-designed exhibition on the subject of venereal disease. Through Monday, Sept. 2....¶ A tribute to Eugene O'Neill, including original manuscripts, photographs, portraits and paintings, costume and set designs, and memorabilia (his personal three-dollar check for a subscription to the *Times* in 1920, for instance). Through Sept. 29. (Weekdays, except Tuesday, Sept. 3, from 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—More than fifty prints (by Cy Twombly, Brice Marden, and others) produced at the Untitled Press, a private printing press in Captiva, Florida, founded in 1969 by Robert Rauschenberg and Robert Petersen, whose graphics are also on view. Through Sept. 22. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhaustive exhibition of manuscripts, books, newspapers, etchings, and documents by or pertaining to Washington Irving. Through Oct. 12. (Weekdays, except Labor Day, 9 to 5.)

MUSIC

OPERA

New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 10—Wednesday, Aug. 28, at 7: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Diane Curry, José Carreras, and Pablo Elvira; conducted by Luigi Martelli....¶ Thursday, Aug. 29, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Nancy Shade, Melvyn Poll, and John Darrenkamp; Giuseppe Morelli....¶ Friday, Aug. 30, at 8: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Faye Robinson, Herman Malamood, and William Justus; Michel Plasson....¶ Saturday, Aug. 31, at 2: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Beverly Sills, Diane Curry, José Carreras, and Pablo Elvira; Luigi Martelli....¶ Saturday, Aug. 31, at 8: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Richard Taylor, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Fisher; Mario Bernardi....¶ Sunday, Sept. 1, at 1: "The Mikado," with Glenys Fowles, Betty Allen, Gary Glaze, and James Billings; Judith Somogi....¶ Sunday, Sept. 1, at 7: "La Bohème," with Maralin Niska, Noelle Rogers, Tullio Pane, and Thomas Jamerson; Giuseppe Morelli....¶ Tuesday, Sept. 3, at 8: "Anna Bolena," with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Robert Hale, and William McDonald; Julius Rudel....¶ Wednesday, Sept. 4, at 8: "The Mikado," with Glenys Fowles, Betty Allen, Gary Glaze, and James Billings; Judith Somogi....¶ Thursday, Sept. 5, at 8: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Faye Robinson, Herman Malamood, and Maurizio Mazzieri; Michel Plasson....¶ Friday, Sept. 6, at 8: "Anna Bolena," with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Robert Hale, and William McDonald; Julius Rudel....¶ Saturday, Sept. 7, at 2: "La Bohème," with Catherine Malfitano, Noelle Rogers, Tullio Pane, and Thomas Jamerson; Giuseppe Morelli....¶ Saturday, Sept. 7, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Ruth Welting, Diane Curry, Gene Bullard, and Pablo Elvira; Luigi Martelli. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Uriah Heep—With Suzi Quatro. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Sept. 4, at 8.)

Glenn Yarbrough and the Limeliters—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Thursday, Sept. 5, at 8.

Donald Byrd and the Blackbyrds, and Freddie Hubbard (with Junior Cooke)—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Sept. 6, at 8.

IN THE COUNTRY

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Wednesday, Aug. 28, at 8: Sha Na Na....¶ Thursday, Aug. 29, at 8: Richard Dufallo directing an orchestra and a chorus in the second of two performances of Moussorgsky's "Boris Godunov," in English, with Kay Creed, mezzo-soprano; Robert Schmorr and Richard Kness, tenors; and Norman Treigle and Spiro Malas, bass-baritones....¶ Friday through Monday, Aug. 30-Sept. 2, at 8: American Song Festival....¶ Tuesday, Sept. 3, at 7: Loggins & Messina....¶ Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 7-8, at 7: New York Country Western Music Festival. (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Sept. 15. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—**METS**: Vs. Houston, Wednesday, Aug. 28, at 2:15, and Thursday, Aug. 29, at 4:15....¶ Atlanta, Friday, Aug. 30, at 8:05; Saturday, Aug. 31, at 4:15; and Sunday, Sept. 1, at 2:15.... **YANKEES**: Vs. Milwaukee, Monday, Sept. 2, at 1 (doubleheader), and Wednesday, Sept. 4, at 2....¶ Detroit, Friday, Sept. 6, at 5:30 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday, Sept. 7, at 2.

Professional Football—At Downing Stadium,

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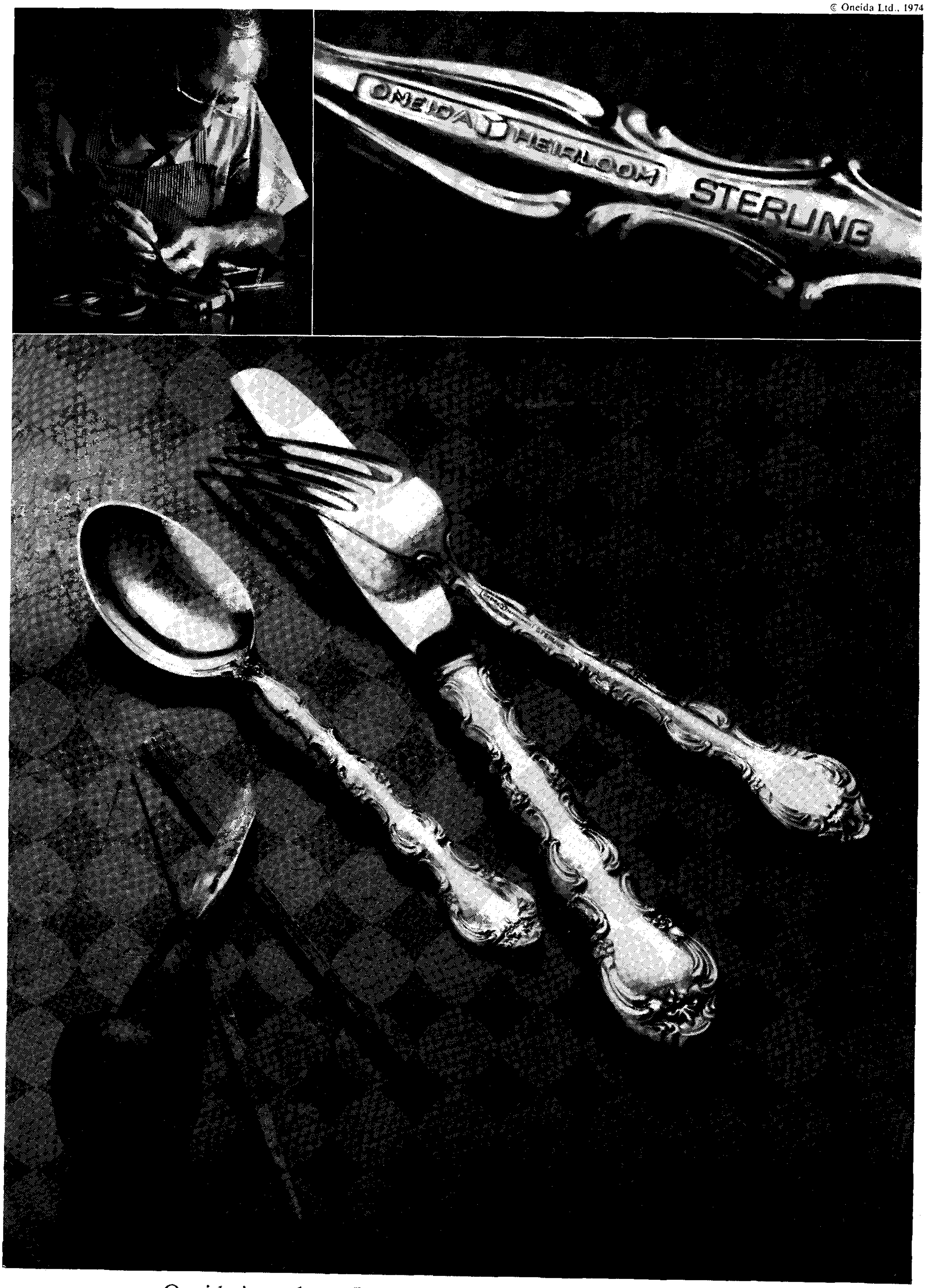
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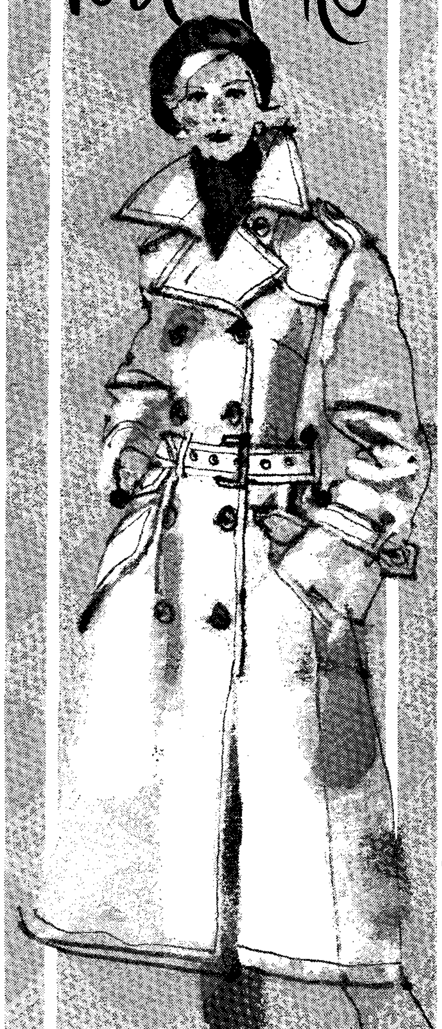

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Randall's Island—Monday, Sept. 2, at 8: New York Stars vs. Philadelphia Bell. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 6, at 8: New York Stars vs. Florida Blazers. (For tickets, call 355-1213.)

Golf—U.S.G.A. Amateur Championship. (Ridgewood Country Club, Ridgewood, N.J. Through Saturday, Aug. 31.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3.

Racing—At **BELMONT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 12. The Gazelle Handicap, Wednesday, Aug. 28; the Lawrence Realization, Saturday, Aug. 31; the Governor, Monday, Sept. 2; and the Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 7. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Tuesdays through Fridays between 10:15 and 1, and Saturdays and Labor Day between 10:15 and 1:15.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 19. The United Nations Invitational Handicap, Friday, Aug. 30.

Tennis—United States Open Tennis Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Wednesday, Aug. 28, through Sunday, Sept. 8. Matches begin at noon. For information about tickets, call 651-5200.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 12. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, except Labor Day, when post time will be 2:15; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about other free summer events.)

New York Dance Festival—The first eight in a series of twelve free performances—Thursday, Aug. 29: Dianne McIntyre's Sounds in Motion, Eliot Feld Ballet, Maria Alba Spanish Dance Company, and the Blue Mountain Paper Parade. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 30: Eliot Feld Ballet, Carmen de Lavallade and Wesley Fata, Maria Alba Spanish Dance Company, and the Blue Mountain Paper Parade. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 31: Eliot Feld Ballet, Fred Benjamin Dance Company, Carmen de Lavallade and Wesley Fata, and Pilobolus Dance Theatre. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 1: Bottom of the Bucket, But . . . Dance Theatre; Pearl Lang Dance Company; and Pilobolus Dance Theatre. . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 2: Bottom of the Bucket, But . . . Dance Theatre; Dennis Wayne's Dance Repertory Theatre; and Pearl Lang Dance Company. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 3: Dennis Wayne's Dance Repertory Theatre, George Faison Universal Dance Experience, Katherine Litz, and Ze'eva Cohen. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 4: Cliff Keuter Dance Company, Dennis Wayne's Dance Repertory Theatre, George Faison Universal Dance Experience, and Katherine Litz. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 5: Eleanor d'Antuono and Ted Kivitt, Rose Marie Wright and Kenneth Rinker, George Faison Universal Dance Experience, Lar Lubovitch and Susan Weber, and Ze'eva Cohen. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Evenings at 8; through Sunday, Sept. 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Central Park Mall—Samuel Krachmalnick conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra in Rossini's "Il Conte Ory," in concert form, with Christine Weidinger, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; William Metcalf, baritone; and others. The final concert of the season. (Monday, Sept. 2, at 7:30.)

Central Park's East Meadow—Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theatre. (Saturday, Aug. 31, at 8.)

Wollman Rink—The final performances in the Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, Aug. 28, at 7: Mary Travers and Dion. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 30, at 7: The Pointer Sisters and Manhattan Transfer. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 31, at 1: PFM. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 31, at 7: Richie Havens and Hall & Oates. . . . ¶ Monday, Sept. 2 (postponed from Aug. 19), at 2: Ray Charles and The Raeletts. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 3, at 6: John Sebastian. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 4, at 7: Foghat and Bad Company. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 6, at 7: Lynyrd Skynyrd, James Cotton Blues Band, and Elvin Bishop. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 7, at 7: Aerosmith and Rory Gallagher. (For information about tickets, call 249-8870; no tickets necessary for the one-o'clock performance on Saturday, Aug. 31.)

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors—The final performances of a two-week festival of musical comedy, dance, cabaret, recitals, chamber music, and street theatre. **LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA**: New York City street groups and community-theatre troupes from across the country will be performing Wednesday, Aug. 28, and Friday, Aug. 30, at 2:30 and 5; Saturday, Aug. 31, at 1, 2:30, and 5; and Sunday, Sept. 1, at 1 and 2:30. . . . ¶ Novella Nelson and Geraldine Fitzgerald, Saturday, Aug. 31, at 9:30. . . . ¶ A symposium on the street groups and community-theatre troupes, Sunday, Sept. 1, at 4. . . . ¶ Ballet Hispanico, Monday, Sept. 2, at 8. . . . **DAMROSCH PARK**: Herald Brass Quintet, Wednesday, Aug. 28, at 8. . . . ¶ Pilobolus Dance Theatre, Thursday, Aug. 29, at 8. . . . ¶ The Jazzmobile Workshop Orchestra and the Jazzmobile All-Stars, conducted by Jimmy Heath, Friday, Aug. 30, at 8. . . . ¶ The Rod Rodgers Dance Company, Saturday, Aug. 31, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vieuxtemps String Quartet, Sunday, Sept. 1, at 8.

Jazz on the River—The river is the Hudson, the vehicle is an off-course Staten Island ferry, and the jazz (three hours' worth) is as follows: Wednesday, Aug. 28, at 7:30, Joe Newman's septet, Chico Hamilton's sextet, and Robin Kenyatta's quintet. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 6, at 7:30, Machito's orchestra, Graciela, Stella Marrs' quintet, and Newban. (Slip 3, South Ferry Terminal. For information about tickets, call 541-5390.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF**, with Norman Atkins and Geraldine Brooks. (Nightly at 8:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 1. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semiannual show will be on view daily, from noon until sundown, starting Friday, Aug. 30, and continuing through Sunday, Sept. 15.

Bus Tours—Sundays, at 12, 1:30, 3, and 4:30, a London double-decker bus operated by the Municipal Art Society leaves from the Metropolitan Museum on a conducted architectural tour of Fifth Ave., to Washington Square (with additional boarding stops at the Grand Army Plaza, Fifth Ave. and 59th St., and at Washington Arch in Washington Square), thence across to Third Ave. and back uptown to the museum by way of Third, Park, and Madison Avenues. The complete trip takes an hour and a half, and the number to call for information about tickets is 628-4555.

Delacorte Geyser—The big spout in the East River, off 48th Street. Flourishes 11:45 A.M. to 1:15 P.M., 4:30 P.M. to 6 P.M., and 8:30 P.M. to 10 P.M.

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Tuesdays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays, Sundays, and Labor Day.

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

Baseball—At **SHEA STADIUM**: Mets vs. Montreal, Sept. 9-10 (night). St. Louis, Sept. 11-12 (n). Chicago, Sept. 13 (twi-night doubleheader) and Sept. 14-15 (day). Pittsburgh, Sept. 26-27 (n) and Sept. 28-29 (d). Philadelphia, Sept. 30-Oct. 2 (n). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Sept. 8 (day). Baltimore, Sept. 17 (night), Sept. 18 (d), and Sept. 19 (n). Cleveland, Sept. 20 (twi-night doubleheader) and Sept. 21-22 (d). Boston, Sept. 24 (twi-night doubleheader) and Sept. 25 (d). . . . **AMERICAN LEAGUE AND NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS**: Start Oct. 5. . . . **WORLD SERIES**: Starts Oct. 12 in the home park of the National League champion.

Professional Basketball Exhibition games—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN**: Knicks vs. Portland, Oct. 1. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Buffalo and Milwaukee vs. Boston, Oct. 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Boston and Milwaukee vs. Buffalo, Oct. 10. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM**: Nets vs. Detroit, Sept. 27. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Chicago, Oct. 5.

College Football—Some early games of the season—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 14**: Army vs. Lafayette, at West Point. . . . **SATURDAY, SEPT. 21**: Army vs. Tulane, at West Point, and Holy Cross vs. Brown, at Worcester. . . . **FRIDAY, SEPT. 27**: Fordham vs. Widener, at Fordham.

. . . **SATURDAY, SEPT. 28:** Columbia vs. Lafayette, at Baker Field; Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca; Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge; Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton; Trinity vs. Williams, at Hartford; and Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 5:** Army vs. Penn State, at West Point; Brown vs. Pennsylvania, at Providence; Fordham vs. Kings Point, at Fordham; Harvard vs. Rutgers, at Cambridge; Holy Cross vs. Dartmouth, at Worcester; Navy vs. Boston College, at Annapolis; Princeton vs. Columbia, at Princeton; and Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 11: New York Stars vs. Portland Storm, at Portland. . . . **SUNDAY, SEPT. 15:** Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at the Yale Bowl, New Haven; Jets vs. Kansas City Chiefs, at Kansas City; and New York Stars vs. Hawaiians, at Honolulu. . . . **SUNDAY, SEPT. 22:** Giants vs. New England Patriots, at the Yale Bowl, and Jets vs. Chicago Bears, at Chicago. . . . **WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 25:** New York Stars vs. Detroit Wheels, at Downing Stadium, Randall's Island. . . . **SUNDAY, SEPT. 29:** Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Buffalo, and Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Dallas. . . . **THURSDAY, OCT. 3:** New York Stars vs. Chicago Fire, at Chicago. . . . **SUNDAY, OCT. 6:** Giants vs. Atlanta Falcons, at the Yale Bowl. . . . **MONDAY, OCT. 7:** Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Miami. . . . **WEDNESDAY, OCT. 9:** New York Stars vs. Memphis Southmen, at Downing Stadium.

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Sept. 23, exhibition game. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, Sept. 30, exhibition game. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Oct. 9 (first official game of the season). . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Minnesota North Stars, Oct. 1, exhibition game. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Oct. 5, exhibition game.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—Grand Prix. (Watkins Glen. Oct. 6.)

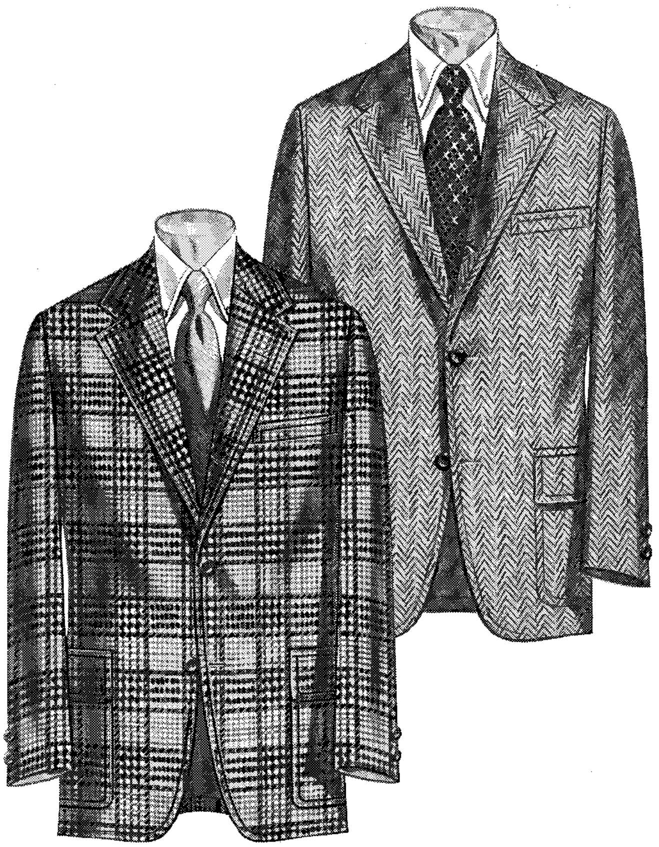
YACHTING—America's Cup Races. (Newport. Starting Sept. 10.)

MUSIC—METROPOLITAN OPERA (799-4420): The season will open on Sept. 23, with Verdi's "I Vespri Siciliani," and will run through April 19. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL,** Lincoln Center (TR 4-2424): Opening performances of the New York Philharmonic, Pierre Boulez conducting, Sept. 18 (non-subscription benefit concert) and Sept. 19 (first concert of the regular season). . . . ¶ Opening performance here of the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sept. 30. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): Virgil Fox, organ, Oct. 1. . . . ¶ Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, Oct. 10-12. . . . **HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL** (535-5350): Rudolf Firkusny, piano, Oct. 6. . . . **FELT FORUM,** Madison Square Garden (564-4400): The Welsh Guards and the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, Sept. 20-22.

BALLET—Stars of the Bolshoi Ballet, at the Metropolitan Opera House, Sept. 17-22. . . . ¶ Joffrey Ballet, at the City Center, Oct. 9-Nov. 3.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Angela Lansbury in a revival of "Gypsy," the musical taken from Gypsy Rose Lee's autobiography, with a book by Arthur Laurents, music by Jule Styne, and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim. . . . ¶ A musical, "Mack and Mabel," starring Robert Preston and Bernadette Peters as Mack Sennett and Mabel Normand. Michael Stewart wrote the book and Jerry Herman the music and lyrics. . . . ¶ A comedy imported from London, "Absurd Person Singular," by Alan Ayckbourn, with Sandy Dennis, Richard Kiley, Geraldine Page, Larry Blyden, Carole Shelley, and Tony Roberts. . . . ¶ The Long Wharf Theatre production of Peter Nichols' London play "The National Health," in which Rita Moreno will appear.

OTHER DATES—National Mexican Festival and Rodeo, at Madison Square Garden, Sept. 11-17. . . . ¶ Third-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Monday, Sept. 16. . . . ¶ The first day of fall is Sept. 23. . . . ¶ Ice Follies, at Madison Square Garden, Sept. 26-29 and Oct. 2-6. . . . ¶ New York Film Festival opens on Sept. 27 at Avery Fisher Hall. Moves next day to Alice Tully Hall: Sept. 28-Oct. 12. Winds up at Avery Fisher Hall on Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Registration days for the Nov. 5 elections, Oct. 3, 5, and 10. . . . ¶ Bryant Park Flower Show, Oct. 3-8. . . . ¶ National Arts and Antiques Festival, at the 7th Regiment Armory, Oct. 7-13.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 29: "The Ra Expeditions."
From Aug. 30: "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Aug. 31: "Love Crazy" and "The Mask of Fu Manchu."
Sept. 1-3: "In Old Chicago" and "Tin Pan Alley."
From Sept. 4: "Captains Courageous" and "Down to the Sea in Ships."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Sept. 3: "Going Places" and "I Could Never Have Sex with Any Man Who Has So Little Regard for My Husband."
From Sept. 4: "Daisy Miller" and "Paper Moon."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Score."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 3: "The Great Gatsby" and "Bang the Drum Slowly."
From Sept. 4: "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" and "The Heartbreak Kid."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Sept. 3: "Blazing Saddles" and "Take the Money and Run."
From Sept. 4: To be announced.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Chinatown."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Pink Floyd."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Animal Crackers."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Harold and Maude."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Flesh Gordon."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Chinatown."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
To be announced.

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Score."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"California Split."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Escape to Nowhere."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (753-5755)
"The Harder They Come."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Buster and Billie."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Billy Jack."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Seduction of Mimi."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Longest Yard."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 3: "Dirty Mary Crazy Larry."
From Sept. 4: "Daisy Miller."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Ra Expeditions."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Buster and Billie."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Mame."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Sept. 3: "Alice in Wonderland" and "Fantasia."
From Sept. 4: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Longest Yard."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Death Wish."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Uptown Saturday Night."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Savage Sisters."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Alice in Wonderland" and "Fantasia."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Flesh Gordon."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Sept. 3: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" and "Le Sex Shop."
From Sept. 4: *Theatre closed.*

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Sept. 3: "Buster and Billie."
From Sept. 4: To be announced.

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Sept. 3 at one or another of the theatres: "The Sting" / "Behind the Green Door" and "Resurrection of Eve" / "Harold and Maude."... ¶ Aug. 28: "Limelight" and "A King in New York."... ¶ Aug. 29-30: "A King in New York" and "Monsieur Verdoux."... ¶ Aug. 31-Sept. 1: "Monsieur Verdoux" and "The Gold Rush."... ¶ Sept. 2-3: "The Gold Rush" and "City Lights."
From Sept. 4: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Aug. 31: "The Saphead."
Sept. 1-2: "A Night at the Opera" and "The Adventures of Robin Hood."
Sept. 3: "King of Hearts" and "That Man from Rio."
From Sept. 4: "Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid" and "One-Eyed Jacks."

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Claudine."

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (265-8431)
"Walking Tall."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Girl from Petrovka."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"That's Entertainment!"

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Alice in Wonderland" and "Fantasia."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through the afternoon of Sept. 3: "For Pete's Sake" and "The Owl and the Pussycat."
From Sept. 4: "The Parallax View."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Aug. 28: "Rachel, Rachel" and "Wanda."
Aug. 29: "Chloé in the Afternoon" and "Claire's Knee."
Aug. 30: "Midnight Cowboy" and "Sunday Bloody Sunday."
Aug. 31: "Irma la Douce" and "Some Like It Hot."
Sept. 1: "Footlight Parade" and "42nd Street."
Sept. 2: "Léda" and "La Femme Infidèle."
Sept. 3: "The Exterminating Angel" and "El."
Sept. 4: "Tales of Hoffmann" and "An Evening with the Royal Ballet."
Sept. 5: "The Conformist" and "The Confession."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Harry & Tonto."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Sept. 3: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" and "Le Sex Shop."
From Sept. 4: To be announced.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Aug. 28: "M" and "The Testament of Dr. Mabuse."
Aug. 29-Sept. 2: W. C. Fields Shorts and "Room Service."
Sept. 3-4: "The Red Shoes" and "Top Hat."
From Sept. 5: "The Lady Vanishes" and "The Importance of Being Earnest."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Aug. 29: "Death in Venice" and "The Damned."
Aug. 30-Sept. 1: "Trash" and "Heat."
Sept. 2-3: "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" and "Romeo and Juliet."
Sept. 4-5: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" and "Belle de Jour."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
"99 and 44/100% Dead" and "The Poseidon Adventure."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"Buster and Billie."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Sept. 3: "The Great Gatsby" and "Bang the Drum Slowly."
From Sept. 4: "The Parallax View" and another feature, to be announced.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 3: "Mr. Majestyk" and "The Mechanic."
From Sept. 4: To be announced.

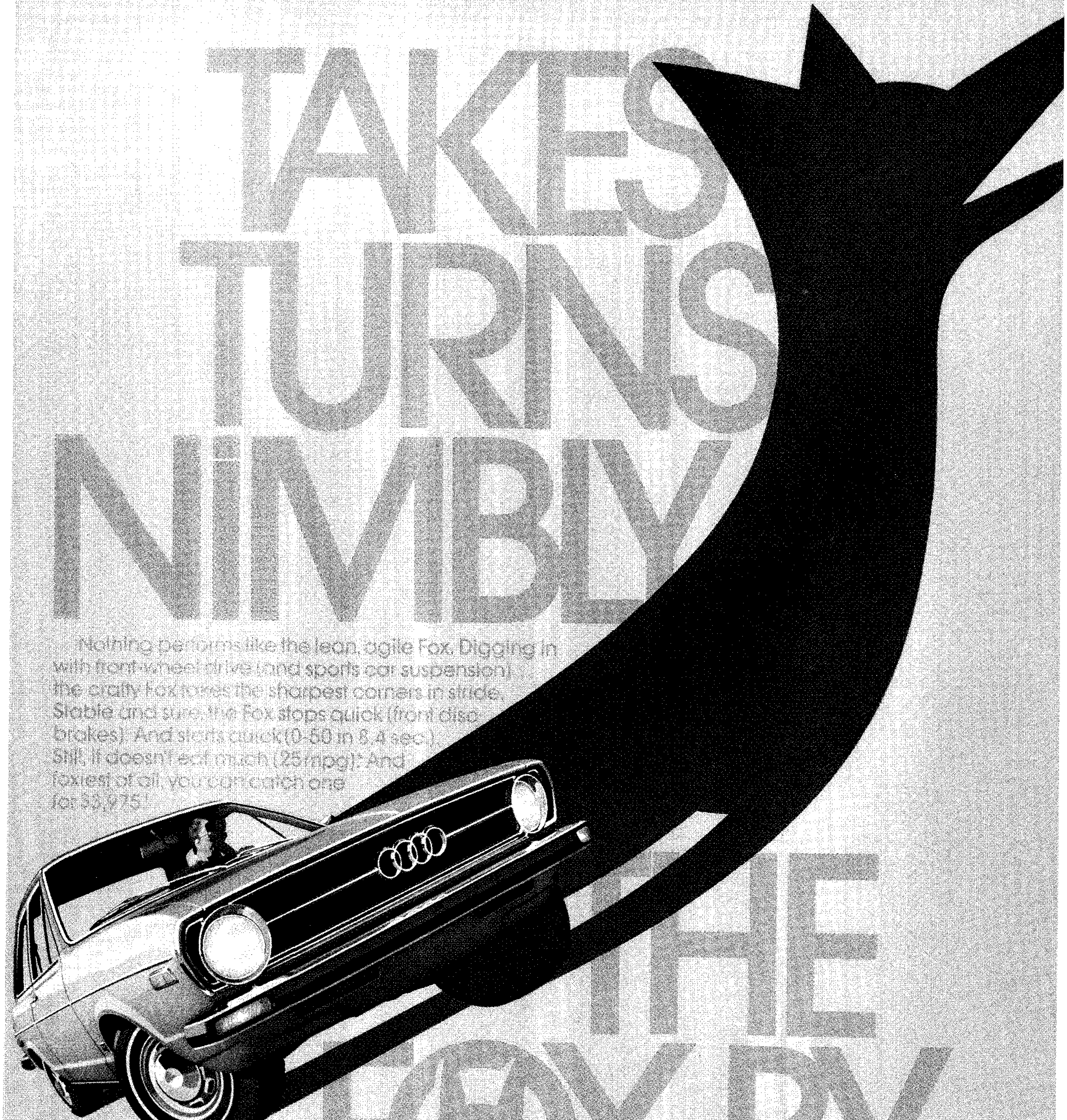
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"Harold and Maude."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Sept. 3: "Conrack" and "The Paper Chase."
From Sept. 4: "Daisy Miller" and "Paper Moon."

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Aug. 28 at noon: M-G-M cartoons and featurettes.... ¶ Aug. 28 at 2: "The Guardsman" (1931), directed by Sidney Franklin, with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.... ¶ Aug. 28 at 5:30: "San Francisco" (1936), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Clark Gable and Jeanette MacDonald.... ¶ Aug. 29 at 2: M-G-M cartoons and featurettes.... ¶ Aug. 29 at 5:30: "The Divorcée (1930), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Norma Shearer and Conrad Nagel.... ¶ Aug. 29 at 8: "White Shadows in the South Seas" (1928), a silent film, directed by W. S. Van Dyke and Robert Flaherty, with Monte Blue and Raquel Torres.... ¶ Aug. 30 at 2: "The Great Lover" (1931), directed by Harry Beaumont, with Adolphe Menjou and Irene Dunne.... ¶ Aug. 30 at 5:30: "The White Sister" (1924), a silent film, directed by Henry King, with Lillian Gish and Ronald Colman.... ¶ Aug. 31 at noon: "Madame Du Barry" (1919), a German silent film, directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Pola Negri and Emil Jannings; English inter-titles.... ¶ Aug. 31 at 3: "Payment Deferred" (1932),

TAKES TURNS NIMBLY



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directed by Lothar Mendes, with Charles Laughton and Maureen O'Sullivan.... ¶ Aug. 31 at 5:30: "Rasputin and the Empress" (1932), directed by Richard Boleslavsky, with John, Ethel, and Lionel Barrymore.... ¶ Sept. 1 at 12:30: "Babes in Arms" (1939), directed by Busby Berkeley, with Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney.... ¶ Sept. 1 at 3: "A Night at the Opera" (1935), directed by Sam Wood, with the Marx Brothers.... ¶ Sept. 1 at 5:30: "Babes in Arms."... ¶ Sept. 2 at 2: "Their Own Desire" (1929), directed by E. Mason Hopper, with Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery.... ¶ Sept. 2 at 5:30: "The Big City" (1937), directed by Frank Borzage, with Spencer Tracy and Luise Rainer.... ¶ Sept. 3 at 2: "The Thin Man" (1934), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy and William Powell.... ¶ Sept. 3 at 5:30: "Naughty Marietta" (1935), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy.... ¶ Sept. 4 at noon: M-G-M cartoons and featurettes.... ¶ Sept. 4 at 2: "Hold Your Man" (1933), directed by Sam Wood, with Jean Harlow and Clark Gable.... ¶ Sept. 4 at 5:30: "Their Own Desire."... ¶ Sept. 5 at 2: M-G-M cartoons and featurettes.... ¶ Sept. 5 at 5:30: "Tugboat Annie" (1933), directed by Mervyn Le Roy, with Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery.... ¶ Sept. 5 at 8: "Emma" (1931), directed by Clarence Brown, with Marie Dressler and Richard Cromwell; and "Politics" (1931), directed by Charles Reisner, with Marie Dressler and Polly Moran. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Aug. 28 at 4 and 6: "Flamingo Road" (1949), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Joan Crawford and Sydney Greenstreet.... ¶ Aug. 29 at 4 and 6: "Mannequin" (1937), directed by Frank Borzage, with Joan Crawford and Spencer Tracy.... ¶ Aug. 30 at 5 and 7:30: "People Will Talk" (1951), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Cary Grant and Jeanne Crain.... ¶ Aug. 31 at 4 and 6: "Johnny Belinda" (1948), directed by Jean Negulesco, with Jane Wyman and Lew Ayres.... ¶ Sept. 1 at 4 and 6: "La Bohème" (1926), a silent film, directed by King Vidor, with Lillian Gish and John Gilbert.... ¶ Sept. 4 at 3 and 6: "La Marseillaise" (1938), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Pierre Renoir and Louis Jouvet; English titles.... ¶ Sept. 5 at 4 and 6: "La Bête Humaine" (1938), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Jean Gabin and Simone Simon; English titles. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

The Adventures of Robin Hood (1938)—One of the most popular of all adventure films; stirring for children and intensely nostalgic for adults. With Errol Flynn slinging a deer across his shoulders, almost improbably pretty Olivia de Havilland as Maid Marian, Alan Hale as Little John, Ian Hunter as Richard the Lion-Hearted, and, for villainy, Basil Rathbone and Claude Rains. Michael Curtiz and William Keighley directed; Erich Wolfgang Korngold did the marvellous score. (Elgin; Sept. 1-2.)

Alice in Wonderland (1951)—A cartoon version from Disney that dilutes the material to a pale variety of whimsey and adds shiny little tunes. Not popular with children at the time of its release; because of the mushroom episode and the many transformations, it is now considered a turn-on for heads. (Waverly, and Festival.... ¶ U. A. East; through Sept. 3.)

Animal Crackers (1930)—The Marx Brothers in their pre-Hollywood period; like "The Cocoanuts" of the year before, it was filmed in Astoria and it looks stagey. But the film is too joyous for cavilling. Groucho is the fearless African explorer Captain Spaulding, who deigns to attend a party at Rittenhouse Manor, on Long Island; Margaret Dumont is Mrs. Rittenhouse, and Lillian Roth is her daughter Arabella. Once again, the script was by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; this time the songs ("Hooray for Captain Spaulding" and "Why Am I So Romantic") are by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. (Sutton.)

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz—Mordecai Richler's very long pulp novel has been made into a longish, novelistic movie by Ted Kotcheff. Nineteen-year-old Duddy Kravitz (Richard Dreyfuss) lives in the biggest Jewish community in Canada, in the Montreal of 1948. His father (Jack Warden) pimps to add to his income as a taxi-driver; his uncle (Joseph Wiseman) is putting Duddy's elder brother through medical school. Duddy works as a summer waiter at a Jewish resort hotel, where he is mortified by the other summer waiters, who are a cut above him and come from McGill. The word "apprenticeship" makes the film sound ironic, but apprenticeship to what? Life? Or the hinted-at fake existence of money-making? The screenplay was adapted from Richler's novel by Lionel Chetwynd. Denholm Elliott, as a posh English film director oratorically devoted to Art while filming bar mitzvahs and weddings, is the best thing in the film. (Reviewed in these pages 7/22/74.) (Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

Bang the Drum Slowly (1973)—A fictional story, with very good, offhand dialogue by Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher, dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher, and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (9/10/73) (Gramercy, and New Yorker; through Sept. 3.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Regency; Sept. 4-5.)

Billy Jack (1971)—A fascinating, mixed-up movie, made by Tom Laughlin and his wife, Delores Taylor. They star in it, he as Billy Jack, a half-breed who is also half man of action, half mystic, and she as a pacifist Southwestern woman who runs an experimental "freedom school." There's a sweet, naïve feeling to the movie even when it's violent and melodramatic and atrocious, and when it's good it's good in an unorthodox, improvisatory style. The picture has a special appeal to very young audiences, in part because Billy Jack uses his mystical powers on behalf of the young. (Beekman.)

Blazing Saddles—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (Murray Hill; through Sept. 3.)

Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia—Directed by Sam Peckinpah. Someone snitched the head of the film, too. (East 59th Street II, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Brother Sun, Sister Moon (1973)—The story of Francis of Assisi, directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Graham Faulkner as Francis. (Regency; Sept. 2-3.)

Buster and Billie—Set in Georgia in 1948, about coed friendship. The film ends with a communal rape and killing, so it's not for the young. It has a faintly faked aura of lyricism and of homesickness for a far from good time in the forties, which makes it not for anyone else, either, though there are a few good, incomplete touches about a believably unlikely friendship. Directed by Daniel Petrie. (Columbia II, Juliet 2, and Loews 83rd St.... ¶ Greenwich; through Sept. 3.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid (1969)—Paul Newman and Robert Redford are charming people to watch on the screen, even when the vehicle doesn't do them justice. George Roy Hill directed this overblown, frolicsome Western. (Columbia I, Guild, and Embassy 72nd St.... ¶ Gramercy; starting Sept. 4.)

California Split—Robert Altman's beautiful, smoky, funny film about gambling, with Elliott Gould as a retaliatory-minded joker and George Segal as a magazine writer with something clenched about him. Gould's performance is perfect, disguising an abandoned face in a gregarious ape's mask. Segal has entirely entered into Altman's quixotic style. As with gambling itself, the impulses of the characters seem a matter of luck or catastrophe, lived out in a world denuded of everything that can't be hocked. The film seems to be being improvised. We catch at events and personalities by the ends of threads. The sound track of Joseph Walsh's first-rate screenplay is full of murmurs and densely packed with talk, recorded on eight tracks, often with eleven mikes going at once. This is Altman's best film since "McCabe & Mrs. Miller"—comic, loose-limbed, dangerous, with a kindly eye for the out-of-step. (8/19/74) (Cinema I.)

Captains Courageous (1937)—One of the M-G-M powerhouse entertainments; beefy and rousing and good fun for all. (Great for children—almost guaranteed tears and laughter.) Freddie Bartholomew plays the rich brat who learns about life from the fishermen of the Gloucester fleet, especially from Spencer Tracy (as a Portuguese), and with a little help from Mickey Rooney. Victor Fleming keeps the handsome production in motion; the Kipling novel was reworked by first-rate hands: John Lee Mahin, Marc Connelly, and Dale Van Every. With Melvyn Douglas, the inevitable Lionel Barrymore, John Carradine, Charley Grapewin, Leo G. Carroll, and Jack La Rue, cast against type as a priest; the score is by Franz Waxman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Sept. 4.)

Chinatown—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. The film is obviously steeped in knowledge of older Hollywood-thriller masters, but it is full of young verve, and bows to no one. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. The main topic is really the misuse of the Los Angeles water system. Who would have thought that that could provide the matter for such a good thriller? Jack Nicholson's performances get better and more lissome every time. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (34th St. East, and Coronet.)

Chloé in the Afternoon (1972)—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a superb lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor, and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (10/7/72) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 29.)

City Lights (1931)—The famous old Chaplin item. The mime is wonderful, the lonely use of sound for a swallowed whistle at a party is wonderful, the sight gags are wonderful; the sentimentality about the blind girl is faintly frightening. (Quad Cinema; Sept. 2-3.)

Claire's Knee (1970)—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 29.)

Claudine—A Harlem love story that would reflect a sophisticated, knowing exhaustion if it concerned whites, but maintains its stamina, good humor, and cheek because it is played, and mostly made, by blacks. A mother on welfare (Diahann Carroll) with six children is loved by a garbage man called

Roop, himself supporting three children. James Earl Jones plays the character with an endearing mixture of romance, cowardice, and natural sexiness about his beautiful but obstinate catch of a girl. Produced by Hannah Weinstein, directed by John Berry, written by Tina and Lester Pine. (4/29/74) (New Embassy.)

The Confession (1970)—Costa-Gavras's beautifully detailed demonstration of how the Communists at the Stalinist show trials were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a fine non-egotistic performance. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 5.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 5.)

Conrack—Jon Voight finally gets a chance to loosen up on the screen, and in a true starring role. He plays a ribald, freewheeling teacher who tries to wake up a bunch of whipped black kids and wakes up the school authorities, who fire him. Based on "The Water Is Wide," by Pat Conroy, a young Southerner's account of what he went through in his year of teaching on an island off the South Carolina coast, the picture takes its mood from Voight's roller-coaster performance. It has the airy feeling of the teacher's improvising nature, of his impatience and his bursting through restraints. Martin Ritt directed, in a more comic vein than in "Sounder," but with some of the same talent for bringing out black performers. Madge Sinclair plays a black principal who is obstinately strong and more than a match for the hero. The picture is a lively, touching fable about an unrepressed man fighting a slowly dying system of repression; it has a bounding spirit. (3/11/74) (Olympia; through Sept. 3.)

Daisy Miller—Henry James's short story, filmed at a pace as hectic as the chatter of Daisy herself. Directed by Peter Bogdanovich, script by Frederic Raphael. In the James story, Daisy's instinct, exactly reported here, is always to beat others by her fervor and her implied insistence that distress and melancholy are easily remediable European diseases of the under-energized. Cybill Shepherd is fine as the Daisy who sees Europe as a continent of hotels; she looks very pretty, with perfect American features and a chin that bodes years of overmasterful housekeeping after her escapades as a flirt. (5/27/74) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; starting Sept. 4.)

The Damned (1969)—Nazism as a metaphor for decadence. A ponderously perverse spectacle by Luchino Visconti, in which the Nazis appear to be homosexual werewolves. (Regency; through Aug. 29.)

Death in Venice (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Regency; through Aug. 29.)

Death Wish—A death-wishing, irresponsible picture about muggings in New York, with a hammy performance by Charles Bronson. The thesis (if there is one in this film, which has a head full of shrapnel and wood shavings) is that good old American-frontier individualism is represented by a vigilante who manages to kill muggers every time because of the abominable freedom of the American gun laws. The director is that untalented youngish Englishman Michael Winner. Wrongly named, though probably not at the box office. (8/26/74) (Loews Ciné.)

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Dirty Mary Crazy Larry—With Peter Fonda and Susan George, directed by John Hough. (72nd Street East; through Sept. 3.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (11/11/72) (Regency; Sept. 4-5.)

Down to the Sea in Ships (1949)—Life aboard a New Bedford whaler, as seen by a young boy (Dean Stockwell). The conflicts between the hard-bitten old skipper (Lionel Barrymore) who has no use for book learning, and his cultured, true-blue mate (Richard Widmark) make for dismally pat situations, but when the film sweeps out to sea it becomes fairly lively, what with whale chases, a whaleboat disappearing in a fog, and the whaler eventually bringing up heavily against an iceberg while sailing around the Horn. The director, Henry Hathaway, gets a lot of pictorial effectiveness out of the sea; it's too bad he didn't see fit to hack away some of the blubbery dialogue. With Cecil Kellaway, Gene Lockhart, Harry Davenport, Fuzzy Knight, and Jay C. Flippen. This large-scale adventure film, designed to attract children as well as their parents, is a remake of the 1922 film success. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Sept. 4.)

El ("This Strange Passion;" 1955)—A careless, cheaply made variation on the theme of jealousy, but written and directed by Luis Buñuel, and full of bizarre jokes about the Spanish male's obsession with female chastity. Arturo de Cordova is the mad Othello who takes needle and thread to his wife. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 3.)

Escape to Nowhere—About a stoic spy (Lino Ventura) divided between two loyalties. Today he is Haliakov, a liberal Russian scientist; sixteen years ago he was French. There are moments of tension that rival Hitchcock—at concerts in Geneva and Paris, for instance, or while we wait for the French Secret Service to decode another spy's music manuscript. Directed by Claude Pinoteau, this film (bad title) is a good spy story, and a stingingly alert study in ambiguity. In French. (8/12/74) (Cinema II.)

An Evening with the Royal Ballet (1965)—Anthony Asquith and Anthony Havelock-Allan do Covent Garden proud, if you like ballet—and, if so, if you like ballet on film. Fonteyn and Nureyev carry it. Ravel's "La Valse," "Les Sylphides," a Nureyev cadenza of leaps, and Tchaikovsky's "Aurora's Wedding." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 4.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—A comic metaphor about a dinner party that so supernaturally grips the diners that it can't be broken up but declines into primitive conflict and havoc. Directed by Luis Buñuel; inadequately acted, but still an interesting and funny piece that no one else could have made. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 3.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others), and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Waverly, and Festival. . . . ¶ U. A. East; through Sept. 3.)

La Femme Infidèle (1969)—Claude Chabrol's quiet and elegant thriller about the hidden violence of overcivilized people. Conventional, but very well made. With Stéphane Audran, Michel Bouquet, and Maurice Ronet. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 2.)

Flesh Gordon—With Jason Williams, directed by Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste. X rated. (Plaza, and 8th St. Playhouse.)

Footlight Parade (1933)—One of the more celebrated early Warner Brothers musicals—silly but from time to time irresistibly wonderful. The young James Cagney dances and shows off his Olivier-like eyes, Joan Blondell is tough and honest, Dick Powell sings some good songs, and Ruby Keeler dances while bending down anxiously to watch her leaden feet. Directed by Lloyd Bacon, choreography by Busby Berkeley. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 1.)

42nd Street (1933)—This big, cheerful Warners musical was an unofficial remake of the 1929 "On with the Show," but it gave new life to the clichés that have kept parodists happy; what's surprising is how organic the clichés once were. The cast includes Warner Baxter, Bebe Daniels, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, George Brent, and Ginger Rogers. The songs, by Al Dubin and Harry Warren, include "Shuffle Off to Buffalo" and "You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me." Lloyd Bacon directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 1.)

For Pete's Sake—A good-looking young taxi-driver played by Michael Sarrazin is married to a Brooklyn girl played by Barbra Streisand. The film, directed by Peter Yates and written by Stanley Shapiro and Maurice Richlin, was obviously produced to suit her runaway talents. In an effort to repay money the heroine has borrowed for an investment in pork-bellies, on which the couple has a hot tip, she secretly takes to prostitution, then to drug dealing, then to cattle rustling. The picture sometimes seems to be a series of decreasingly funny revue sketches, though Miss Streisand's unstoppable energy exercises its usual garrulous, star-quality appeal. Molly Picon is genuinely comic, not farcical (unlike a lot of the film), as an apparently nice old lady in little hats who efficiently runs a stable of novice criminals. (7/8/74) (Playboy; through the afternoon of Sept. 3.)

The Girl from Petrovka—Cold soup. Clammy sentimentality about an Iron Curtain love affair set in bitter winter. Hal Holbrook, gentle, mustached, and tall—looking very like Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.—plays a United States news correspondent in Moscow. He sells his dead wife's clothing to his friend (Anthony Hopkins), who is officially a swimming instructor but actually a dealer in anything from black-market clothes to girls. Watching a ballet class, Holbrook meets Zoran Andric, as a jazz musician, and Goldie Hawn, as a suspiciously childlike ballet waif who turns out to be an agile opportunist. Unintentionally funny moments of dialogue, and a perilous amount of naïveté about the Soviet Union's approach to "decadent" jazz and obvious dissidents. Directed by Robert Ellis Miller from a poor book by George Feifer. (Music Hall.)

Going Places—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere as two Rabelaisian young layabouts who serve as tokens of the pursuit of void pleasures. They spend their time like boys on a spree of truancy and shoplifting—teasing middle-aged women, stealing cars, making idle love to a girl whom they cruelly call frigid when they have always treated her abominably. They say to themselves that they are having fun, but this is bluster. So is a lot of the film, in its desolately aimless way. Jeanne Moreau, as an ex-convict, provides the one gleam of fire and poise. Directed by Bertrand Blier from his own novel. In French. (5/20/74) (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 3.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Chaplin is the helpless perfect gentleman in the world of Klondike bears and Klondike brutes. One of the great comedies of all time. With Mack Swain as Big Jim, and Georgia Hale as the girl Charlie wins. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 31-Sept. 3.)

The Great Gatsby—F. Scott Fitzgerald's short masterpiece turned into a slow, stately, two-and-a-half-hour movie, directed by Jack Clayton and photographed by Douglas Slocombe. Overuse of tracking shots, redundant dialogue, and too many Charlestons did the mysterious lengthening trick. Daisy is finely played as a creature of beautiful, aerial selfishness and apparent simplicity by Mia Farrow. Her best performance so far. The first-person narrative is transformed into voice-over comment by the character of the observant Nick (Sam Waterston, a good actor, wonderfully picked by Clayton), but the first-person technique works better in novels than in the movies. The small-part casting is first-rate. So is the sensibility. One mostly

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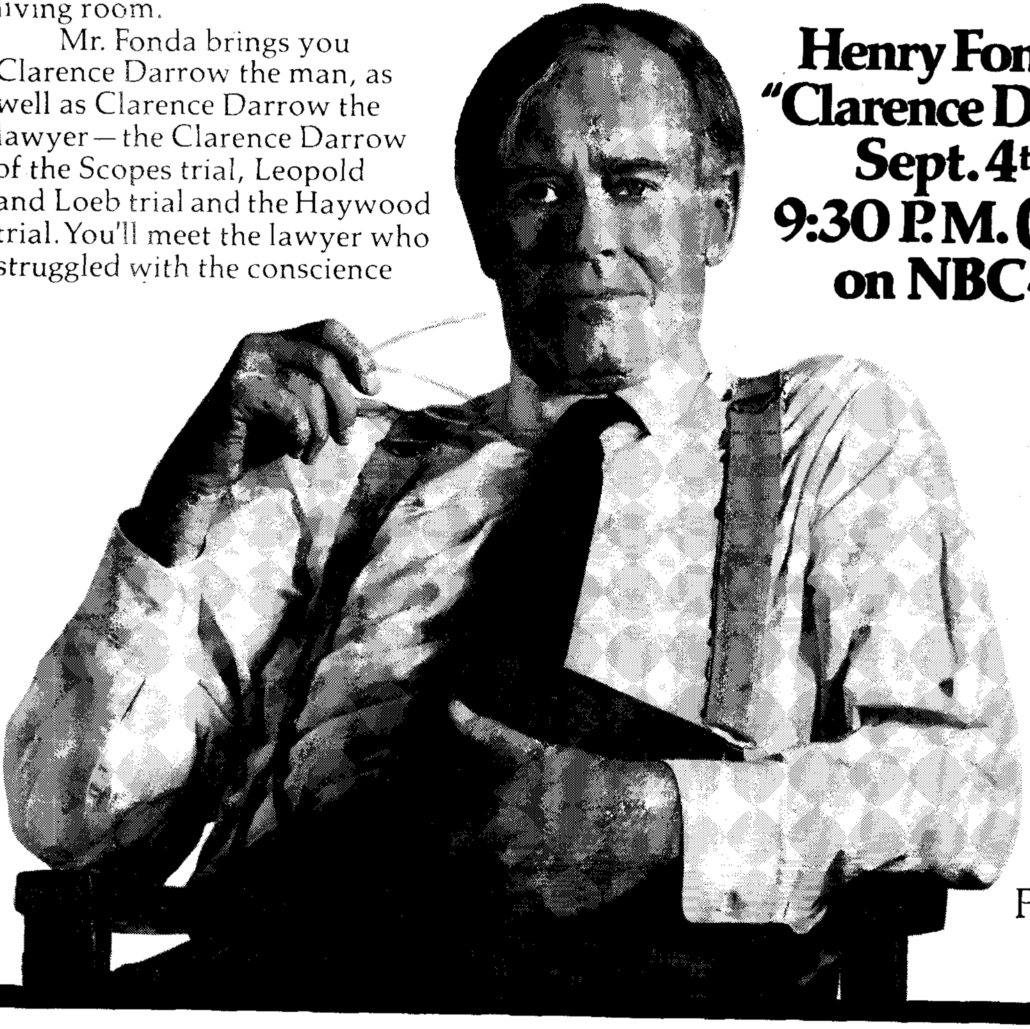

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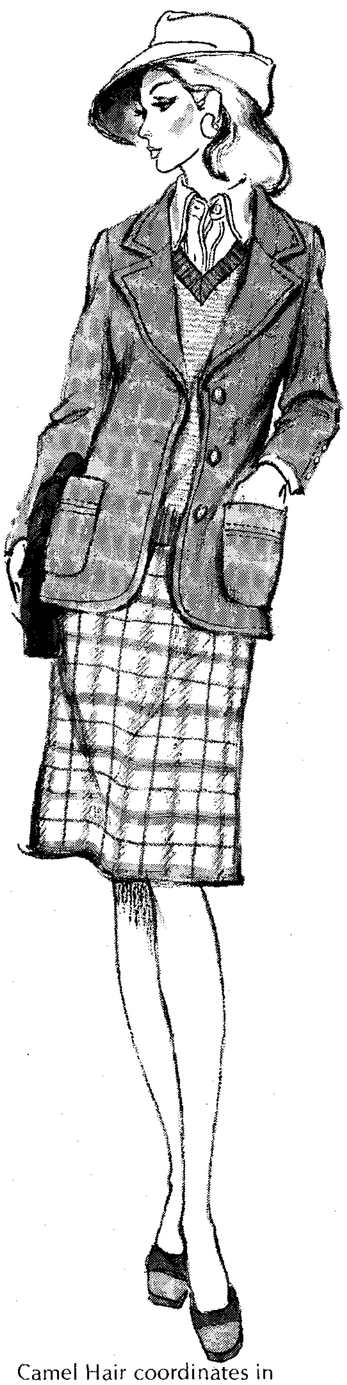

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misses Scott Fitzgerald's terseness. Bruce Dern as Tom Buchanan is very good, Robert Redford as *the pining, mysteriously rich* Gatsby is a bit Ivy League. Script by Francis Ford Coppola. (4/1/74) (Gramercy, and New Yorker; through Sept. 3.)

THE HARDER THEY COME (1973)—Jimmy Cliff, the reggae singer, has the verve of an instinctive actor. In this crude but sensual Jamaican film, he plays a country boy who wants to become a pop star and who achieves his ambition only by becoming a famous killer; he reaches the top of the hit-record charts when he's on the Most Wanted posters. The film, directed by Perry Henzell, is feverish and haphazard, but the music redeems much of it, and the rhythmic swing of the Jamaican speech is hypnotic. (2/24/73) (First Avenue Screening Room.)

HAROLD AND MAUDE (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Fine Arts, and Thalia. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Sept. 3.)

HARRY & TONTO—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. A vivacious and affectionate folktale. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto, who has a complicated temperament that inclines audiences to anthropomorphism. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, whom he visits in an image of an ancient quest after the demolition of his one-room flat. He eventually decides they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. Children may get upset about Tonto's death, which happens at the feline equivalent of seventy-seven. (8/26/74) (Paris.)

THE HEARTBREAK KID (1972)—One of the rare current comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (12/16/72) (Gramercy; starting Sept. 4.)

HEAT (1972)—A slack, depressive Morrissey-Warhol version of "Sunset Boulevard," with Joe Dallesandro as a stud hustler and Sylvia Miles as the predatory star in the big mansion. It's meant to be a funny exploitation movie, but the comic moments are rare. (Regency; Aug. 30-Sept. 1.)

I COULD NEVER HAVE SEX WITH ANY MAN WHO HAS SO LITTLE REGARD FOR MY HUSBAND (1973)—Chronicle of a Martha's Vineyard holiday spent by two dozily married couples who think of wife swapping but don't do it. Humorous rather than funny. Written by Dan Greenburg from his own novel "Chewsday: A Sex Novel." The rain pours, the fog swirls, the cold bites hard, the knife-edge of the dialogue slips off the bone. (7/30/73) (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 3.)

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST (1952)—Oscar Wilde's deliriously convoluted, perfect comedy. This English production, directed by Anthony Asquith, is a bit stagy but marvellously acted, especially by Edith Evans, Joan Greenwood, Margaret Rutherford, and Michael Redgrave. (Cinema Studio; starting Sept. 5.)

IN OLD CHICAGO (1938)—Alice Brady has a few miraculous scenes as Mrs. O'Leary, whose cow kicks over a lamp and starts the big blaze. The remainder of the film, which features Don Ameche as her goody-boy son and Tyrone Power as her shrewd, black-sheep scamp, is on a different level altogether. It's a mediocre, though jolly, quasi-historical melodrama involving brawls, riots, capricious temperaments, police squads, café ladies, gaudy saloons, and Alice Faye smiling that great open smile of hers that makes it possible to forgive her acting and to bask in her mellow-voiced numbers. Henry King directed; with Gene Reynolds, Phyllis Brooks, Tom Brown, Andy Devine, and Sidney Blackmer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 1-3.)

IRMA LA DOUCE (1963)—Abominable, inexplicably popular sex farce, adapted from a stage musical comedy, but with the score omitted. Billy Wilder, the producer-director, and his co-scenarist, I. A. L. Diamond, hit us over the head with the old rotten jest that prostitution is a petit-bourgeois way of life like any other. Shirley MacLaine and Jack Lemmon, vivid and gifted comics, wrestle painfully with the gross dialogue. Sample: MacLaine, showing Lemmon her attic apartment, explains that it once belonged to an artist, who cut off his ear. "Oh," says Lemmon, "was his name van Gogh?" "No," says MacLaine. "Schwartz." With Lou Jacobi and Herschel Bernardi. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 31.)

A KING IN NEW YORK (1957)—Maybe the worst movie ever made by a celebrated film artist. Chaplin mugs archly as King Shadhov, a deposed Ruritanian monarch who becomes a TV celebrity in New York. With Dawn Addams, Harry Green, and young Michael Chaplin, from whom his father coaxed a grotesque performance. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 30.)

KING OF HEARTS (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Elgin; Sept. 3.)

THE LADY VANISHES (1938)—Alfred Hitchcock's murder mystery about a charming old lady who boards a train and disappears on it has some of the best examples of his comedy and his pleasurable perversity. In movie history, it is a quintessential suspense thriller. The hero is Michael Redgrave (making his film début); the heroine is Margaret Lockwood; the lady is the memorable Dame May Whitty. With Paul Lukas and Cecil Parker. (Cinema Studio; starting Sept. 5.)

LÉDA (1959)—This ingenious thriller by Claude Chabrol, made directly after "The Cousins," is known as "A Double Tour" in France; it has sometimes been called "Web of Passion" in this country. Shot by Henri Decaë and featuring peacocks and fields of scarlet poppies, as well as a murderer who conducts Berlioz, it is perhaps the most richly detailed and overripe of Chabrol's films. With Belmondo, Madeleine Robinson, Bernadette Lafont, Jeanne Valerie, and—as Léda—Antonella Lualdi. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 2.)

LIMELIGHT (1952)—Chaplin's sentimental and high-minded view of theatre and himself. His exhortations about life, courage, consciousness, and "truth" are set in a self-pitying, self-glorifying story. As Calvero the clown, he at one point awaits a young ballerina (acted with authority by Claire Bloom, in her movie début, and danced with authority by Melissa Hayden) in the darkened theatre after she has performed; he says to her, "My dear, you are a true artist, a true artist," and the emphasis is on *his* eyes, *his* depth of feeling. This false humility is integral to the film's unpleasant egotism. With Sydney Chaplin, Nigel Bruce, Norman Lloyd, André Eglevsky, and, all too briefly, Buster Keaton. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 28.)

THE LONGEST YARD—Football in prison. If you relish the squeak of a brutally broken nose being twisted back into place, this is your picture. Directed by Robert Aldrich, with Burt Reynolds and Eddie Albert. (Loews Tower East, and Loews Orpheum.)

LOVE CRAZY (1941)—A screwball-comedy spin-off of "The Thin Man" series; William Powell tries to prevent his wife, Myrna Loy, from divorcing him by feigning insanity. The picture isn't memorable, though it gets laughs out of such subjects as mothers-in-law, a lunacy commission, life in a goofy rest home, William Powell in drag, and slippery scatter rugs that send the actors flying. Myrna Loy retains her cool, amiably aloof manner, and Powell alternates between bouts of skittishness and his usual urbanity. With Florence Bates, Gail Patrick, Jack Carson, Sidney Blackmer, and Sara Haden as a kleptomaniac. Directed by Jack Conway. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Aug. 31.)

M (1932)—Fritz Lang's first sound film has visual excitement, pace, brilliance of surface, and feeling for detail. Above all, it has, *caught in a manhunt, a small, fat man, sweating* in his uncomfortable clothes—the sexual psychopath who murders little girls—interpreted by Peter Lorre with a spark of genius. It is Lorre's triumph that he makes us understand the terrified, suffering human being who murders. The film is based on the case of the Düsseldorf murderer: the police, in trying to track him down, disturbed the normal criminal activities of the city, and the underworld organized to find him, so that crime could go on as usual. Lang turns the movie into a melodramatic thriller by centering on this ironic chase; the film is similar to "The Threepenny Opera" in its satirical use of beggars and criminals. In German. (Cinema Studio; Aug. 28.)

The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob—Gérard Oury directs the great Louis de Funès, who looks as if he were perpetually quenching a sneeze. The film is a complicated gangster comedy, with de Funès disguised as a rabbi. There are also numerous French Catholic detectives and Muslim revolutionaries, and a great slide down a chute into a bath of green bubble gum. Joy for kids. In French. (7/22/74) (Trans-Lux East. . . . ¶ Art; starting Aug. 30.)

Mame—A slapstick musical so terrible it isn't boring; you can get fixated staring at it and wondering what exactly Lucille Ball thought she was doing. At the end, there's a reprise of the various scenes the viewer has just witnessed of the star hugging people; this may be the first hug collage in movie history and—if God is good—the last. Gene Saks directed; Onna White choreographed. (3/11/74) (Trans-Lux 85th St.)

The Mask of Fu Manchu (1932)—Fortunately, Boris Karloff doesn't seem to take his Oriental accoutrements too seriously. As the sinister Dr. Fu Manchu's daughter, Myrna Loy isn't as archly bemused as Karloff, but she's fun to see in her slinky getup. A tolerable, campy entertainment, with Karen Morley, Lewis Stone, Jean Hersholt, and, in the juvenile lead, Charles Starrett, who has a perfect profile and is a perfectly deadly actor. Charles Brabin and Charles Vidor directed; from the Sax Rohmer story. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Aug. 31.)

The Mechanic (1972)—With Charles Bronson and Jan-Michael Vincent, directed by Michael Winner. (Symphony; through Sept. 3.)

Midnight Cowboy (1969)—Jon Voight as the cowboy, and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 30.)

Mr. Majestyk—With Charles Bronson and Al Lettieri, directed by Richard Fleischer. (Symphony; through Sept. 3.)

Monsieur Verdoux (1947)—Chaplin as a deft, fastidious Bluebeard in a comedy with attempted Shavian ironies: this private entrepreneur of murder feels guiltless, and contrasts what he does with what governments do in war. "Numbers sanctify," he says. Chaplin is more talented at carrying out his pantomime bits than in the talky passages, which are meant to be complexly unsettling and come across as turgid. The casting is not all it might be, with the glorious exception of Martha Raye as Annabella, who is so full of low-comedy life that, despite all Verdoux's calculations and one attempt after another, he fails to kill her. It's not exactly a work of movie art, but it's so special a film that maybe it deserves to be called a classic. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 29-Sept. 1.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (Elgin; Sept. 1-2.)

99 and 44/100% Dead—With Richard Harris, directed by John Frankenheimer. (Beacon.)

One-Eyed Jacks (1961)—Marlon Brando, the Great Unpredictable, is both star and director of this Western about a bandit whose only purpose is to kill his former partner. As the prospective victim, Karl Malden makes a tough and worthy antagonist. Katy Jurado and Pina Pellicer, a young Mexican actress, give aid and comfort to the two enemies. (Elgin; starting Sept. 4.)

The Owl and the Pussycat (1970)—The teamwork of Barbra Streisand and George Segal has a beautiful worked-out professionalism, like Hepburn and Tracy at their best. As a pair, they give this romantic comedy about a bookstore clerk and a hooker a good, fast, raucous spirit. Herbert Ross directed. (Playboy; through the afternoon of Sept. 3.)

The Paper Chase—Timothy Bottoms as a first-year law student at Harvard, and John Houseman as the professor he idolizes. Bottoms meets the professor's daughter (Lindsay Wagner), who's derisive about everything, and he becomes confused about why

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he's studying. The picture, directed by James Bridges, tries to be thoughtful and provocative, but it has nothing to say. (10/29/73) (Olympia; through Sept. 3.)

Paper Moon (1973)—Peter Bogdanovich directs a wet story about a chumming-up between Ryan O'Neal, as a con man who victimizes new widows, and an eleven-year-old tomboy, played by the actor's real-life daughter, Tatum O'Neal. (5/26/73) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; starting Sept. 4.)

The Parallax View—Alan J. Pakula directs a rather trite and cautious movie about an imaginary political assassination of a Presidential aspirant which skirts carefully around the question of whether the traumatic killings of the Kennedy brothers were a question of organized political murders or of lone men's madness. With Warren Beatty as a rumpled newspaper reporter, Paula Prentiss trying vainly to look as hard as nails, Hume Cronyn. (6/24/74) (Playboy, and New Yorker; starting Sept. 4.)

Pat Garrett and Billy The Kid (1973)—Ambitious, erotic, peculiarly unrealized account of how Garrett (James Coburn) hunts down his best friend Billy (Kris Kristofferson), with Bob Dylan (who sings the score, written by him) appearing as a buddy of Billy's. Sam Peckinpah directed, from a screenplay by Rudolf Wurlitzer. With Jason Robards, Katy Jurado, Rita Coolidge, Emilio Fernandez, Slim Pickens, Chill Wills, and Elisha Cook. Probably nobody involved was very happy about the results; Dylan doesn't come off at all. (Elgin; starting Sept. 4.)

Pink Floyd—Directed by Adrian Maben. (Eastside Cinema.)

The Poseidon Adventure (1972)—Expensive pop adventure movie, manufactured for the "Airport" market. An ocean liner turns turtle, and the logistics of getting out of an upside-down ship are fairly entertaining; the script is the true cataclysm in this waterlogged Grand Hotel. With Gene Hackman, Ernest Borgnine, Stella Stevens, and Shelley Winters. Ronald Neame directed, with his usual dull efficiency. (12/16/72) (Beacon.)

Rachel, Rachel (1968)—Paul Newman directs an observant and modest picture remarkable for its acting. Beautiful performances by Joanne Woodward as a schoolmistress "in the middle of her life" and feeling past it (at thirty-five), and by Estelle Parsons as her passionate and blundering friend. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 28.)

The Ra Expeditions—A documentary film of Thor Heyerdahl's voyage across the Atlantic. (Juliet 1. . . . ¶ Art; through Aug. 29.)

The Red Shoes (1948)—The most imaginative and elaborate backstage musical ever filmed, and many have called it great. The film contains a fourteen-minute ballet, also called "The Red Shoes," based on a Hans Christian Andersen story about a young girl who puts on an enchanted pair of slippers that will not let her stop dancing; the film's story is, of course, the same story. The exquisite young Moira Shearer is the ballerina; the cast includes Léonide Massine, Robert Helpmann, Anton Walbrook, Marius Goring, Albert Basserman, and Ludmilla Tcherina. Blubbery and self-conscious, but it affects some people as romantically as Zeffirelli's "Romeo and Juliet" does, and it's undeniably some kind of classic. Written, produced, and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger—master purveyors of high *kitsch*. (Cinema Studio; Sept. 3-4.)

Romeo and Juliet (1968)—Franco Zeffirelli throws Shakespeare into the generation gap. His version features teen-agers and sword fights and extravagant grand passions. (Regency; Sept. 2-3.)

Room Service (1938)—The Marx Brothers in the Broadway farce about bankrupt theatrical producers holed up in a hotel with their stranded players, fighting off famine and creditors. Unfortunately, the play fits them like a straitjacket. With Lucille Ball, Ann Miller, Frank Albertson, and Donald MacBride, grinning his great bulldog grin. Directed (lamely) by William Seiter. (Cinema Studio; Aug. 29-Sept. 2.)

The Saphead (1920)—With Buster Keaton, directed by Herbert Blaché. (Elgin; through Aug. 31.)

Savage Sisters—With Gloria Hendry and Cheri Caffaro, directed by Eddie Romero. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Score—Homosexual chic is heterosexual schlock. (Cinema Village, and Ciné Malibu.)

The Seduction of Mimi—Written and directed by Lina Wertmuller. A very funny bedroom and church-step farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Le Sex Shop (1973)—A film written and directed by Claude Berri, and starring Berri himself as Claude, a disconsolate husband with an adored wife and two small children. He opens up a store called Le Sex Shop, which sells sex manuals, fetishists' gadgetry, and lovers' armory that looks like cart-horse harness. A funny picture about a man who is physically in love with his wife but haplessly goes along with the idea that progress in sex should keep up with the moon walk. In French. (8/6/73) (5th Ave. Cinema, and Paramount; through Sept. 3.)

Some Like It Hot (1959)—A fifties comedy set in the Prohibition era, with transvestism, impotence, role confusion, and borderline inversion—and all hilariously innocent. Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon are the female impersonators who join a girls' band, and Marilyn Monroe and Joe E. Brown are their somewhat confused love partners. With George Raft, Pat O'Brien, and Nehemiah Persoff. Billy Wilder directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 31.)

The Sting—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 3.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 30.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Murray Hill; through Sept. 3.)

Tales of Hoffmann (1951)—This choreographic spectacle, based on the Jacques Offenbach light opera, stars Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine, Robert Helpmann, and Ludmilla Tcherina in the dancing roles, with singers Robert Rounseville and Ann Ayars, and with Pamela Brown contributing her silent, disconcerting presence. Sir Thomas Beecham conducts (rather phlegmatically). After the success of "The Red Shoes," the producers, Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, found themselves in a position to fulfill their most lavish appetites, and they laid on this infamous spread. Moira Shearer is lovely, but the whole thing seems to be the product of an aberrant, second-rate imagination that confuses décor with art. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 4.)

The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe (1973)—French burlesque, inky-shadowed and funny, about an unlistenable-to musician (Pierre Richard) with hectic hair suggesting Colette's. The hero is in the middle of a farce about a mini-rivalry between an intelligence chief and his deputy. Written by Yves Robert and Francis Véber, directed by M. Robert. Recommended for true quixotry. In French. (9/3/73) (5th Ave. Cinema, and Paramount; through Sept. 3.)

The Testament of Dr. Mabuse (1933)—A Fritz Lang thriller, but not to be confused with his brilliant, spidery 1922 "Doktor Mabuse;" this later film, in which the mad Mabuse (Rudolph Klein-Rogge), a criminal mastermind locked in an asylum, hypnotizes the head of the asylum into doing his will, was

Lang's first anti-Nazi picture. Banned by Goebbels in March, 1933, the film had a rough history. It opened in the United States in 1943, with a foreword by Lang: "This film was made to denounce the terrorist methods of Hitler. Slogans and doctrines of the Third Reich have been put into the mouths of criminals. . . ." Would that the film were as audacious as that sounds; the visual style, however, seems more remarkable than the content, and some people have suggested that those political intentions may have been augmented by hindsight. In German. (Cinema Studio; Aug. 28.)

That Man from Rio (1964)—Philippe de Broca's immensely successful parody-fantasy on thrillers and adventure films. With Jean-Paul Belmondo, Françoise Dorléac, and Jean Servais. High spirits and bravura and extravagance, but maybe too much of each. In French. (Elgin; Sept. 3.)

That's Entertainment!—An invigorating movie made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the comperes include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly, in the incomparable Comden and Green's movie "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting, featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, that inimitable dollop of soup, ham, and classy yearning, their love-filled eyes slipping around to the camera to check what they look like; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M water regally wet. (6/10/74) (Ziegfeld.)

Tin Pan Alley (1940)—Big, splashy, pinheaded musical in the tasteless Fox style, with Alice Faye (the Fox queen of the thirties, on her way down), Betty Grable (scheduled to become the Fox queen of the forties), the Nicholas Brothers, Jack Oakie, Billy Gilbert, and that Fox inevitable John Payne. The numerous songs include "Honeysuckle Rose," "You Say the Sweetest Things," "The Sheik of Araby," "On Moonlight Bay," "K-K-K-Katy." Walter Lang directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 1-3.)

Top Hat (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing to Irving Berlin's music. This is the one with "The Piccolino," as well as "Isn't This a Lovely Day?" and "Cheek to Cheek," and it's a lovely movie. (Cinema Studio; Sept. 3-4.)

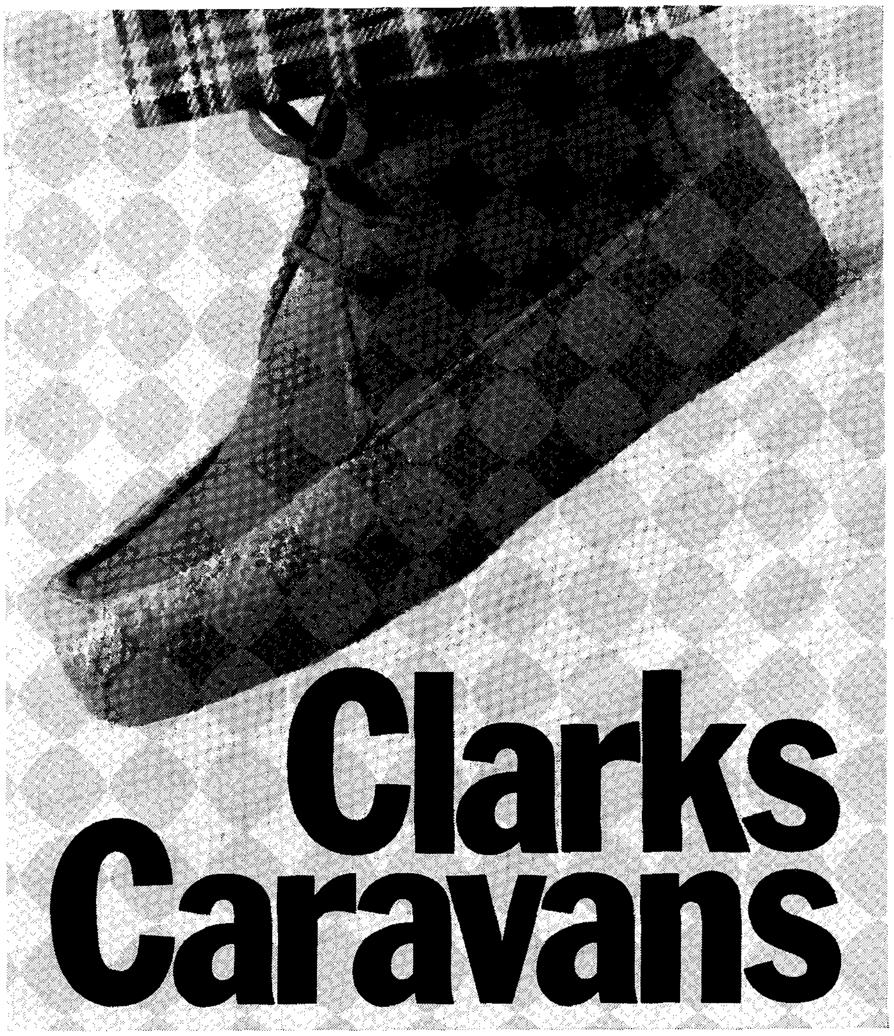
Trash (1970)—Camp pathos. The home life of a knocked-out couple—an impotent junkie and a snaggle-toothed transvestite. A Warhol production, directed by Paul Morrissey. (Regency; Aug. 30-Sept. 1.)

Uptown Saturday Night—Directed by Sidney Poitier. Black is fun, says this film revolutionarily, communicating the idea with an attractive infectiousness. The men in the film, including a Sidney Poitier looking amiably smaller than usual, have the air of youngsters on a spree playing hooky, and the wives seem wiser and older, which is a classic black film-and-stage situation. A lottery ticket gets lost in a stickup and found again. In a white film, it would have disappeared for good. That's the difference. (6/17/74) (86th St. East.)

Walking Tall—A rabble-rousing movie that appeals to a deep-seated belief in simple, swift, Biblical justice; the visceral impact of the film makes one know how crowds must feel when they're being swayed by demagogues. Joe Don Baker gives a powerful performance as the crusading Tennessee sheriff Buford Pusser—who just died—but it's a tall tale: a fiction derived from early Westerns. The director, Phil Karlson, is brutally effective; he makes the battle of virtuous force against organized evil seem primordial. With Elizabeth Hartman as Mrs. Pusser. (2/25/74) (DeMille.)

Wanda (1971)—Barbara Loden wrote, directed, and stars in this story of the minimal love affair of a passive, bedraggled girl from a mining town and a nervous wreck of a small-time crook (Michael Higgins). The director shows great strength—she never falls back on coy tricks or clichés—and the performances are admirable, but the movie is such an extremely drab and limited piece of realism that it makes Zola seem like musical comedy. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 28.)

W. C. Fields Shorts—The great man in "Pool Sharks," "The Golf Specialist," "The Dentist," "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (Cinema Studio; Aug. 29-Sept. 2.)



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

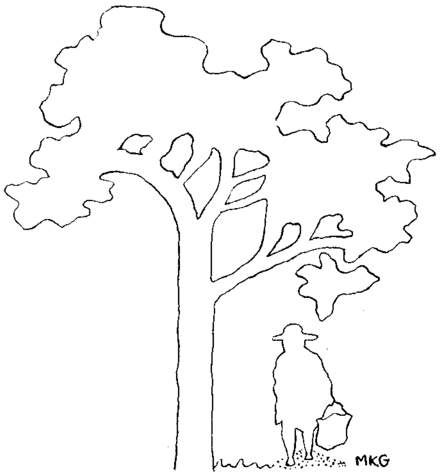
MOST of the changes our new President has made so far have been of the kind that are generally described as "atmospheric." We're told that he sometimes gets his own breakfast in the morning, and the news is somehow full of portent. He and the First Lady are reported to have returned to a White House party after seeing off the guests of honor, and to have danced on into the night. Democrats and newsmen—people considered "enemies" by the last Administration—were there applauding. And, in a move that perhaps has done as much as anything else to establish the new atmosphere, the President has broken the ice on the subject of amnesty. "In my first words as President of all the people, I acknowledged a power higher than the people, who commands not only righteousness but love, not only justice but mercy," he told the Veterans of Foreign Wars in Chicago. And he said, "I am throwing the weight of my Presidency into the scales of justice on the side of leniency." "Love," "mercy," "leniency"—these sentiments have been out of favor at the White House in recent years. Leniency, in particular, was shunned. It was too close to another quality despised by the Nixon White House—"softness." The thing to be in those days was hard. "Hardheaded," "hard-line," "hard-nosed," "tough" were the words in fashion. We were taught to keep our eyes rigidly trained on the "realities" of self-interest. If a single crack appeared in America's emotional armor, we were told, the whole structure of our power might crumble.

Many people who have observed the changed atmosphere in Washington go on to point out that dancing in the White House isn't going to do much to solve inflation or anything else on the formidable agenda of concrete difficulties facing the country. It may not. But we do know where the old atmosphere of hardheaded realism got us. It got us into Indo-China and then into impeachment—into the suppression of imaginary threats abroad and the pursuit of imaginary enemies at home. Hardheaded realism led us straight into a world of fantasy. Self-interest turned out to be the path to self-mutilation. The walls of toughness that shut out love and mercy and leniency shut out much, much more, until, in the end, the White House was wandering blind in a world it found wholly incomprehensible. One lesson of this experience may be that if you willfully close down your heart, your mind cannot stay open for very long. The changes we now see in the White House seem to be signs of mental and moral wholeness in our new leaders. If this is what is called atmospheric, then atmosphere may be more important than we think. The President should decide soon how to deal with inflation, but as he does so, let him go on getting his own breakfast for a while. Let the dancing continue.

Grand

OVER twenty thousand black Elks were in town for a week recently, doing their annual business (at the Hilton), seeing the sights (all over New York), and hitting the spots (mostly on 125th Street). They came from almost every state in the Union and from as far away as the West Indies. And they were here attending the seventy-fifth annual Grand Lodge Convention of the Improved Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the World. When we stopped in at the Hilton one afternoon during the week, the lobby, ballrooms, and corridors were swarming with Elks—wearing white or purple fezzes with yellow tassels dangling from them.

During an hour or so we spent looking around, we gathered that the Elks have a great liking for the word—or the status—"grand." We noticed in the program that the Grand Convention was holding a lot of Grand Temple Sessions. And from talking with some of the Brothers and Daughters—which is how the untitled Elks greet each other—we discovered that the upper echelons of the society are full of Grand Directors, Grand Secretaries, Grand Recorders, Grand Auditors, Grand Daughters, Grand Trustees, Grand Legal Advisers, and Grand Commissioners. The grandest of all is the Grand Exalted Ruler, a Mr. Hobson R. Reynolds, of Philadelphia, whom his followers refer to simply as "the Grand."



The Grand was not accessible—at any rate, not to us. While his followers did not say it was impossible to meet him, they did not encourage us to try, either, and we took that as a message. We did, however, get to meet a Grand Commissioner, and he turned out to have a very interesting personal history. This was the Grand Commissioner of Education. He is a short, courtly-looking man of seventy-five—he was born about the time the black Elks came into being—and he was wearing a rust-brown suit and a white fez, and had his chains of his office around his neck. He introduced himself as Colonel

George Washington Lee, of Memphis.

"A colonel!" we said.

"Yes," he replied. "Was made a colonel by not one but two different governors of the State of Tennessee. Can't remember their names now. I go back to the First War. Fought with the Ninety-second Division in France in 1918."

We asked Colonel Lee what the difference is between the black Elks and the white Elks.

"None, except color," the Colonel said. "We all belong to the same Order. The whites call their organization the B.P.O.E., and we call ours the Improved B.P.O.E.W. All Elks once belonged to the same organization, but in 1898 the blacks were expelled, and formed their own group. We are not all black now, though. There are a few whites and Chinese with us."

"What's the size of your membership?" we asked.

"Over four hundred thousand," he said.

"And what does it cost to put on a convention of this size?"

"Over a million dollars," he said.

"And what is your job as Grand Commissioner of Education?"

"As Commissioner, I write a column for our house organ, the *Elks News*, and I am in charge of our national educational program," the Colonel said. "One of the accomplishments of the program is that over the past forty-five years we have provided college scholarships to more than five thousand needy black and white students. Some of our scholarship holders who later became famous were the late Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., James Farmer, Judge Joseph C. Waddy, of the United States District Court in Washington, D.C., and Dorothy Height, president of the National Council of Negro Women. I joined the Elks some thirty-five years ago, and have been Grand Commissioner of Education for the past twenty-five. Elected every year without opposition. How come? Can't rightly say, except I must be doing a good job."

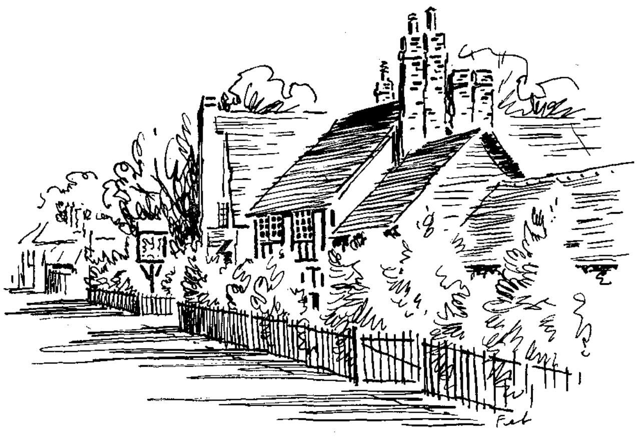
We also found out from the Colonel that he is a banker—"I'm a vice-president of the Tri-State Bank of Memphis, and I am also the senior vice-president of the Atlanta Life Insurance Company, the largest capitalized business among Negroes in America"—and a revered citizen of Memphis. "There is a postal station in Memphis named after me," he said. "I think it is the only post office in the United States named after a living black man. And my portrait hangs in the capitol of the Tennessee State Legislature, alongside all the important figures of Tennessee state history. The only other black man's portrait hanging there belongs to the late W. C. Handy." Also that he is a writer: "I've written four books—'River George,' a novel about sharecroppers in the Mississippi Delta; 'Beale Street Sundown,' a collection of stories based on typical Beale Street characters; 'Brave Black Division,' a history of the Ninety-second Division; and 'Beale Street: Where the Blues Began,' a chronicle of Beale Street life in the nineteen-thirties."

When we returned to the office, we went to our files, where we found a review in *The New Yorker* of "Beale Street." The review, written by Clifton Fadiman and published in 1934, was two and a half columns long, and it said, in part:

> I wish to pin a small but distinctive badge (with ribbons) upon the . . . breast of Lieutenant George Washington Lee. . . . What makes "Beale Street" a memorable piece of Negro city folklore is not merely the richness of its material but the character of Mr. Lee himself, who, to my mind, threatens to run away with his own book. Mr. Lee is a respectable man, a notable business and political leader, and a courageous uplifter of his people. He wears a white collar and has little use for barrel-housing, the Pasamala, and similar torrid diversions. His first thirty pages are an earnest advertisement of the moral and intellectual qualities of the pioneer sons and daughters of Beale Street. . . . No sooner has he sketched a respectable Beale Streeter who died worth a hundred thousand dollars than he reverts with an unconscious sigh of relief to his roustabouts, call houses, razor fights, hot and sweet bands, and work and sorrow songs.

•

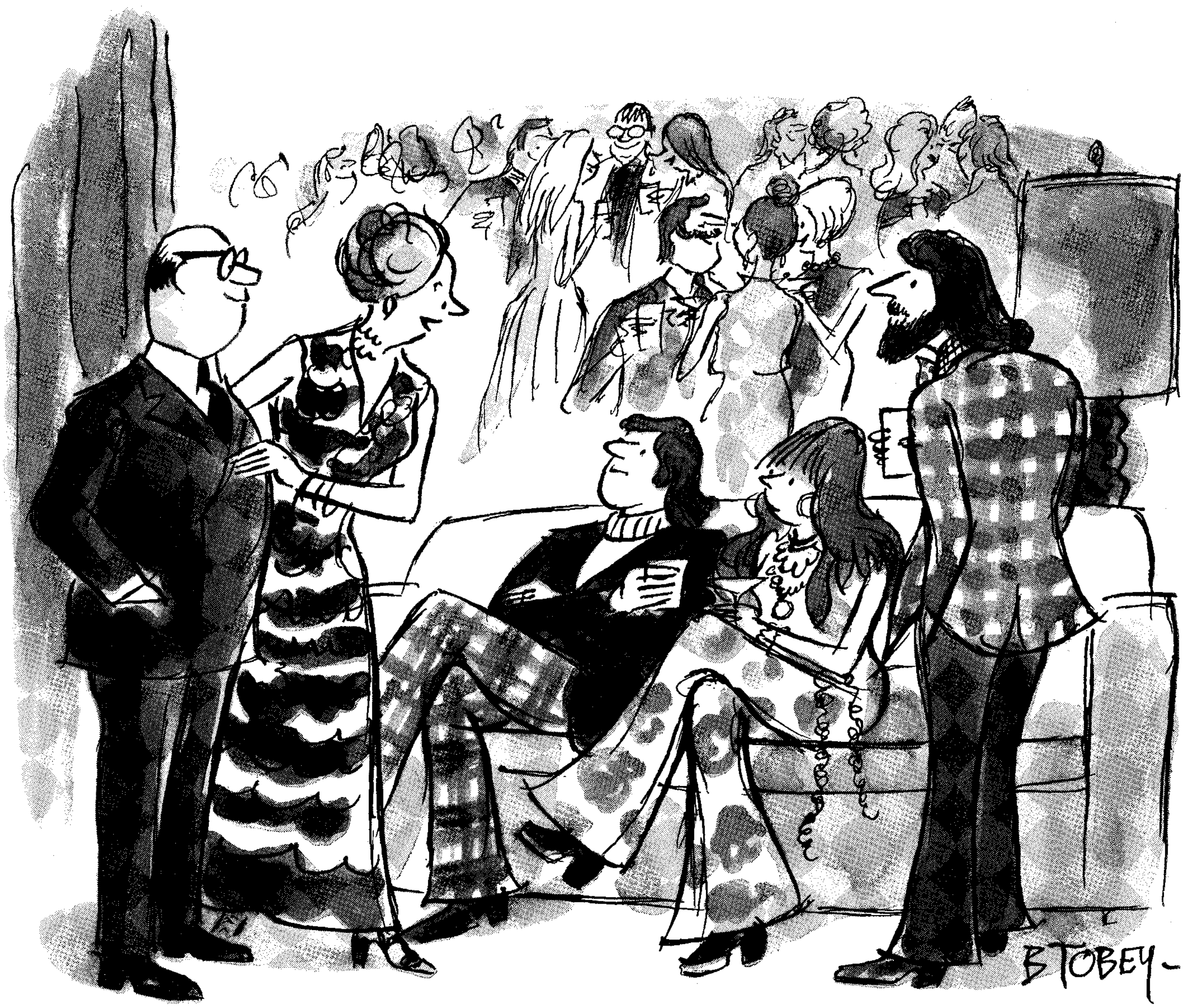
OVERHEARD outside a cottage near the dunes in Wellfleet, middle-aged woman to nearby group of noisy small fry: "Children, please be quiet and understanding and play elsewhere. The Professor is writing a book review, and I'm sure that all your fathers are writing book reviews, too."



Staying for the Slack

THERE were two rodeos at Madison Square Garden on the Wednesday night when Loretta Lynn's Longhorn World Championship Rodeo opened there. The first was for the customers, and the second was for riders and animals. The second rodeo, called the slack, is a feature of most rodeos in America, and it can include beginners, drunks, latecomers, and people riding on a dare. In this case, however, the slack was only for the cowboys who didn't fit into the regular program for the citybillies. The Garden officials didn't want any of the paying spectators to hang around and watch the slack, because the officials wanted to go home, so they made it look as if the evening had ended. Ushers chased people who tried to stick around. We stuck around anyway.

The first rodeo was picketed by the Vegetarian Activist Collective (which believes in an interspecies form of political life style) and members of the Society for Animal Rights. The picketers stood on Seventh Avenue handing out pamphlets that described how rodeo animals are mistreated. The best pamphlet had a picture of a cowboy biting a horse on the upper lip, over the caption "RODEO CONTESTANT VENTS ANGER ON HORSE BY BITING IT." All the incoming rodeo fans had bought their tickets at Korvettes—Wednesday night was Korvettes' Bargain Night—and scarcely anyone paid the protesters much mind. There were about eight inches of dark-brown dirt on the floor of the Garden, and there were forty-eight rodeo animals in four pens on the downtown side of the arena. The animals shouldered and jostled the steel slats of the pens. One pen held the saddle broncs—Marwayne, Strawberry Hill, Croppy, Montana, Frankie, Wolf Track, Dull Knife, John Doe, Ruben James, Terry Wrong, and Button In. Another pen held the bareback broncs—Full House, Cades County, Good Time Charley, Haymarket, Rebel, Coal Miner's Daughter (named after Loretta Lynn, one of the owners of the show, who sings country-



"I'd like you to meet Peter Harrington. He's a nonprofit corporation."

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and-Western music, and who is in fact a coal miner's daughter), Panic, and Sandhills Miss. A third pen held the bulls, and the fourth pen had assorted steers and roping calves. Before the action began, the announcer whiled away the time by rebutting the arguments of the Vegetarian Activist Collective. "Actually, bucking horses lead a very good life," he said. "If you added up all the time they bucked each year, it would only come to about five minutes. Bucking horses lead the life of Riley." As a matter of fact, rodeo critters do have it pretty easy; they live like professional athletes (which they are) and survive well past the age when most of their contemporaries have become beef and beef byproducts.

The first rodeo was about fifty per cent Wild West show. When the lights went down, a spot picked up the bandleader, and the orchestra burst into the Marlboro Country theme song. There was a playlet featuring an old cowboy, a pony-express rider, a cavalry man, and nine genuine Texas longhorn steers. Then an Indian named Tonto George, who was wearing a headdress that looked as if it had come from a Tepee Town store, sang "The Star-Spangled Banner." Then came the bareback riding, followed by Mexican-style trick roping, by El Charro de Santa Fe, who is really Bill McEnaney, from Memphis, and who uses a rope made of seaweed; then calf roping; then Lenore Rowe on her favorite mount, First Frost—"doing an Indian Fantasy Ride," said the announcer. Then saddle-bronc riding—best ride by Tom Oar, from Byron, Illinois, on Marwayne.

After the barrel racing and the steer wrestling (the announcer kept asking everyone to applaud) came the bull riding. Mike Waters, of Kingston, New York, got the highest score of the evening in bull riding. The show ended with a skit featuring the rodeo clown Lecile Harris, from television's "Hee Haw" program, and a huge white Brahma bull with drooping horns. Lecile did a funny dance in the center of the arena to the tune of the Three Dog Night version of "Joy to the World," and the Brahma lost all sense of dignity and charged Lecile, who got away easily and continued to dance, dropping his overalls to reveal a red union suit. Everybody laughed. The Brahma finally just stopped charging and stood in the middle of the arena, feeling a perfect fool.

"Did you enjoy yourselves, folks?" asked the announcer, who we had long been wishing would shut up. The audience applauded. "Take care going home, now," said the announcer. The houselights came up, the arena lights went down. The stock was herded into holding pens under the grandstand. The band packed up and went home. The cowboys and their friends stood around waiting quietly.

After all the spectators had left, the slack began. The slack compared to the rodeo that had preceded it the way a U.S. Geological Survey topographic map compares to a map on a restaurant placemat. The Longhorn announcer was replaced by a woman with a good high Cracker twang, who said, "In the steer wrestlin', we got Robert Godwin follered by Pete Flores follered by Joe Dailey follered by . . ." The cowboys gathered at one end of the arena and focussed on the bulldogging chutes, paying no attention to the ghosts of eleven thousand Knick fans who now filled the Garden. We noticed that many of the contestants had Ace bandages wrapped around their knees outside their Levi's, and that most of the barrel-racing horses were wearing hard-rubber "bell boots" around their front ankles, to keep them from stepping on their front hooves when they ran, and foam-rubber-and-leather "skid boots" on their hind ankles, to keep them from skinning those ankles on sudden stops. Cowboy fashions have changed somewhat over the last three years. Polka-dotted Casey Jones shoeing hats used to be the style among calf ropers and steer wrestlers. Now almost every cowboy wears a white straw cowboy hat with feathers in the brim. Also, most cowboys wear belts with their names across the back. Leaning up against the rail were a man and a woman with identical belts. His said "Stancil" and hers said "Grace."

There were three events in the slack—steer wrestling, calf roping, and bull riding. During the first rodeo, the crowd noise had drowned out the noise of the animals, but now calves bawled and broncs snorted all the way up to the darkened press box. There was little cheering and much concentration. Every contestant was a professional and a member of the International Rodeo Association, and every contestant had put up a hundred-dollar entrance fee just to ride in one event. A calf roper who gets an ornery, crazy-legged calf and misses his first throw has blown all his entry money as well as whatever it cost him to get to the rodeo. Charles Reno Hall, a black cowboy born at Mount Sinai Hospital, who first rode horses in Central Park, and who was three times bareback-bronc-riding and three times steer-wrestling champ of the A.B.C. (Association of Black Cowboys), waited his turn until twelve-forty-five in the morning and then drew a steer so stubborn and difficult that it took him 29.4 seconds to get it to the ground. The best time of the night was 4.6 seconds, and Hall finished out of the money. Another black cowboy, Ron Gibson, of Detroit, overran his steer and shot his hundred dollars in less than two seconds. The announcer during the earlier show had called all the bulls by their names ("They call this one Bad News, and it's not hard to see why!"), but the woman who announced the slack just called the bulls by number. We asked Lecile Harris, who was still in his clown suit, the name of a rank Black Angus bull that snorted like a vacuum cleaner and tossed Pete Flores some ten feet in the air before chasing a row of onlooking cowboys up the fence like a chorus line. "He ain't got a name," said the clown. (In the magazine of the International Rodeo Association, *Rodeo News*, bulls are referred to mostly by number. Each bull has his own set of statistics, just like a baseball player: how many people he's bucked off, how many times he's been ridden, how many times he's made the national finals—things like that.)

The last of forty-five steer wrestlers wrestled his steer to the dirt at 1:05 A.M., by which time most of the citybillies had seen the news, watched John Davidson guest-host for Johnny Carson, set the alarm, fed the cat, and fallen fast asleep.

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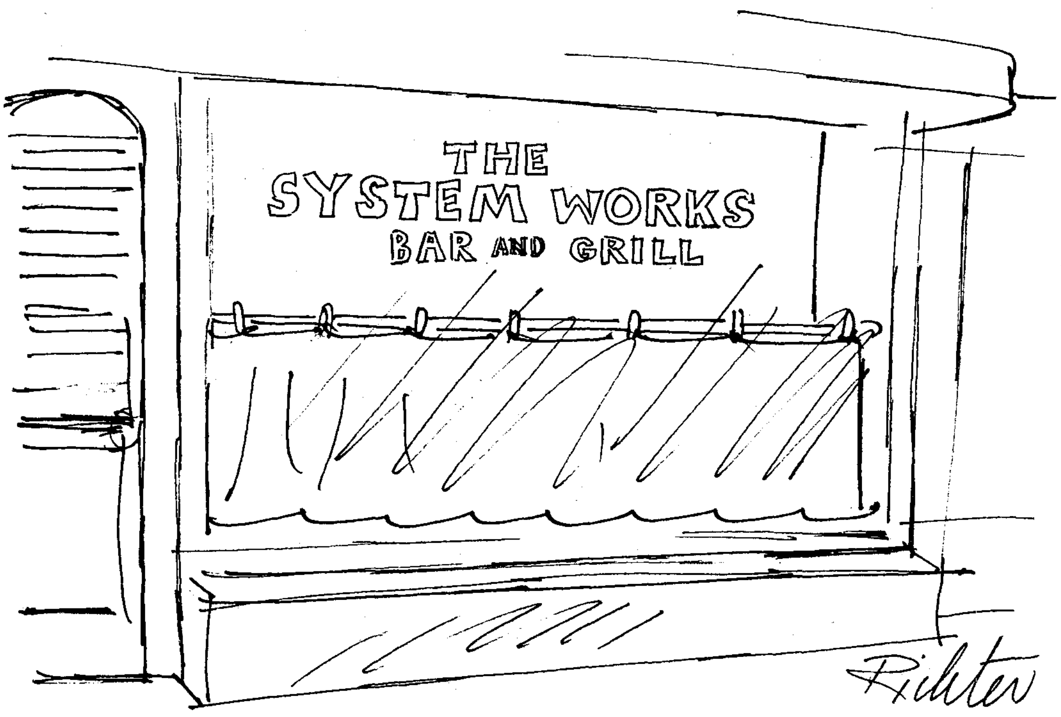
SIGN observed in the window of a restaurant in Warwick, Rhode Island:

REAL BOSTON STYLE EXOTIC CHINESE
POLYNESIAN AND AMERICAN CUISINE

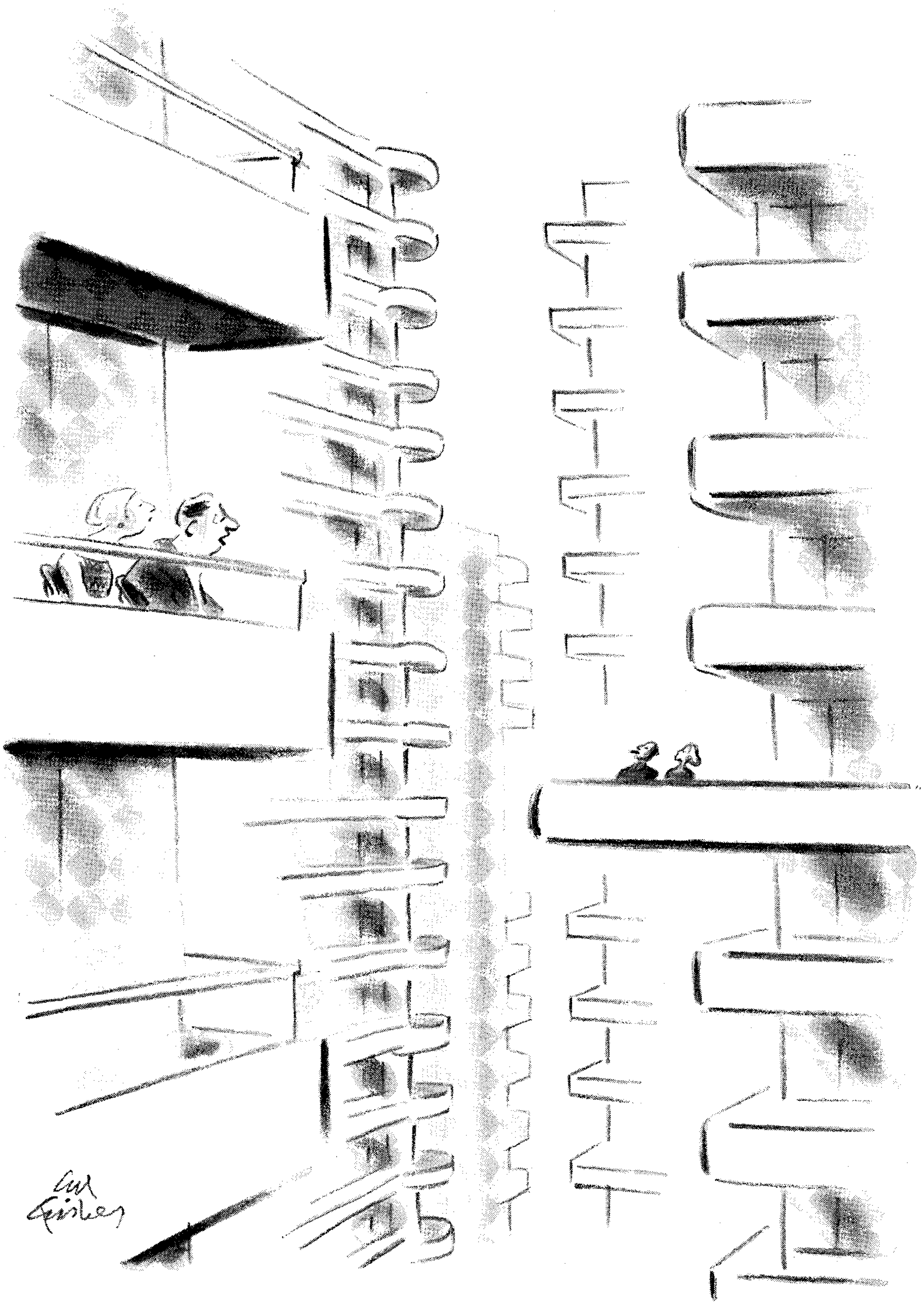
"Flying Through Mountain"

STRANGE week. One day, we lounged on a giant brown beanbag on the deck of a one-hundred-and-twenty-eight-foot yacht off the sunny coast of Manhattan whilst a mellifluous Frenchman murmured tales in our ear of vibrant, luxurious Caribbean vacations. The yacht, a strange-looking wedge-shaped craft with three masts and three giant triangular staysails, was partly designed a couple of years ago by a man who wanted to enter a transatlantic race for solo sailors. The man, Jean-Yves Terlain, first set a new world's speed record for single-handed sailing in a yacht, and then finished second in the race (from Plymouth, England, to Newport, Rhode Island), and after that decided to do something else. So he fitted up the boat with a stereo tape player, purple carpeting, velvet pillows, comfy bunks, and the like, brought along a crew of six, and worked out a deal with Club Méditerranée, the huge French vacation empire owned in part by Edmond de Rothschild and American Express. And now he's ready to offer parties of eight a week's cruising off Martinique. Our beanbag cruise was a promotional stunt for this.

Next day—the very next



day—we spent all our time at an Educational Symposium sponsored by the Parapsychological Association and convened at St. John's University, a Catholic college in Queens that is the home of a sumptuous memorial hall honoring Sun Yat-sen, the father of modern China. The Parapsychological Association achieved official scientific and academic respectability five years ago, when it was admitted to the American Association for the Advancement of Science—the Triple-A.S., as it is known—which is made up of nothing but respectable scientists. So everyone now talks in measured tones and gives lectures followed by question periods, and the programs run a little late, and the public is invited to educational symposia at which patient lecturers explain precognition by making little jokes about former President Richard M. Nixon.



"*Who the hell are they?*"

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We ran into a friend of ours, Professor Robert E. Ornstein, the psychologist, who was in town to cover the proceedings for *Psychology Today*, and he pointed out Professor R. L. Van de Castle, who, he said, is known among parapsychologists as "the prince of percipients," because of his performance in some tests at the Maimonides Medical Center, in Brooklyn. The big news of the day was the new Ganzfeld experiment at Maimonides. A Ganzfeld is when you can't see anything in particular. What they did in Brooklyn was place Ping-Pong-ball halves over people's eyes and then shine bright lights at them. On top of that, they gave these people earphones playing nothing but white noise. (Sounds just like home, doesn't it?) This is known as a partial-sensory-deprivation situation. In Brooklyn, subjects are deprived like this and then told to free-associate out loud while other people look at pictures and try to make the subjects think of whatever the pictures represent. Afterward, the subjects are shown a series of pictures and asked to pick the ones beamed at them. One man correctly picked a photograph of the United States Air Force Academy. He had made the following remarks while seeing nothing but Ganzfeld: "An airplane floating over the clouds . . . Planes passing overhead . . . Thunder and angry clouds . . . A five-pointed star . . . Six stripes on an Army uniform, V-shaped . . . Flying through mountain . . . Machine gun."

A woman at the Sun Yat-sen Memorial Hall was kind enough to steer us to the only good kosher deli in the neighborhood.

THE NEW YORKER ADVISOR

(INTIMATE COUNSELLING FOR OUR TROUBLED READERS, MORE OR LESS IN THE CONFIDENT MANNER OF "PLAYBOY," "PENTHOUSE," AND OTHER CURRENT JOURNALS OF PHILOSOPHY)

SMALL TIME

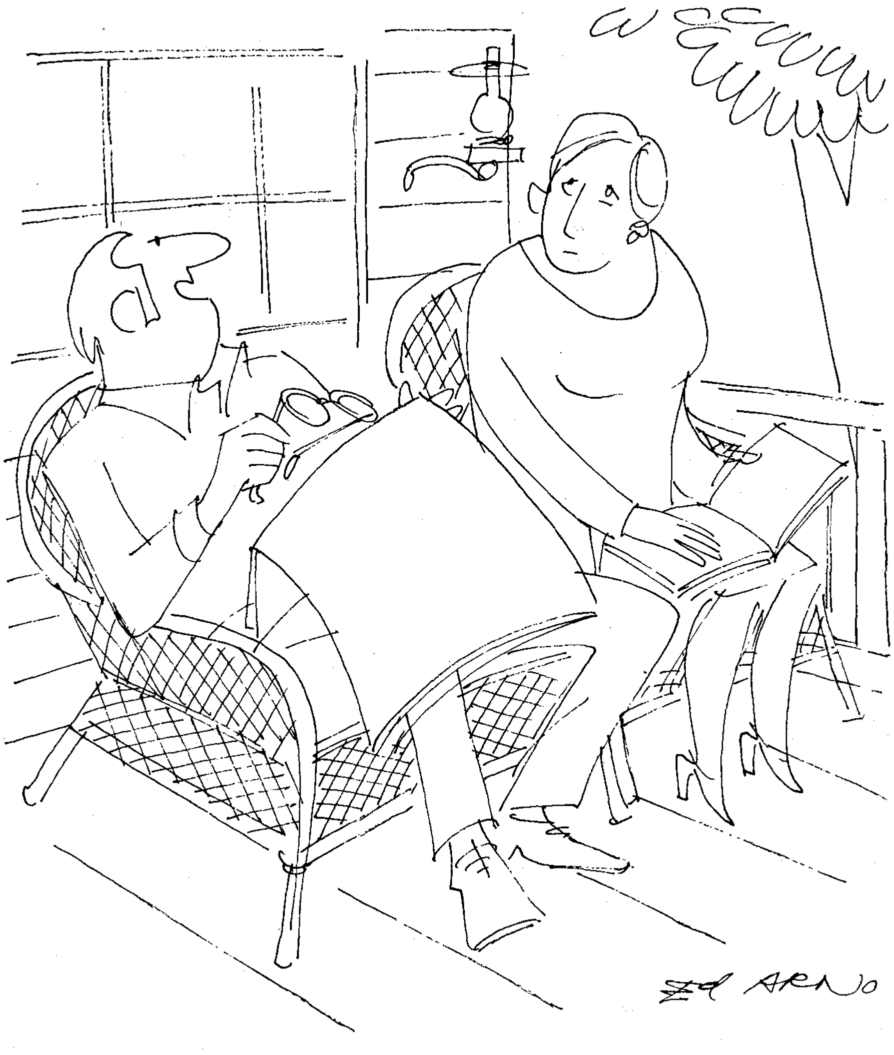
DEAR ADVISOR:

I HAVE hesitated for some time before writing you, but I don't know where else to go for help. I have a problem which can't be entirely unique, yet I have not been able to find any reliable scientific data that would put my mind to rest. To put it plainly, I have a very small organ. I know, of course, that there is no "right" size in these matters, and I sometimes suspect that my judgment may be unduly subjective in this estimation. Still, I have made covert observations and comparisons whenever the opportunity presented itself, and there is no doubt in my mind that mine is the most modest instrument in our entire suburban neighborhood. My wife gets very impatient whenever I try to discuss the matter with her, and assures me that she has absolutely no complaints. The others in my family feel the same way (we are a modern household, and we believe in discussing everything quite openly), and my teen-age son and daughter keep telling me that I am hopelessly bourgeois and insecure to keep brooding about this. "Forget it, Pop," they say.

Who is right?

UNHAPPY FRED
Evanston, Illinois

Call yourself lucky, Fred, for you have a model wife and two thoughtful, very "with it" kids. They are right, of course, and the real wonder of your case is that you could have gone along for as long as you did, worrying and troubling yourself over such an insignificant matter, when a little reading in your local library or a plain question in the right quarter could have settled your doubts once and for all. Today, we have finally come to understand that there is no such thing as a "normal" size for an organ. Perhaps, like many older persons, your judgment of acceptable dimensions was heavily influenced by youthful impressions formed in church or at the theatre. Yet for every gigantic organ, such as the memorable installation at the Radio City Music Hall or the massive unit at some great place of worship (the organ at Winchester Cathedral, installed in 950 A.D., had four hundred pipes and required seventy men to operate the bellows), there are today scores of serviceable bijou household instruments that are modest in price and excellently pleasing in tone. You may recall that the late Albert Schweitzer was able to continue his daily sessions at the key- and footboards even in the primitive musical surroundings of Lambaréné. The current trend in organ building is away from awesome size and power and toward the modest ideals of Gottfried Silbermann (1683-1753), the Dresden genius whose instruments produced a light, transparent tone, in perfect keeping with the polyphonics of the high Baroque. Vox humana (Dig it, Fred!) vox Dei!

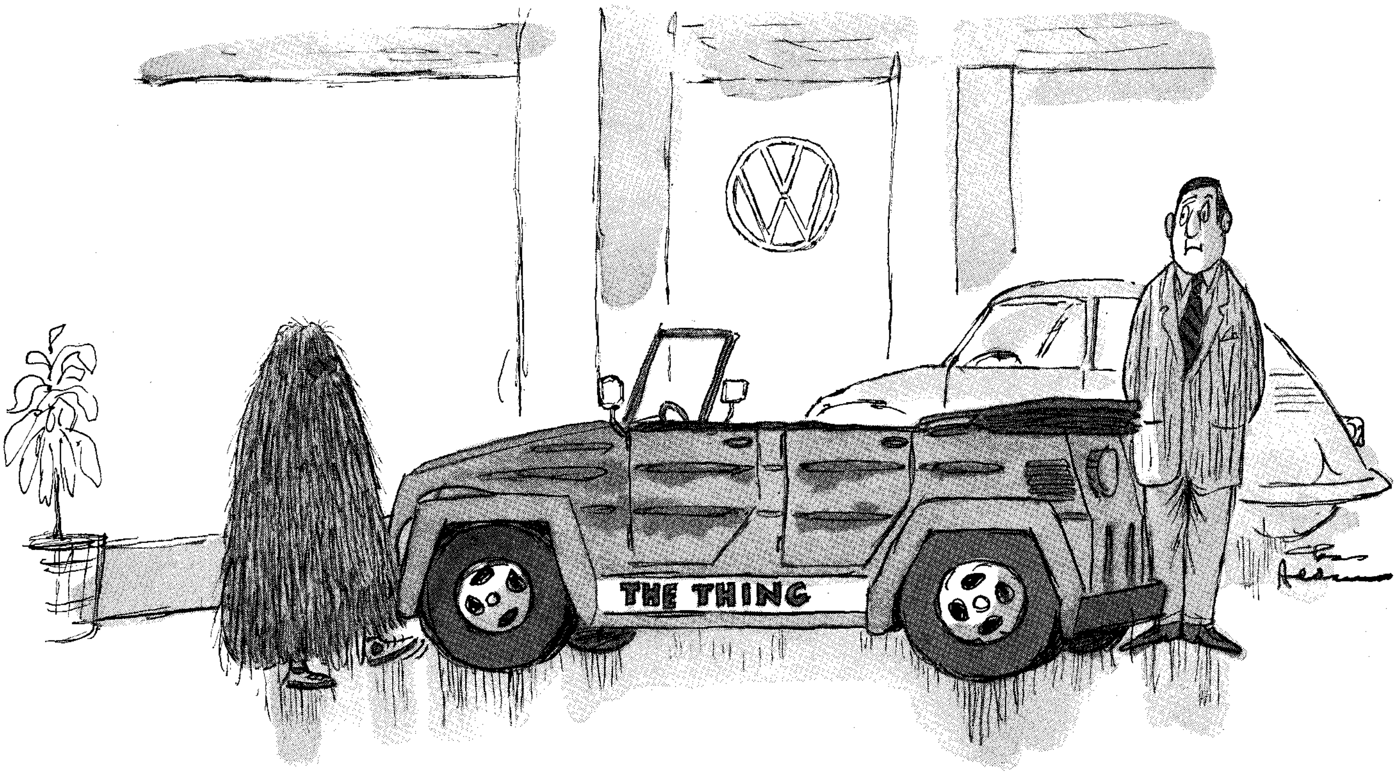


"Well, it's finally happened! The conventional wisdom is my wisdom!"

GREENHORN

DEAR ADVISOR:

I AM a healthy adult male, with a healthy sex drive. My evenings always end up in the sack, even on a first date, and I am in the habit of conducting four or five meaningful affairs at the same time, often with chicks who happen to be roommates. Right now, I am hooked up with two beautiful sisters who almost surely know that they are sharing me, but I don't think they have guessed that I am also on intimate terms with their old lady, a mature and very appreciative woman in her sixties—with the bod of a mellow thirty-year-old! I am not averse to occasional homosexual adventures, if the ambience is right, and of course I groove on the new bisexual scene as well. I am what you would call a sexual athlete, and nothing in nature is alien to me. O.K., fine—so why is it I can't seem to score with a plant? All my friends here in northern California are way into plant relationships. They read to their avocados, repeat mantras with their geraniums and grape ivies, pass weekends of meditation with a wandering Jew or a *Dracaena marginata*, and sleep over with yuccas. They tell me there is no trip like the achievement of a deep one-to-one understanding with a member of the flora. I have tried to follow their lead, but so far



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without success. Indeed, whenever I find myself alone in a room with a young plant or vegetable, I am overcome with shyness. I find myself stammering and sweating with embarrassment, and I "don't know where to look." The last time I tried, an office friend of mine had fixed me up with a pair of delicious-looking rutabagas. I arrived wearing my new suède high-rise bells, sandals, and a liberal splash of Brut. We settled down together in a corner of the patio, all in readiness for a memorable new friendship—and I froze. Striving for my customary aplomb, I lit up a joint and then fell into a strangling paroxysm of coughing. I sprang up from the lanai, upsetting my glass of sangría, mumbled some excuse about an overdue algebra paper, and fled, leaving my buxom young companions speechless. This sort of repeated failure has begun to sap my confidence, and I find myself spending more and more nights at home alone. What's the matter with me anyway?

J.F.W.
San Leandro, California

Probably your only mistake is trying to rush things. Accustomed to swift success in other quarters, you are not quite at ease with the more laggard emotional cycle and lower motor responses of our green friends. With plants (especially with drupes and the smaller legumes), the motto must always be "Take your time!" Keep your mind off the ultimate relationship desired. Try, rather, to deal with the whole vegetable. Examine your unconscious for signs of repressed taboos, remembering that, as you yourself suggest, nothing in nature is kinky, unless you think it is. Hold in your mind the image of a cultured Japanese gentleman deep in contemplation of his stony garden or miniature bonsai plant (the Japs, as you know, are way ahead of us in the sensual ballgame). You might even memorize Andrew Marvell's "My vegetable love should grow/ Vaster than empires, and more slow." There is nothing new about plant love, no matter what your neighbors say. Indeed, the best of advice in this area comes to us from the British sexologists Gilbert and Sullivan, who prescribed:

> *An attachment à la Plato for a*
> *bashful young potato, or a not-*
> *too-French French bean!*

SOUTHPAW

DEAR ADVISOR:

I THINK I am obsessed. I am a foot fetishist, and over the years I have come to accept this quirk of nature without fear or self-loathing; it is simply a fact about me, like the color of my eyes (hazel, with glints of green) or my hat size (7⅜). No problem there. My hangup is that out of all the millions and millions of feet in the world, there is only one single, solitary foot that means anything to me. Have you ever heard of anything so silly? Yes? Well, what do you say when I add that the foot in question, the Foot Supreme, is one of my own—i.e., the left? Advisor, I love my left foot with a devotion that is beyond my powers of description. Each morning when I awake, I draw Li'l Tootsie (as I call him) gently out of the covers to see how he has fared during the long night hours. During the day, I often glance down to admire his perky stride, his stylish recovery, his lithe, almost Indian feel for the ground. At home in the evening, I usually go around half barefoot, in order to give my friend a taste of freedom and relaxation. In my younger days, I confess, I would sometimes secretly remove my left shoe and sock while in the office and conduct business (I am a Certified Public Accountant) in perfectly normal fashion—with my playmate shamelessly naked beneath my desk!

To anticipate your questions, I feel nothing of this nature for my other foot. I cannot explain why this starboard extremity, apparently the mirror image of my heart's delight, occasions no response in me beyond the rather tepid attention with which we all regard our various sets of physiological baggage. Truly, *le cœur a ses raisons que la raison ne connaît point!* Nor can I explain my dogged (no pun intended) faithfulness, sustained over the decades, to this one-and-only foot. How often have I told myself that a bit of adventuring—a brief, lighthearted tickle with some of the countless attractive and obviously willing young feet that one glimpses on all sides—would only bring me back to my life's companion with a refreshed appreciation. But when the moment comes I always refrain.

In truth, it is probably too late for such forays now. I am sixty-two, and troubled with arthritis, and Li'l Tootsie also looks his age—not a pretty sight, I'll wager, to anyone but me. No matter. I keep his photograph on my bureau—a perfect likeness of him as he used to be in his high-arching youth—and this is the image that is always in my heart. We are content to potter along together through the evening of our life, cracking our joints as we warm ourselves before the hearth and finding pictures in the firelight.

I feel pretty good most of the time, but I reckon I must need help.

E. McC.
Salt Lake City

No, dear sir, you do not need any advice. It is we, rather—all of us, everywhere—who should help ourselves by reading your gentle and happy tale and taking it to heart. Many of our subscribers may feel revulsion or a cynical contempt for your homespun passion, but we defy them. Freedom is finding joy wherever it may fall and clasping it to one's bosom. Thanks, E. McC., and Tootsie, for the beautiful reminder!

A KINDNESS

Where did we stop? In dead summer, that is
male, yellow. You stripped into that glare
of live gold.
It was like living in gold to try to touch you.
It was as if you were day.

Nothing of this is true, but will you
let me have it, imaginary?

The laugh, confidence, the symmetrical clean
body capable of itself, so being body
as to be naked even to the hands. Will you give me that?

Because even if it is not true, I need
something now to look back to, in order to say,
I have been sudden in the sun's perfection,
I have had blood rise like light,
my hands have answered,
my memory is a bush of grown flame.

It is a kindness you can do me, to have been there
at the center of summer, yourself the attack of summer,
and to have made all that light out of being young.

I need to have loved you. I need to have told you so.

—William Dickey

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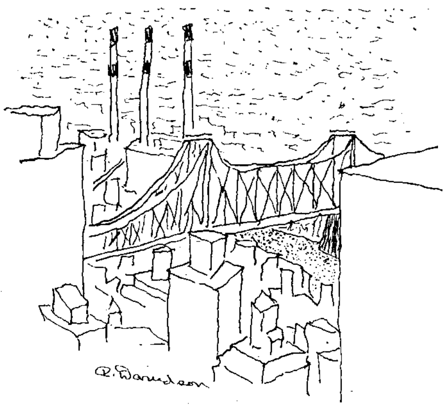
ALL TIED UP

Dear Advisor:

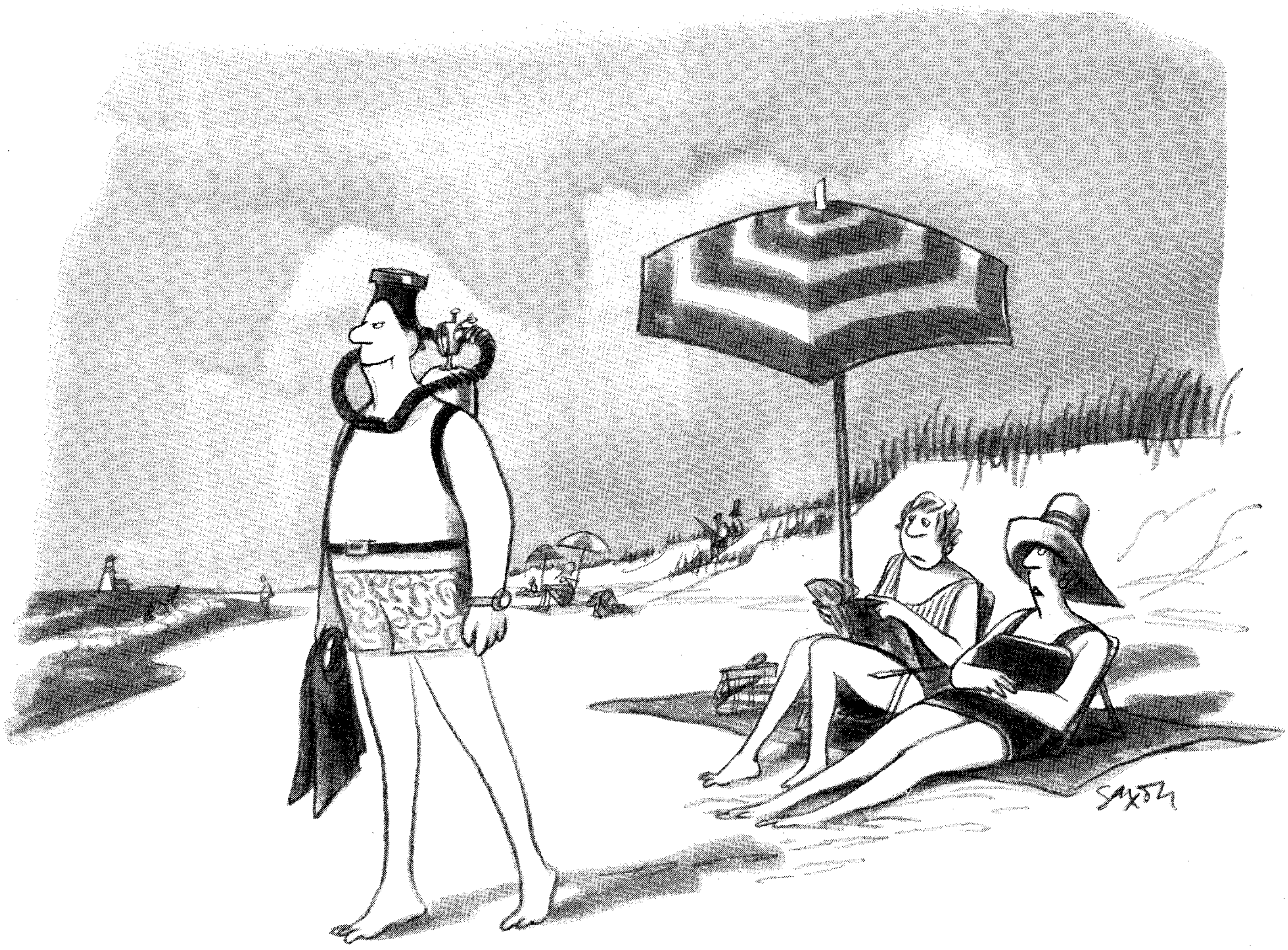
I AM in need of sartorial first aid. Six or seven years ago, I suffered a heavy setback in my fashionable self-esteem, and since that time I rarely venture from the house at night. My frau tells me that I am turning into some kind of weirdo hermit and says for me to give my story to your sophisticated editors and let them handle it.

It all began when we got this invitation from a famous film actor, asking us to come to a New Year's Eve party at his Manhattan town house. (Never mind his name; this wasn't his fault, and I don't want to embarrass him.) I should explain that I am in industrial-freezer parts and I don't usually hang out with celebrities. The way I happened to meet him was that we sat next to each other on a Cleveland-to-Kennedy flight that got hung up in a weather-stack over Pennsylvania for three hours; when we landed, we wrote our names down and promised to look each other up someday, but I frankly never expected he'd take me up on it, until we got the invite in the mail. At first, Molly and I thought, sure, what a gas, we'll go. Then I looked again and saw that down in the corner of the invitation it said "Dress: Mod, or what you will," and my heart sank. You see, I didn't own any Mod clothes, and I thought, well, better forget the party, we'll just stay home New Year's Eve and maybe get a bottle of champagne in, like always. But my wife was dying to go, of course, and she said, look, no problem, we'll just go to one of those boutiques and pick you out a wild tie, right?

To make a long story short, that's just what we did. We ended up at a place called Paraphernalia, on Madison Avenue (it's gone now, I think), and a helpful young fellow helped me pick out a wide, wide one, in cherry-colored silk, that looked like an effect out of "Star Trek." Came the night, and I put it on (after a lot of wrestling with all that material in the knot) and wore my old chalk-stripe suit, and the getup was pretty crazy, if I do say so. Around ten-thirty, the wife and I hop a cab and go down to the actor's house for the big blast. There are all kinds of people crowding in the front door, wearing more kinds of clothes (and no clothes) than I've ever seen before, and there are even Pinkertons there, to keep out the crashers. But we have our invitation, and after somebody looks us over we are let in. Upstairs, there are two rock bands going, one at each end of the house, and the place is wall-to-wall people and noise. We stand there, jammed by the stairs, and pretty soon along comes my friend the host, smiling at everybody. I put out my hand and say, "This is a whole lot better than ten thousand feet over McKeesport, isn't it?" and he looks at us in sort of a startled way, and then shakes my hand and kisses Molly on the cheek (ruining her for life), and says, "It's just *marvellous* you could come. Look, the bar is way over there somewhere, or there's another one back down *that* way. Get yourself anything you want, and when I come back we'll have magic time. 'Bye, dears."



Well, I finally did get up to the bar after a lot of elbowing and being pushed and spilled-on, and after a while I got us a couple of double Scotches, and the wife and I found a sort of corner, and stood there and sipped and began look-



"My rival is the sea."

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ing over the roaring mob. What we did was, we pretended to be having this very animated conversation, leaning toward each other to listen and then laughing a lot, but all the time we were both really rolling our eyes back and forth across the room looking for somebody, anybody, we knew. You know how it is sometimes. The trouble was that this beginning part of the party didn't end, the way it usually does. We looked and we talked and laughed and we looked some more, and though there were plenty of faces we had seen on the "Merv Griffin Show" and places like that, there was nobody we *knew*. I was about to try the old bar-fight again, when all of a sudden way across the room I saw this man's face that I recognized. Just as I spotted him, he saw me, too, and he sort of raised his eyebrows in a friendly, surprised way, and then I saw him starting to come through the mob to say hello.

"Here comes a friend of mine," I said to Molly out of the corner of my mouth.

"Who?" she said. "Who is it?"

"Tell you in a minute," I said.

But the trouble was I couldn't remember him. The name was right on the tip of my tongue. He was a young-looking fellow, sort of handsome, and his smile got bigger and bigger as he sidled his way through the guests and finally came up to us.

"Well," he said, "I never thought I'd find you *here!* How are you, anyway?"

"Fine and dandy," I said. "You remember Molly, don't you?" I was fighting for time.

"You're looking terrific," he said. "I knew you would." Then there was a pause, and he said, "You don't remember me, do you?"

I said, "Sure I do. I recognized you way across the room there, didn't I? Just give me a second here. You're . . . You're—"

"I sold you that tie at Paraphernalia yesterday," he said.

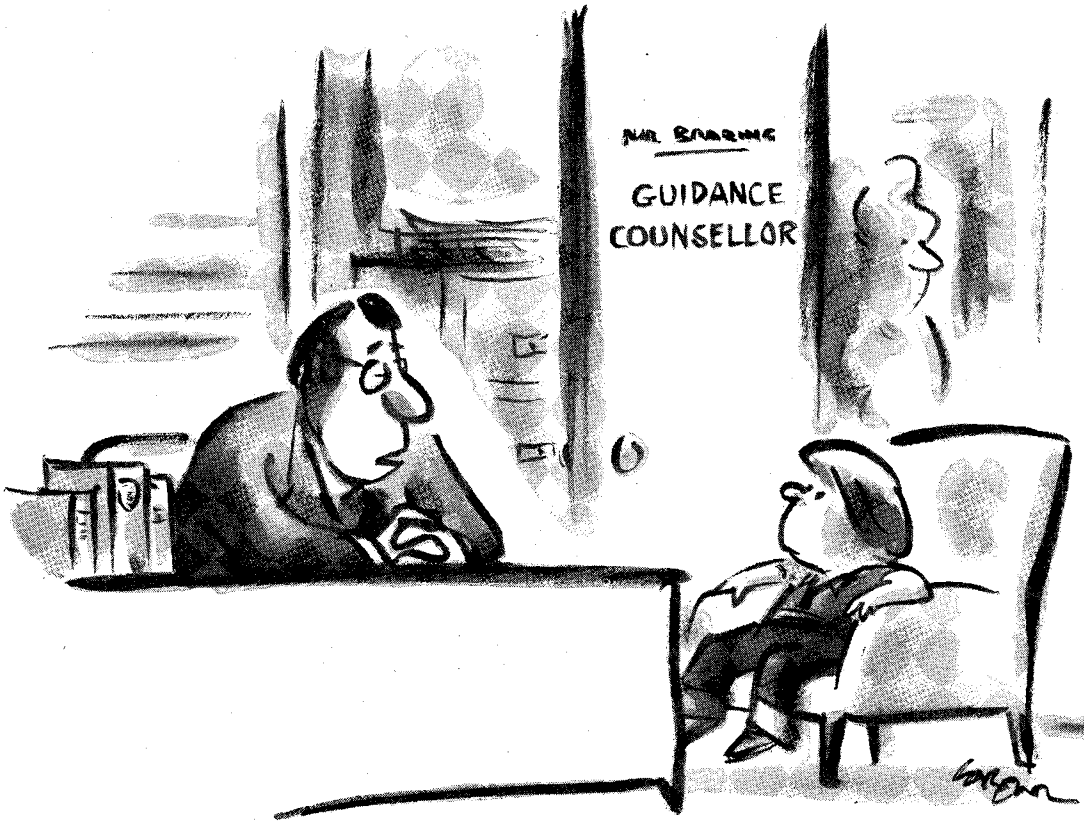
That's about all there is to it. We got out of there just after midnight (our host never did come back), and ever since then I have sort of given up going to big parties. I have also given up small parties. To tell the truth, for these past six years I have just stayed home. Sometimes I have got up my nerve to go to a show or out to dinner with business friends, but when I go up to my tie rack to pick out the evening cravat, I begin to sway and this gray mist forms in front of my eyes. So I give up, and the evening ends with me in front of the old television again, in my undershirt.

Molly has told me she will leave home for good, no fooling, unless I wrote this letter and asked you where I can get myself some decent, stylish neckties—not too bright, no wild designs—so I can start getting back in the swim.

Now it's your move.

HERBIE THE HERMIT
Port Washington, New York

Come on out, Herbie. You are in luck, you see, because nobody has been wearing neckties for years *now. You can dress up in turtlenecks or splashy T-shirts or high-rise collars or even an*



"I'll give it to you straight, Benson. We don't think you're maximizing your potential."

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occasional knotted foulard, but forget the tie. Better hurry, though. Old-timey looks are the growing mushroom cloud on the menswear horizon, and that means that the four-in-hand has probably turned the corner. The nostalgia boom has already shot right through the fifties, and at that rate we'll be back to Mod in no time. Hope you saved that big-breakfast job from Paraphernalia. This time, why don't you give the party?

IN THE DARK

DEAR ADVISOR:

I AM a centerfold photographer. For years now, I have been talking bosomy young females out of their inhibitions and into instant (f/8 at 1/125th) four-color national celebrity. I am the dermal Steichen, the Fragonard of the furtive male fancy, the dream-master of Fraternity Row. The costume chest in my studio resembles the wardrobe department of an Edwardian bordel—a soft plethora of feather boas, filmy peignoirs, eight-foot-long necklaces, ribbed pink knee socks, Andalusian fans, inflatable lumbar pillows, wolfskin throws, Cecil Beaton chapeaux, filigreed back scratchers, transparent silk dolmans, polar-bear rugs, and peekaboo Alençon bellybands. With these and a few suitable props—a white wicker *fauteuil*, a bit of bedside Biedermeier, a distressed-fruitwood Empire cheval glass, or an Italianate water faucet—I can transform a Purdue Home Ec. major into a drug-dazed Trebizond houri, recast an adenoidal Atlantic City débutante into a randy Whistler's Mother, or rejuvenate (with a dab of Vaseline on the lens) a matronly pornie-film star into a shyly ravening choir girl. Yes, the currently inflated national bare market is very much my doing, and I am proud of it.

Now something has happened, however, that threatens my career and even my sanity. For the last six months, the quality of my work has taken a sharp downward turn. Editors complain that my pictures are often out of focus or oddly composed; many of my portraits center on an unexpected part of the model's anatomy—an elbow, say, or the back of her head—and at times she and I seem to have missed connections altogether. This is a serious deviation in a genre that depends almost exclusively on the frontal, or head-on-collision, pose, and I have been forced to mumble evasions about a mechanical problem or darkroom misadventures. The terrible truth is that whenever I am in the presence of a naked woman now, my eyes remain tightly shut! I have berated myself sternly over this self-destructive and ridiculous aberration, reminding myself of my professional standards, my long experience with nude females, and my perfect objectivity. Nothing works. The moment my model kicks off her wedgies and begins to peel, this strange new feeling of *embarrassment* creeps over me. My eyes flutter, attempt to avert their gaze, and then obdurately and resolutely close. As you can imagine, this presents problems. I wear dark glasses now, and sometimes I ask a model to "help the mood" of a shot by making loud humming noises while I am aiming the camera, or I invite my cleaning woman or the postman to stop in and focus the camera for me "for fun." Still, they must know something is awry. I keep bumping into things, and last week I tripped over a floodlight cable and pitched headfirst into an already overcrowded bubble bath. My shrink is deeply interested, of course, and leans toward a tentative diagnosis of hysteria brought on by a long-repressed sense of old-fashioned gallantry or by some evanescent memory of personal privacy. ("You haff placed a lens cap over your Id," he said yesterday.) Recently, I have taken to taping my eyes open with strips of adhesive tape, giving me a startling resemblance to the late Warner Oland, but sooner or later my puritan peepers break their bonds and clang shut for the rest of the day.

Now what?

SAD SNAPPER
Chicago

Hard lines, Sad S. Yours is an almost classic example of an irremediable contemporary occupational injury, and it may be that you already qualify for some form of assistance from the Workmen's Compensation Board. Meantime, you might begin to phase into landscapes or passport work. You can console yourself with the thought that clothed social congress is still the general norm, and that the vast majority of cheerful and memorable events involving women seem to take place when they have their clothes on. It was this discovery that impelled us to abandon our own celebrated centerfold section exactly forty-nine years ago last February.

—ROGER ANGELL

NIGHT THOUGHTS

UNABLE to sleep, Albert wanders through his dark apartment Sunday night. His way is fitfully lit by little flaring lights—static electricity manifested when he touches this or that to get his bearings. The gleams put Albert in mind of fireflies in remote country lanes and enlarge his sadness by taking it out-of-doors and extending it backward and forward to summer; more of these behind, he acknowledges in line with Philodemos, than ahead. His distress is further exacerbated by the notion that his apartment might, in fact, harbor an enfeebled firefly or two, which pathetically emerge at night, perhaps from the recesses of the piano, which is badly out of tune, some notes silent. What was there for them to *eat*? This anxiety he recognizes as a product of his Jewish upbringing.

Albert bumps into the couch, which isn't where it was when he went to bed. He reaches out a hand to steady himself. It comes to rest on the dry billow of the open dictionary. This, too, is in a different place. Albert imagines it creeping secretly in the dark, like a great slug, propelled by the energy generated by the compression of knowledge.

He barges into his wife's room, formerly his stepdaughter's. Violet is sitting up in bed, doing her crossword puzzle. When they separated—by twenty feet—she asked him to buy an extra Sunday *Times*, so she could solve the puzzle independently.

"You've rearranged the living room again," Albert says with a note of despair.

"Bubba and Emily are coming home," Violet says. Emily, her daughter, and Bubba, Emily's boyfriend, have been in Fort Lauderdale, working in a car wash.

"Where will they sleep?"

"Here."

"Where will you sleep?"

"In a little nest I'm going to make in the living room, with white wicker furniture."

Albert tenderly pictures her curled in it at dawn, as in a birch grove, and is reminded of Turgenev.

"You can sleep in my room," he says. Formerly this had been their room.

Violet shakes her head. Albert edges forward. Violet shrinks back, holding the magazine section to her breast.

"I only wanted to see how far you'd got," he says.

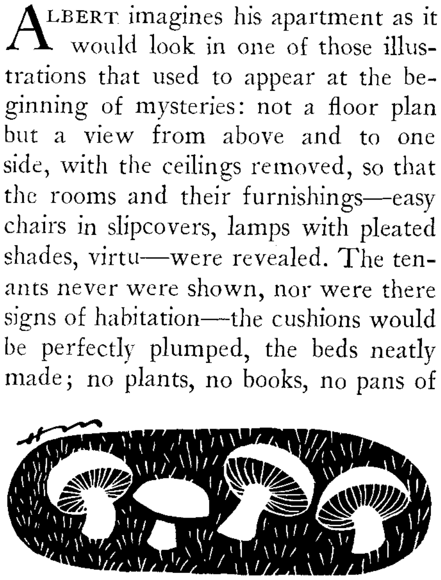
"You only wanted to make fun of me," she says.

Albert decides to go through his ties. When he was younger, his mother was always after him to "go through" things, his father to "get rid of them," his mother's concern being material—objects remorselessly overflow—his father's spiritual: to be found in possession of dead batteries and headless lead grenadiers made one ineligible for the Kingdom of Heaven, or its sheolic equivalent.

Albert dumps the mass of ties on his bed. There are many more than he would have reckoned, and he has the fleeting notion they may have proliferated in the dark of his closet, like some kind of tropical growth. But when he examines them he realizes that, stained, narrow, sombre for the most part, they represent more than twenty years of his life—in a sense, recapitulate it. That is, as, just casting his eyes over his bookshelves, he can almost always recall with a greater wealth of detail where he read such and such a volume than its contents, so, surveying his ties, he can better remember the act of buying this or that one than any occasion upon which he wore it. In *this* sense, Albert reflects, I am a victim of circumstance. That is, substance eludes me.

Rummaging absently through the ties, as though tossing a great, gloomy salad, Albert thinks further: If I were to hang myself by one of my neckties, how would I make up my mind which to knot about my throat? Demographically, is there a significant incidence of color coördination? Too, if I wanted to make a less drastic escape by knotting my ties together and lowering myself out the window, how many stories' worth do I possess? In the literature, has anyone marked a significant correlation between the number of ties troubled urban souls own and the stories upon which they dwell? That is, do they usually have too few to reach the ground?

ALBERT imagines his apartment as it would look in one of those illustrations that used to appear at the beginning of mysteries: not a floor plan but a view from above and to one side, with the ceilings removed, so that the rooms and their furnishings—easy chairs in slipcovers, lamps with pleated shades, virtu—were revealed. The tenants never were shown, nor were there signs of habitation—the cushions would be perfectly plumped, the beds neatly made; no plants, no books, no pans of kitty litter. What this school of art had hit upon, Albert reflects, is that the way people live doesn't matter as much as their opportunities for entering and exiting unobserved.



This brings to mind a conversation Albert had with Violet earlier in the evening. He had gone into her room to say good night. She said that if the phone rang not to answer it (the extension was by his bed), as it would be for her. The phone was in the living room. To get to it, she would have to make two right turns: from the bedroom to the hall and from the hall to the living room. Albert said that to minimize the chances of his being awakened, he would now demonstrate how to reach the phone in the least number of rings. He lay down next to her on the bed. "It would be helpful," he said, "if you would sleep on your back on the extreme left side of the bed, with your feet more or less together. That way, when the first ring obtrudes into your subconscious you can swing your legs over the side and be fully erect in one fluid motion." He demonstrated. "Secondly, if you take the first turn a little wide, you'll be able to negotiate the second without decelerating. Please observe." She got out of bed to do so. "I'll now walk through it at half speed. You'll note that if I take the first turn too sharp, I have to pivot once, twice on my right foot, with a consequent loss of speed. I'd target for two rings, maximum."

"Don't forget to remember your dreams," Violet said. Shelly Sultan, M.D., their therapist, had asked Albert to jot down his dreams. "Don't give me the whole *farshtunkene* shooting script, Albert," he had said. "Just hit the highlights."

There is no relationship between the number of rooms portrayed in the frontispieces, Albert muses, and the number of bodies to be found sprawled in them. He pictures four recumbent figures on his premises: his, Violet's, Barney's, and Josh's. (Barney is Albert's stepson, Josh a dachshund.) Presumably, Violet would be sleeping in her room, Barney in his, Josh on the living-room couch, barricaded behind throw cushions. This wasn't always the case, however. In the morning, when he went looking for Josh to walk him, Albert was frequently startled to find Violet in Barney's bed or Barney in Violet's when he gently lifted the covers. Recently, he discovered Josh in Violet's bed. For a moment, contemplating the grave, hoary muzzle, Albert thought he had found himself. On this occasion, Barney was in his bed, the couch was empty. Albert checked his own bed to see if Violet had slipped into it while he had been roaming about the apartment. It, too, was empty; she wasn't anywhere.

Albert ponders the baffling distribution of bodies. It seems to him less an instance of individuals switching beds behind his back than an illustration of the effects of propinquity. The members of his household were becoming interchangeable. It was as though they exchanged molecules; Albert imagines the tiny particles of matter jumping like fleas from one to the other.

Next he turns his attention to what his mother would call "articles of décor." In Barney's room, six gilded basketball players surmounting trophies eternally hold gilded basketballs aloft. In Violet's room, a cheap plastic elephant perpetually raises its trunk. In the living room, forsythia long since minus its blossoms arches over the couch, embowering Josh. The upward thrusts evince unspecified yearning. What if the sleepers simultaneously elevated their arms (and paws)?

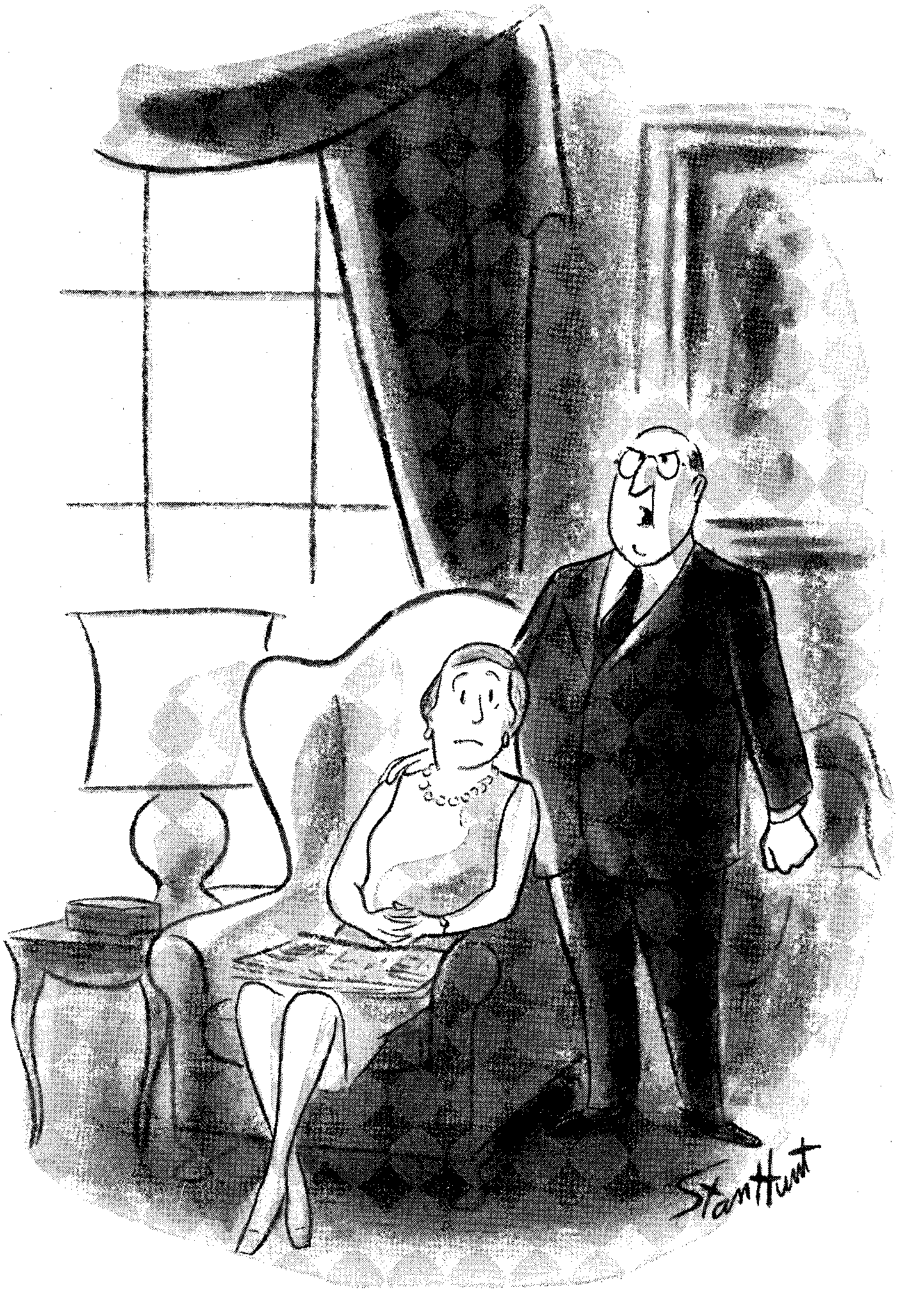
"The first exercise tonight is the UNATTAINABLE REACHER," Albert announces from his bed. "It is a two-count exercise. In the starting position the body is supine, feet together, arms alongside body, palms down. On the command ONE, swing arms vertically overhead, keeping the backs of the hands turned outward, fingers desperately clenching and unclenching. On the command TWO, return arms resignedly to the starting position, sighing in unison. In cadence, this exercise is performed as follows: (1) Starting position. (2) MOVE. In cadence, EXERCISE. One, two, *one*. One, two, *two*. One, two, *three* . . ."

LISTENING to the Milkman's Matinée on Barney's headset radio, Albert makes his way to the kitchen to get a tangerine. Opening the refrigerator he is dazzled by the burst of light, finding it comparable to the effulgence which in Rembrandt's print reveals the stirring Lazarus, floods Christ's robes. In that case, the light presumably emanates from the Lord instead of coming from behind the No-Cal cream soda, but the principle is the same: a door has been flung radiantly open. The Renaissance provides a wealth of examples of the Refrigerator Effect—a mysterious source of light, located below eye level in the middle ground.

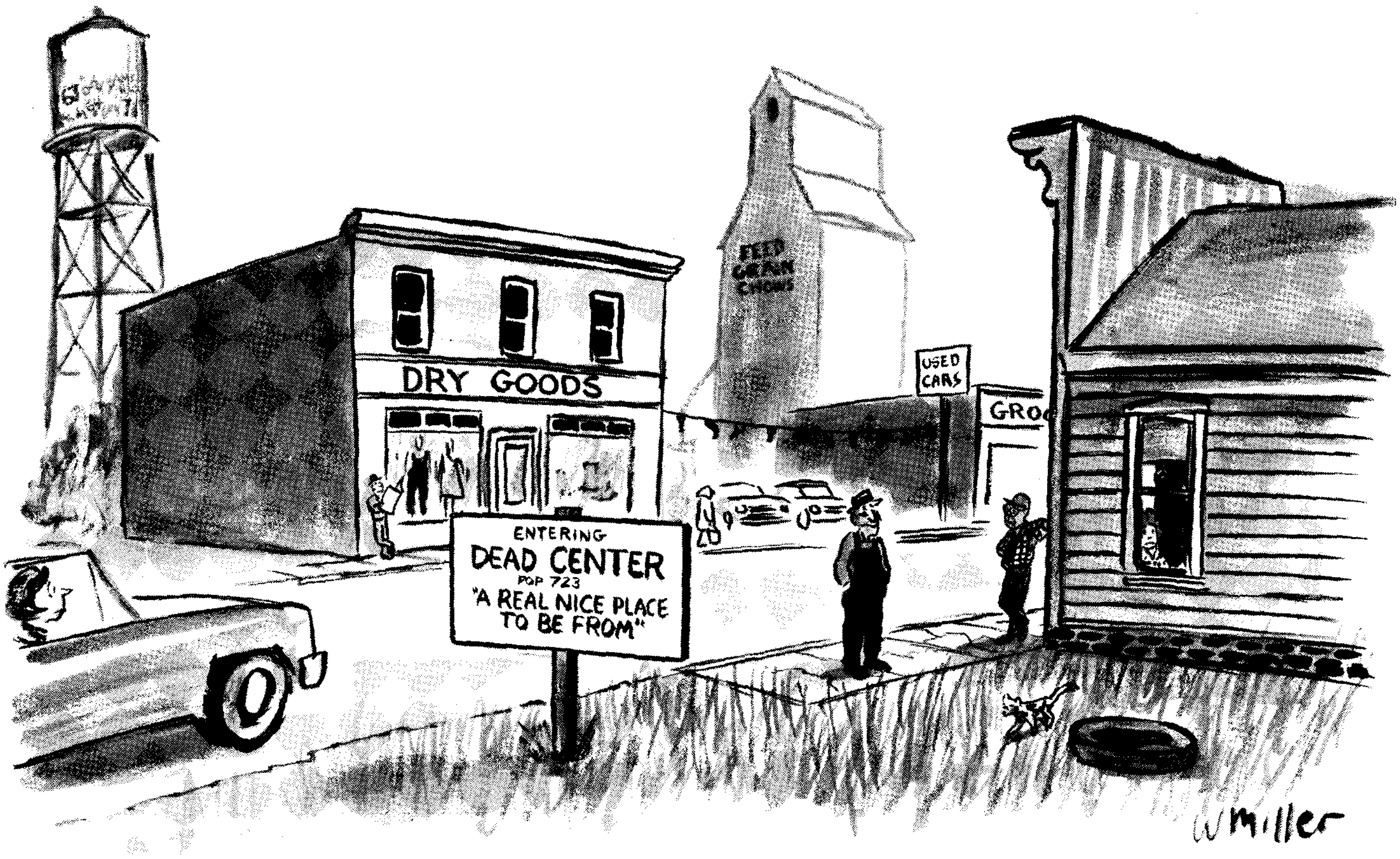
Albert pulls out the vegetable bin. No tangies. He is on the point of letting the door shut on another inconsolable chapter of his life when the array of eggs catches his eye. Violet has written on them, "If you can't recall any dreams, you can have some of mine." Turning the eggs around, Albert gently inscribes them in ball-point with his multitudinous dreams. He is relating how a basketball ref, about to present him with the ball to shoot a foul, instead whips out a revolver, when he runs out of eggs. Putting his clothes on over his pajamas, Albert heads for an all-night deli, meditating on *noctambulisme*, Baudelaire. The cashier is black, more nearly lustrously purple, *iridescent*, his cheeks adorned with tribal scars. He smirks as Albert puts three dozen jumbo on the counter, the scars silently opening and closing like fishes' mouths. Albert has the impression that he is participating in an instructive encounter—that the cashier belongs to one of those didactic tribes Wittgenstein kept invoking, and is taking his master's at N.Y.U.

When Albert returns to bed and attempts to lay his head on the pillow, he fails to make contact. Investigating, he discovers he is still wearing the headset radio, and he feels his cheeks expanding in a savage smile.

WHEN the phone rings the first time, Albert beams, imagining Violet going through the drill, negotiating the corners with a slight body lean, arms gracefully flapping. Elapsed time: one abbreviated ring. The second phone call takes a ring and a half. Emboldened by her first, dazzling run, she must have pushed it too hard, lost control, and crashed into a wall. Albert compassionately speculates about whether she sustained injuries. The third time the phone rings, Albert rips the receiver



"Now, don't you worry your head about our blue chips and this little nest of ours, Margaret. I have a firm hand on the tiller."



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off and bellows, "I was almost asleep!"

"May I please speak to Violet?" Dougal, the well-modulated filmmaker whose token is the plastic elephant.

"You've overdone it, Dougal," Albert says. "The cuckold, as comic hero, may be derided, but not reviled. *Three* phone calls isn't funny."

"The first two were from Emily," Violet says, picking up the phone in the living room. Is she holding her separated shoulder in place, Albert wonders.

"From Fort Lauderdale? What did she want?"

"She asked me to help her place the commas correctly in a long sentence."

"She's writing?"

"A postcard."

"And the second call?" Albert says, restriking the note of despair.

"To remind me to water her avocado. I didn't know you thought of yourself in heroic terms, Albert."

" 'The modern hero is no hero,' " Albert says. " 'He acts heroes. Heroic modernism turns out to be a tragedy in which the hero's part is available.' "

"That's not you, Albert," Violet says.

"Violet, 'As individuals express their life, so they are.' That's Marx."

"And the other?"

"Walter Benjamin."

"Don't know him, old boy," Dougal says.

"You stay out of this, Dougal," Albert says.

"Are you insinuating that you're up for the part, Albert?" Violet asks.

"My dime's running out," Dougal mutters.

" *'Je suivais, roidissant mes nerfs comme un héros,'* " Albert chants.

"Albert, it's late," Violet says. "Hang up your end."

" *'Et discutant avec mon âme déjà lasse . . .'* " he murmurs before breaking off. "I'm a roomer in my own house."

"It's what you always wanted from us," Violet says. "It gives you so many opportunities for remoteness."

RETURNING to the kitchen, Albert reflects that for the first time in his life he has been nearly guilty of aposiopesis. He'd have to remember to tell Shelly. Opening the refrigerator, he kneels before the devotional light. He is admiring how the Saran Wrap covering a dish of leftover bass formidably shimmers like the raiments in Rembrandt's painting of one-eyed Julius Civilis, when the phone rings. As he goes to answer it, he dimly makes out Violet, diligently barrelling through the switches. Her arms *are* flapping, and as she hits the straight and accelerates he is put in mind of a great wading bird lifting off at dawn, as in a portentous dream.

"I've got it," Albert says the moment before they collide.

"I hope I'm not disturbing you."

"My father," Albert says, holding the receiver against his chest with one hand, helping Violet to her feet with the other, drawing her to him so she can listen in.

"No, Dad, I wasn't asleep."

"I wasn't, either. I couldn't finish the puzzle. It kept preying on my mind. When you get old, words elude you. What's thirty down, for God's sake?"

Philodemos said thought would console you when you can no longer enjoy the act of love, Albert reflects, but he didn't mention words slipping away, being haunted by unfilled spaces. Fall warblers come to mind, remotely flitting, undifferentiated, his eyes spectrally tearing, recalling spring.

Violet brings him *his* magazine section. As he gives his father the answers, his father swears, groans, chuckles in his ear, lulling and melodious as doves. He will have to tell Shelly about this obsessive bird metaphorizing as well. Albert lies down where Violet intends to make her nest, remembering how his father would come into his room and sing him to sleep. Violet stretches out alongside, finding the places in the puzzle for him. Like Turgenev, looking up Albert gazes into a bottomless sea.

—Gilbert Rogin

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William LaPann is suffering from serious injuries to his abdomen and left front leg.—*Glens Falls (N.Y.) Post-Star.*

Did it happen in the home?

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE WORKING-CLASS MAJORITY

FOR approximately a quarter of a century, three ideas have dominated the thinking of liberal intellectuals about the American working class. One is that blue-collar workers are now outnumbered by white-collar workers. Another is that rising income levels have eliminated rigid distinctions between blue collar and white, diminishing the importance of the old working-class political issues. The third is that, smug and well paid, workers and their unions are now among the most conservative forces in the nation's political life. Each of these ideas is a myth. First, blue collars still outnumber white. The "white-collar majority" is the product of tortured definitions and sometimes deceptive manipulations of statistics. Second, while the living standards of all Americans have improved, most blue-collar workers are much closer to poverty than to affluence. Finally, blue-collar workers are no more conservative than the middle class on most issues and are more liberal on some, and there is evidence that they will support liberal political candidates whose programs deal with workers' real problems and grievances.

The persistence of these myths is not an academic issue but one of practical politics. By clinging to them, liberals have demonstrated a talent verging on genius for isolating themselves, antagonizing workers, and defeating genuinely liberal political candidates and programs. The indifference and condescension generated by the myths have created stumbling blocks for almost every liberal movement of the past decade—the peace movement and the ecology movement in particular—and they played a role in twice electing Richard M. Nixon to the Presidency.

The myth that America now has a white-collar majority has been taught as fact in college classrooms for years, with the support of most liberal, and even radical, social theorists. For instance, in "The New Industrial State," John Kenneth Galbraith wrote:

> By 1965 there were nearly eight million more white than blue collar workers, 44.5 as compared with 36.7 million. During these years the number of professional and technical workers, the category most characteristic of the technostructure, approximately doubled.

Herbert Marcuse endorsed this common misconception in "One-Dimensional Man":

> The assimilating trend shows forth in the occupational stratification. In the key industrial establishments the "blue collar" work force declines in relation to the "white collar" element; the number of non-production workers increases.

And in the pop best-seller "Future Shock" Alvin Toffler presents a particularly lyrical version of this idea:

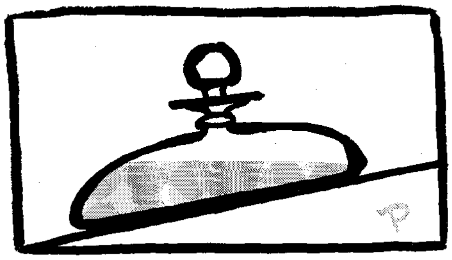
> In about 1956 the United States became the first major power in which more than 50 per cent of the non-farm labor force ceased to wear the blue collar of factory or manual labor.... Within the same lifetime a society for the first time in human history not only threw off the yoke of agriculture, but managed within a few brief decades to throw off the yoke of manual labor as well.

The statistics quoted by such writers are based upon very specific and technical uses of the terms "blue collar" and "white collar" and not on the definitions that these terms still have in ordinary conversation, in which they are synonyms for brawn and brain, for manual labor vs. professional and managerial work. The source of these technical usages is the Census Bureau, which has established the following job categories:

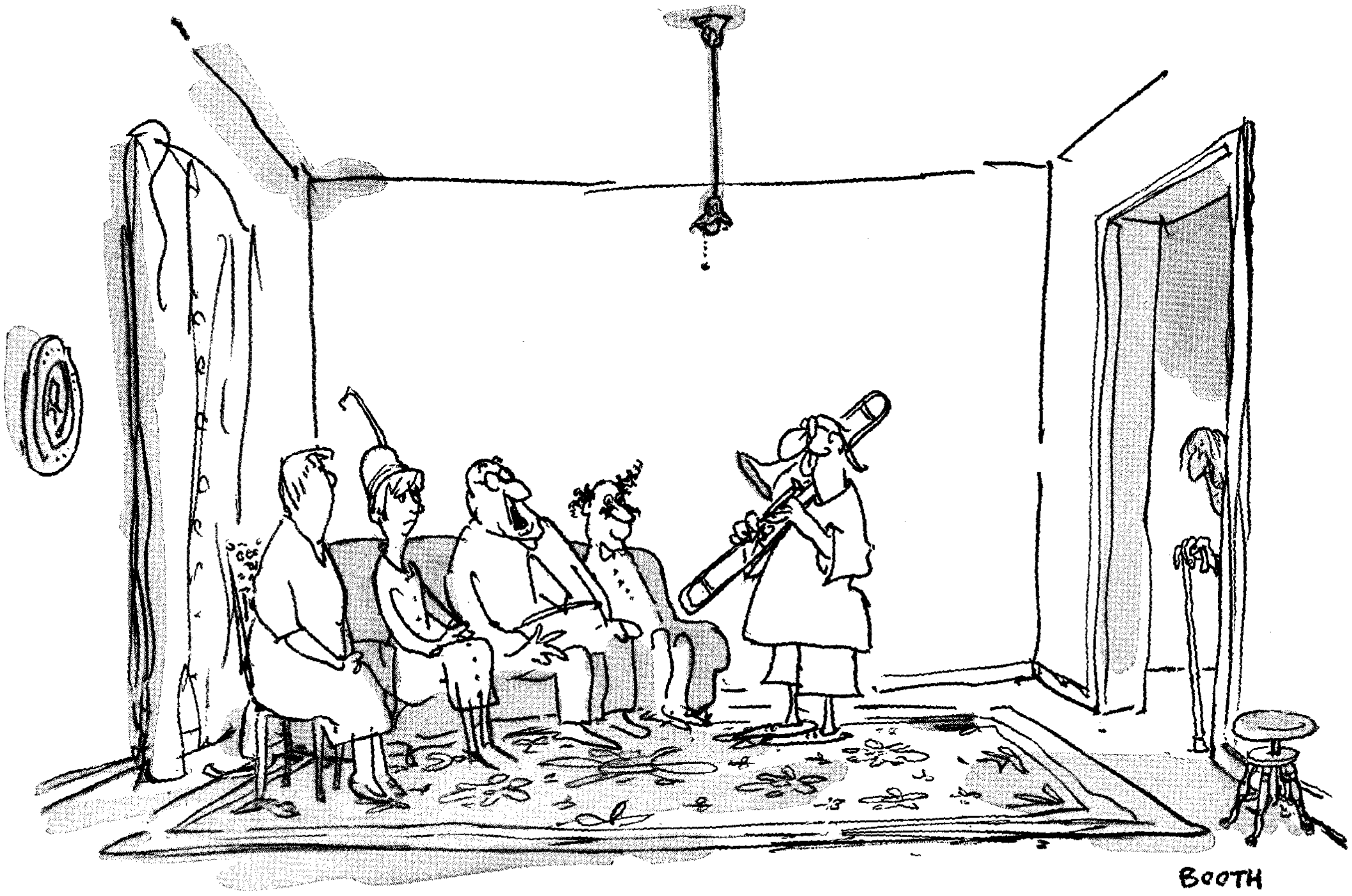
> White Collar: Professional, technical, and kindred; managerial and administrative; clerical and sales.
> Blue Collar: Craftsmen and foremen; operatives [men who operate machinery], and (non-farm) laborers.
> Other: Service, farm laborers.

This sorting looks fine on the surface. If the categories are not crystal clear, they seem adequate. But while for twenty-five years these categories appeared reasonable as a basis for proclaiming the decline of manual labor, it would have become apparent to anyone who went beyond them, to the specific jobs involved, that the white-collar majority was very much like a desert mirage: the more carefully one looked at it, the farther away it was.

Notice that the blue-collar category is limited to only a fraction of all the Americans who are still employed in essentially rote manual labor. "Service" workers are excluded, even though many of them are janitors, waiters, porters, ushers, elevator operators, doormen, and shoeshine boys—people who hold some of the lowest-paying and most menial occupations in America. When a given percentage of "blue-collar" workers is cited, the tendency is to automatically place everyone else, including these workers, in the middle class. Most of the rest of the people in the service category are also manual workers: guards, watchmen, cooks, household help, hospital and other attendants, barbers, policemen, and firemen. In addition, clerical and sales work, assigned to the white-collar category, has many working-class jobs concealed within it. The postman is a clerical worker. So are baggagemen, messenger boys, bill collectors, newsboys, peddlers, office-machine operators, bus and train dispatchers, and telegraph operators—all contained in the white-collar category and hence called middle class. And in 1970 two-thirds of the clerical and sales workers were women—telephone operators, cashiers, salesgirls, typists, and others in low-paying, low-status jobs. Some sociologists have tried to salvage the "middle-class majority" by suggesting that these women clerical and sales workers are a "new" social group, a lower-middle-class "salariat" (rather than a proletariat). This is an appealing solution, since one would hesitate to call them working class. Many writers have been seduced by this concept, since it seems to apply to a large number of "career girls" who seem more middle class than working class. The image of women clerical and sales workers that these writers have is the New York single girl, perhaps a Vassar graduate, who is working as a secretary but dreams of "getting into publishing." She lives with two other young women in an expensive East Side apartment, reads *Ms.*, takes courses at the New School, smokes pot on occasion, and goes skiing on weekends. Such an image, however, is misleading. Most women clerical and sales workers are married, and about half are married to working-class men. Suddenly the career-girl secretary is joined by a somewhat less romantic figure—the welder's wife who works part time as a check-out clerk in the A. & P. Instead of *Ms.*, imagine *Reader's Digest;* instead of the ski slopes it's Wednesday-night bowling; and it's not pot but one of her husband's beers. To a sociologist who met her on the street, she would be one of "them," not one of "us."



The best way to clarify this confu-



"Gee, Al, that's the first time I ever heard 'Tennessee Birdwalk' played on the trombone."

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sion is to look at the occupational structure for men. Approximately sixty-eight per cent of women aged eighteen or older are married, and most married women live in the class and culture of their husbands. Thus, the list of occupations for men alone gives a much more exact indication of the relative sizes of the working class and the middle class in America. The following chart, based on Census Bureau figures, shows the proportions quite clearly:

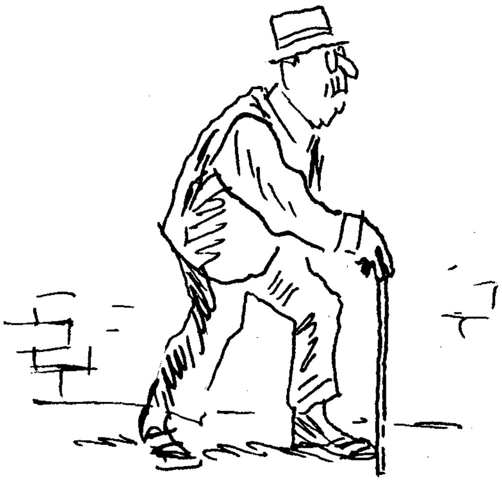
MAJOR OCCUPATION GROUPS FOR MALES IN 1969

Middle Class	
Professional and Technical	14.6%
Managerial and Proprietor	14.6
Clerical	7.4
Sales	5.8
	42.4%
Working Class	
Craftsmen and Foremen	21.4
Operatives	21.4
Laborers	7.6
Service	7.1
	57.5%

Since there are many working-class jobs hidden in the clerical and sales grouping, the true working-class figure is probably between sixty and sixty-two per cent. Thus, three-fifths of America is working class. The euphoric concept of a middle-class majority, the end of manual labor, and a new age in human history is based on the inclusion in the middle class of steelworkers' wives who go to work as cashiers and salesgirls.

Such figures do leave open the possibility that blue-collar work may be rapidly disappearing and that in a few years we may have a middle-class majority after all. But if we look at the actual number of people in different occupations, one fact is immediately apparent: the number of working-class Americans has not decreased at all; in fact, the census shows that in the two decades since 1950 it has increased by roughly four million. The declining trend the analysts notice is relative; as the population has grown, the working class has increased, but the minority of Americans who are middle class has increased at a faster rate. Between 1950 and 1969, the number of male blue-collar employees increased from twenty-two million to twenty-six million, while the number of white-collar men increased from thirteen million to nineteen million. The white-collar increase is significant, but let us put it in perspective. The relative percentage of blue-collar workers goes down, from 62.4 per cent to 57.5—a five-per-cent drop in twenty years (not counting the misclassified clerical and sales workers). First, that still leaves us with twenty-six million working-class American men and nineteen million middle-class American men—a raw social and political fact that cannot be denied. Second, for the middle class just to maintain the same proportion in relation to the working class, an increase of 2.4 million people was required. So only about 3.6 million *more* middle-class employees, beyond that 2.4 million, represent something new in the occupational structure since 1950. Again, the raw number is striking. The whole postwar "revolution" described by so many commentators comes down to less than four million men in a male labor force of about forty-five million. At this rate, there will be a working-class majority until the next century. At least another generation of Americans will be predominantly working class. Six Presidents and thousands of congressmen will be elected by a working-class majority.

If manual workers lived exactly like white-collar workers, however, the fact that they work in factories instead of offices would probably not be of great political significance. And this is what many commentators have told us—that blue-collar workers are now "middle class" or "middle Americans," not affluent but far from poor. For example, Herman P. Miller, in



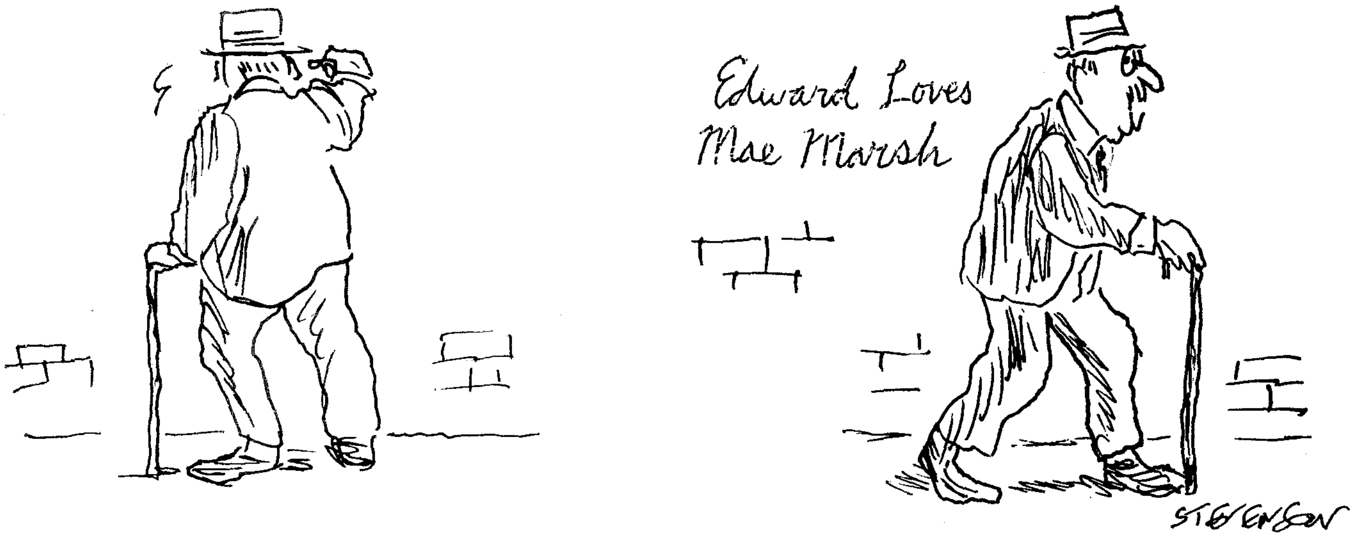
his article "A Profile of the Blue Collar American," in "Blue-Collar Workers: A Symposium on Middle America," published in 1971, wrote, "By 1969 the median annual income of white families headed by blue-collar workers was $10,700." But Miller was talking only about craftsmen, foremen, and operatives—no one else. He excluded service workers, laborers, and people unemployed at the time of the survey—not to mention the somewhat more defensible exclusion of blacks as a special case.

We come up with a very different picture of the American working class if we do not exclude any category of manual worker; if we deal not with averages or medians but with the whole range of working-class-income distribution; and if we examine this distribution in the light of the Bureau of Labor Statistics "standard budgets," which the bureau designates "lower," "intermediate," and "upper," but which actually represent the three socioeconomic cultures in the United States—poverty, working class, and middle class. In 1970, the budget for the lowest of these was $6,960 for a family of four; the intermediate budget—the amount necessary for what some unions call a "shabby but respectable life"—was $10,664; and the middle-class budget was $15,551. In 1970, government figures indicate, thirty per cent of the nation's working-class families were living in what was really poverty, with incomes of less than $7,000. Another thirty per cent were above the poverty budget but below that "shabby" intermediate level. Thus, sixty per cent of the working class either were poor or were hovering between poverty and the very modest level of the intermediate budget. A United Auto Workers study shows just how "modest" that budget is: The budget assumes, for example, that a family will own "a toaster that will last for thirty-three years, a refrigerator and a range that will each last for seventeen years, a vacuum cleaner that will last for fourteen years, and a television set that will last for ten years. The budget assumes that a family will buy a two-year-old car and keep it for four years, and will pay for a tune-up once a year, a brake realignment every three years, and a front-end alignment every four years. . . . The budget assumes that the husband will buy one year-round suit every four years . . . and one topcoat every eight and a half years. . . . It assumes that the husband will take his wife to the movies once every three months, and that one of them will go to the movies alone once a year. The average family's two children are each allowed one movie every four weeks. A total of two dollars and fifty-four cents per person per year is allowed for admission to all other events, from football and baseball games to plays or concerts. . . . The budget allows nothing whatever for savings."

This or less is the condition of sixty per cent of all American workers. The affluent workers, who until recently were supposed to be typical, constitute from twelve to fifteen per cent of the working class, white and black. Eighty-five per cent, then, are not "typical." The average working-class family earns ninety-five hundred dollars—much closer to poverty than to affluence—*and this is the income of the entire family*, working wife and children included. The average figure does not take into account long-term unemployment, illness, or the income of old people on pensions; it has reference to the working poor, not poverty in general. For many years, the economic condition of workers has been shrugged off with easy references to a handful of plumbers and electricians making eight or ten dollars an hour. But throughout that time other workers have been getting between four dollars and four-fifty an hour, and some even less. In fact, more than any other factor, it is working wives who have made possible even the modest standard of living that the average workers enjoy. It is worth keeping this in mind when one imagines a working-class family that has an income of ten thousand dollars a year. The husband may earn only seven or eight thousand, and his wife may earn the rest.

BLUE-COLLAR workers must cope not only with low wages but with frequent unemployment, which neither liberal commentators nor the media have really comprehended. Even in the last few years, as the rate has risen sharply, unemployment has rarely been given much attention in articles about the "blue-collar blues" or discussions of the problems of American workers. It has been mentioned, of course, but has been quickly dismissed. After all, even at the worst point in 1971 unemployment affected only about six per cent of the labor force, and it did not take a great deal of mathematical knowledge to recognize that therefore ninety-four per cent were not laid off. In comparison with conditions in the thirties, it certainly did not sound like a major crisis. Liberals did criticize these figures on the ground that they excluded certain groups from the unemployed, like "discouraged" workers who had given up looking for work, and people who wanted to work full time but could find only a few hours' work a week. Conservatives replied that the six per cent included women, students looking for summer jobs, workers who quit their jobs, and other people for whom unemployment did not have the same impact that it had on the male breadwinner who was suddenly laid off by the company. In February of 1972, the rate for married men, they noted, was only 2.8 per cent. Since blacks constituted a disproportionate number of those who were out of work, most writers concluded that for the "typical" worker unemployment was not a real problem.

But the "annual unemployment rate" that everyone watches so closely is a rather confusing measure; it counts only the people who happen to be un-



employed on the day of a survey. In a monthly survey, a sampling of people are asked whether they are working, and the results are counted up. This reveals what percentage of people were without work on a certain day, but not all those who were unemployed earlier in the month or would be later. The annual unemployment rate is simply the average of the twelve surveys per year, rather than a total of all those who were unemployed at some point during the year. Such totals are compiled annually by the Census Bureau and these figures are called the "annual work-experience data." Although these data have far more meaning than the rates, they are almost never used to judge the severity of unemployment. If we ask the simple question "How many people were unemployed at some time last year?" the answer is striking. In 1969, which was before unemployment had become a major issue, eighteen per cent of the operatives, or almost one out of every five, were unemployed for some period of time. In 1970, the figure was twenty-three per cent—or almost one out of every four. The proportions of those affected among blue-collar workers ranged from about thirteen per cent for service employees to more than twenty-five per cent for laborers. (By contrast, for white-collar workers the range was from five per cent for managers and administrators to eleven and a half for clerical workers.)

The conclusion is obvious: Unemployment is tremendously widespread in working-class America. Millions of workers are thrown out of work every year, and among the remainder the fear that they will be next is widespread. There is no doubt that the majority of the nation's workers, even though they keep their jobs, cannot feel any real job security. It must be noted that a significant minority of workers suffer unemployment more than once a year, and therefore the number of different workers who are unemployed is somewhat lower than the figures suggest. On the other hand, the figures do not include workers who are kept idle by bad weather and are not paid during that time.

An important part of the picture is how long unemployment lasts. In 1969, about twenty-three per cent of unemployed blue-collar workers were without work for fifteen or more weeks. In 1970, the proportion rose to more than thirty per cent. One group for whom this issue is of crucial importance is construction craftsmen. Again and again, one hears the refrain "Those people are making seven or eight dollars an hour, or even more—that's over fifteen thousand a year." But not even ten per cent of all construction workers actually made fifteen thousand dollars or more in 1970. The fact is that a majority of construction craftsmen did not make even ten thousand; the median income for construction workers, according to the Census Bureau, was $9,494. In part, this can be accounted for by lower wage rates for nonunion craftsmen. But a more important factor is that construction work involves the highest incidence of unemployment of any sector of the American economy. Almost a quarter of the construction workers—24.4 per cent—were unemployed at some time in 1969. In 1970, the percentage rose to more than thirty per cent. On a typical day in that year, nearly one out of every ten construction workers was without a job. The duration of the construction workers' unemployment is also noteworthy. In 1970, more than a third of the unemployed were out of work for almost four months. If construction workers had been paid the same wages as factory workers in 1970, their income would have fallen below the poverty budget. And, even as things were, $9,494 was below the "intermediate budget" of that year.

The belief that in recent times workers have not had serious problems in employment and job security has been at the base of a depressing number of liberal fiascos. The environmental movement, for example, has taken the complacent attitude that "there are other jobs around" in facing the issue of shutting down factories that pollute. But there are not just loads of other jobs around. If there were, twenty-three per cent of all operatives would not have been unemployed during 1970. Since periods of unemployment can rob a worker of the money he has been saving for his children's education, or perhaps make him lose his house, it is clear that he has to fight back, even if he wants clean rivers and clean air. All too often, liberal ecology proponents talk loosely about alternative employment and new jobs for blue-collar workers, but when it comes down to real life the attitude is "Shut down the factory now and we'll figure out something for the worker later." Usually, the something turns out to be nothing—an upshot that is not only unjust but shortsighted. Similarly, the attitude of many liberals toward the construction trades' exclusion of blacks is based on the idea that there are enough jobs for all and the hardhats' opposition to integration is pure racism. In all too many cases, racism is indeed present. But so is the spectre of unemployment. Myra Wolfgang, an international vice-president of the Hotel and Restaurant Employees and Bartenders International Union, has said in an interview in *Dissent*, in 1972, "When twenty-two per cent of the members of your unions are unemployed, as is the case with the carpenters in the Detroit area, this isn't the best time to say to them, 'You should share with blacks.' The blacks and whites who are building tradesmen would all be working if the Nixon Administration met the needs of housing in this country."

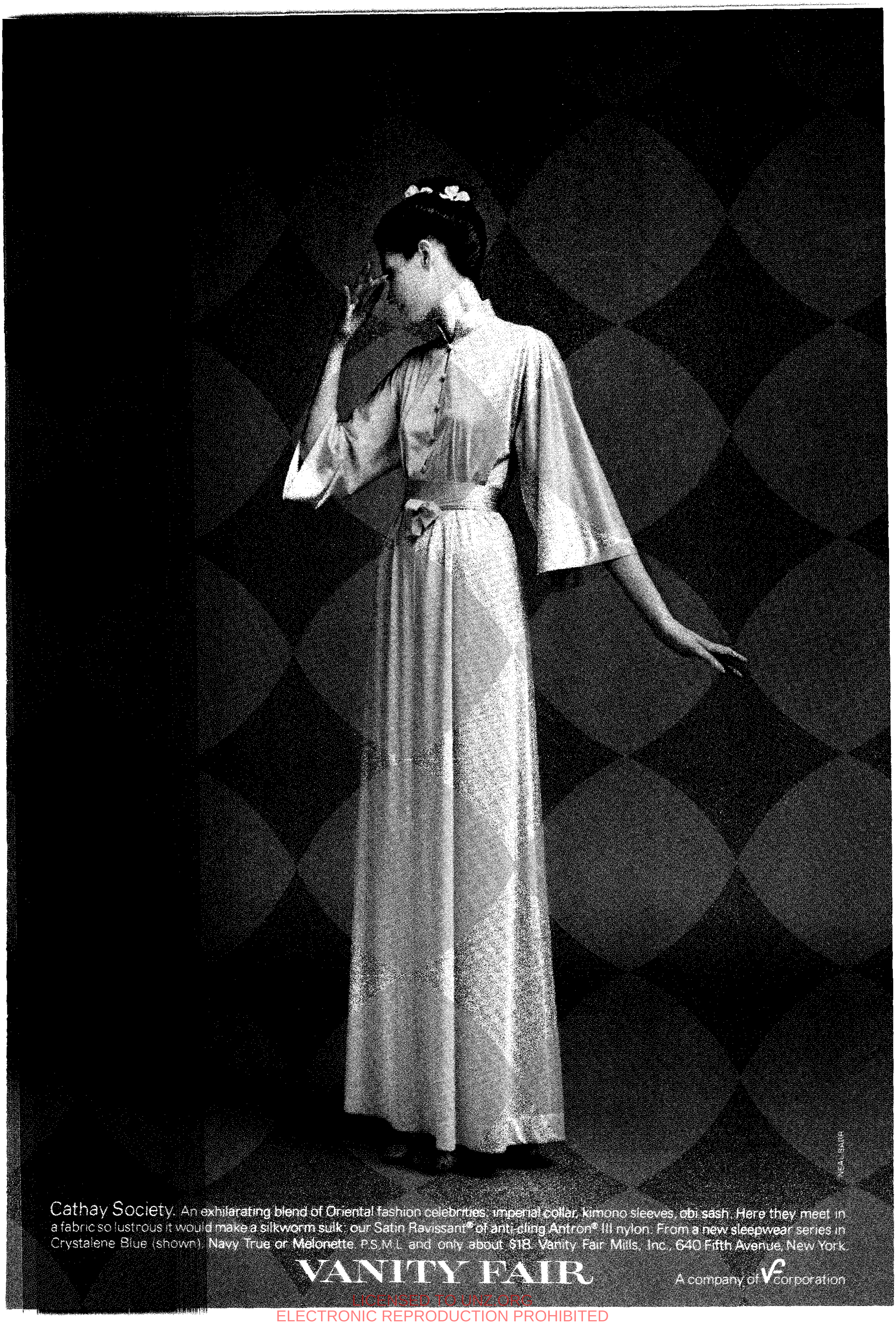
Before turning to the third myth, we should consider at further length blacks and another group whose situation I have mentioned only in passing—women. The condition of blacks in America is, ironically, easier to deal with than that of white workers. While most liberals are ignorant of the most basic facts about blue-collar workers, they often remember a few statistics about blacks—that there are about twenty-three million blacks in the United States, that the unemployment rate for blacks is usually double that for whites, and so on. However, the undeniable injustice of unemployment and the consequent reliance on welfare have often produced in the minds of whites an image of a black community composed entirely of unemployed ghetto youths, welfare mothers, and narcotics addicts. The liberal vision of the black community as a unique "underclass" or "culture of poverty" highlights some of the most critical problems, such as bad housing and inadequate medical facilities, but it obscures certain key facts. One is that most black people are not welfare recipients or "street dudes"—they are blue-collar workers who work in some of the dirtiest, lowest-paying, and most dangerous jobs in America. This means that in economic terms the problems of black workers, although significantly worse than the problems of whites, are part of the general pattern of social and economic inequality in America. Most black people are poor not because of unemployment or inadequate welfare payments but because of low wages. Although concern with the poverty of unemployed youths and welfare mothers is valid and important, it should not lead us to ignore the poverty of black janitors and dishwashers, maids and laundry workers. The most important source of black poverty is the exploitation of black workers through low-paying jobs. All too often, the focus on a romanticized culture of poverty ends up by producing a picture amazingly similar to the right-wing myth about all blacks living on welfare. In reality, however, most black people are working long hours in hard jobs for wages that do not even provide a poverty-budget standard of living.

One young Southern black I met who joined a job-training program that paid a salary to people while they learned provides an ironic case in point. He described to me how, in addition to providing training in some skill of rather dubious value, the white instructor spent a good deal of time talking about the cultural factors in unemployment and how he truly understood the trainees' desperation and despair about finding work. The irony was that this young black and several of his friends had been employed before they joined the program, and had joined it because it paid more than the jobs they had held. Their previous work, with a temporary-employment agency, gave them a take-home pay of about nine and a half dollars a day—eight dollars and seventy-five cents after bus fare to the agency and back. To be sure of work, they had to get up at four-thirty in the morning and be at the agency by five-fifteen or five-thirty, although their pay did not start until eight or nine. So here were men who had been spending more than twelve hours a day to earn eight dollars and seventy-five cents now in a training program whose central thesis was that psychological, social, and cultural factors were their real problem, not the eight dollars and seventy-five cents.

In 1972, of twenty-three million blacks the census counted in America, about seven and a half million were adult males. Of these, four and three-quarters million were employed, four hundred and forty thousand were officially designated as unemployed, and more than two million were out of the labor force, many in school, the Army, or jail. This underestimated black unemployment, because the government counted anyone who worked even one day during the week in which the survey was made as "employed," because it included the unemployed who wanted work and sought it but gave up looking in the category "outside the labor force," and because blacks are usually undercounted in census studies. The official unemployment figure was equal to about eight and a half per cent of the black labor force, and a complete figure, including the people who worked only a few hours, would probably be about twelve or fifteen per cent. This is confirmed by a study of black and white unemployment in New York City in 1972 which suggests that about thirteen per cent of blacks are unemployed or employed only part time even though they would work full time if they could find full-

THE WORLD IS COMING TO AN END
Mirachi

"Well, he certainly eats like there's no tomorrow."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We're getting 60 million barrels of oil this year from wells that once were running low.

Using modern recovery techniques, Texaco can now produce enough crude oil from old wells to make enough gasoline to keep a million cars running in 1974.

Years ago when a well began to run low, you had to give up on it.

But starting around 1950, Texaco began using special recovery techniques to force oil out of the rock formations that lie deep in the earth. And in recent years, these "secondary recovery" methods have become more and more important in increasing Texaco's reserves and production in the United States.

Using techniques like water flooding, we pump water into the ground to bring up oil that would otherwise remain buried and useless.

Gas injection, another recovery technique, maintains pressure in the well and helps to increase oil recovery.

Still another recovery method is steam injection. Steam heats up the oil, thins it out, makes it flow easier. In this way, we get oil that couldn't be gotten before.

These techniques now account for over 20% of all the oil we'll produce this year right here in this country.

That's 60 million barrels of crude oil – over a billion gallons of gasoline in 1974.

That's enough gasoline to keep over a million American drivers happy for a year.

America needs energy. We're working to see that you get it.

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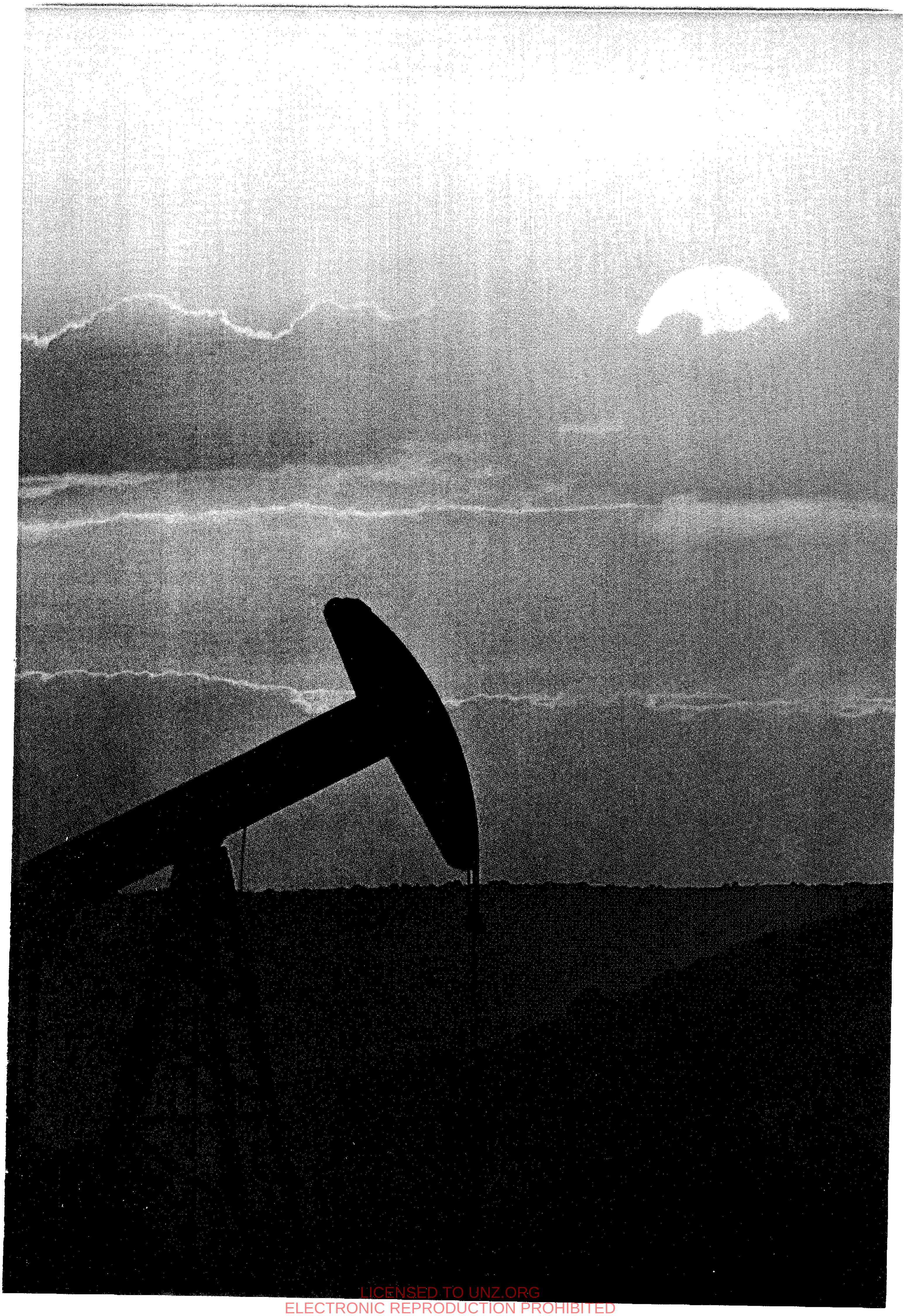

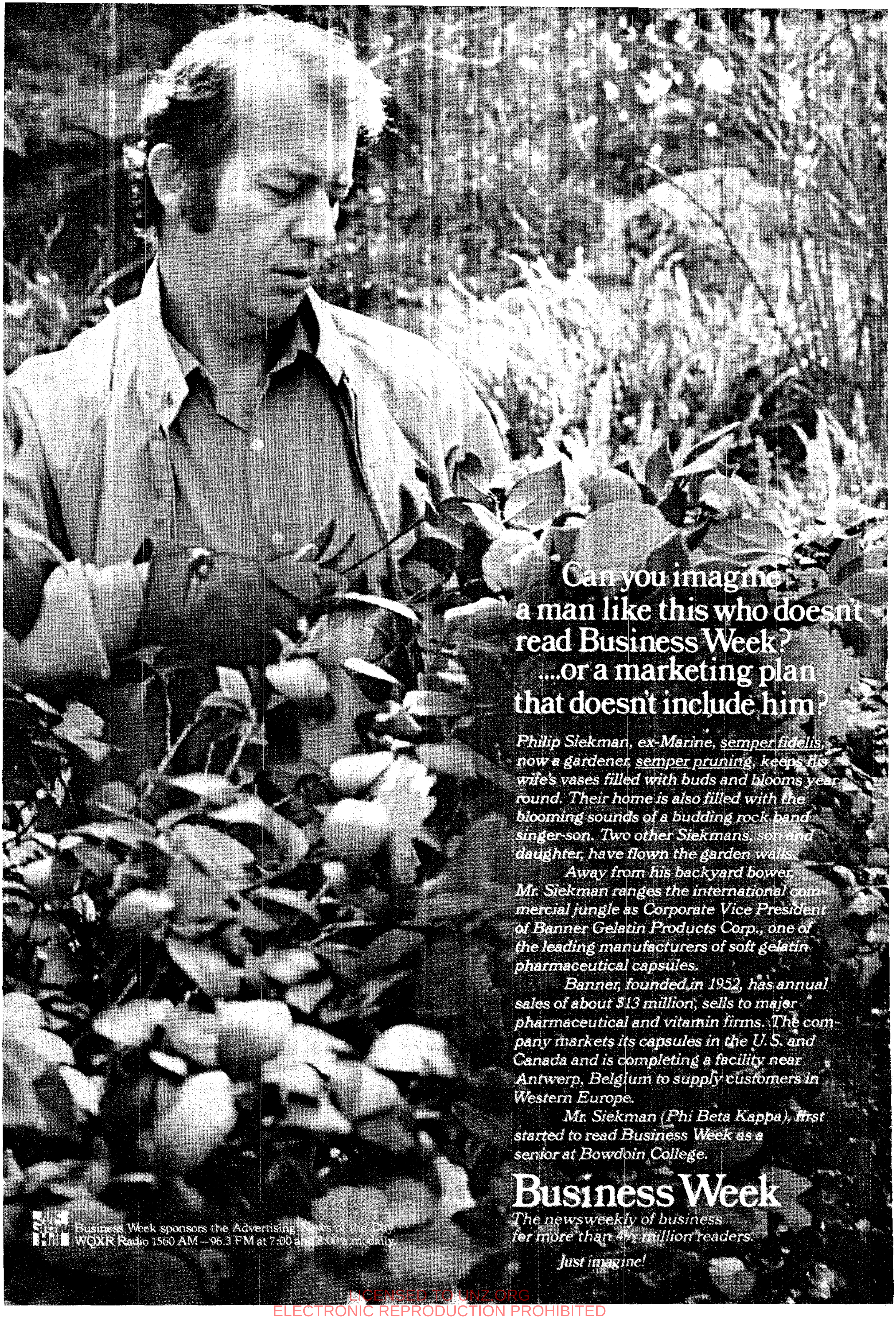

Can you imagine a man like this who doesn't read Business Week? ....or a marketing plan that doesn't include him?

Philip Siekman, ex-Marine, semper fidelis, now a gardener, semper pruning, keeps his wife's vases filled with buds and blooms year round. Their home is also filled with the blooming sounds of a budding rock band singer-son. Two other Siekmans, son and daughter, have flown the garden walls.

Away from his backyard bower, Mr. Siekman ranges the international commercial jungle as Corporate Vice President of Banner Gelatin Products Corp., one of the leading manufacturers of soft gelatin pharmaceutical capsules.

Banner, founded in 1952, has annual sales of about $13 million, sells to major pharmaceutical and vitamin firms. The company markets its capsules in the U.S. and Canada and is completing a facility near Antwerp, Belgium to supply customers in Western Europe.

Mr. Siekman (Phi Beta Kappa), first started to read Business Week as a senior at Bowdoin College.

Business Week

The newsweekly of business for more than 4½ million readers.

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time jobs. For black youths, the situation is far worse; in some cities the unemployment figure ranges from twenty-five to forty per cent, and in a few it goes even higher.

And, of course, blacks lucky enough to find full-time jobs do not earn wages approaching those of whites. In 1970, black craftsmen and foremen had a median income of $7,353, compared with a white median of $9,349. The comparisons in other categories were: for operatives, $6,273 and $7,857; for service workers, $5,670 and $7,388; and for laborers, $5,410 and $6,796.

The situation of women can be summed up quickly. The great majority of women employees are unskilled or semiskilled workers who hold rote, repetitive jobs, and many of the "professional" jobs held by women are actually comparable in training and skill levels to the skilled workers' jobs held by men. The most important fact about women's jobs, however, is that in every category women receive thousands of dollars less than men receive for doing approximately the same job. The low wages paid women have two important consequences: First, though the wages paid to wives of blue-collar workers often make the difference between poverty and a less than adequate but tolerable life, women who must live on their own earnings are often unable to do so and must go on welfare. Second, the low wages paid to these women provide the margin of profit for many industries, like clothing or electronics, that are hard pressed by cheap foreign imports. As recently as 1970, women factory workers in these industries often got a starting wage of two dollars and fifteen cents or two dollars and a quarter an hour, which would ordinarily be rejected by a man. The same is true of salesgirls, who often receive only ninety or a hundred dollars a week. Thus, the complaints of the women's liberationists are backed up by very real economic discrepancies.

MANY people accept the Archie Bunker image as an accurate representation of the American worker, and even those who reject it as an inadequate stereotype rarely challenge the underlying concept—that workers are now a basically conservative force in American society. Indeed, A. H. Raskin, the former national labor correspondent for the *Times*, has declared, "The typical worker—from construction craftsman to shoe clerk—has become probably the most reactionary political force in the country." It is almost never asserted today that workers are no more racist or militaristic than the middle class. And the idea that workers are actually more liberal in certain important areas would be considered preposterous by most intellectuals. Yet when one looks at the hard national data from votes and opinion polls, this is exactly what one finds. On the issues of race and war, opinion polls for the most part suggest only a small and by no means consistent difference in the attitudes of the various social classes. And many election results indicate that workers are still among the most liberal forces in American politics.

A distorted image of workers has been presented for years both in the mass media and in the academic community. Television has given us, in addition to Archie Bunker, Jackie Gleason's Ralph Kramden and William Bendix's character, Riley. All three are ridiculous comic figures, overweight and unintelligent, and two of them are arrogant domestic tyrants. There were some positive portrayals of workers in movies during the fifties and early sixties, but more recently such popular films as "Joe," "Straw Dogs," and "Easy Rider" have depicted workers as homicidal maniacs. In the academic community, one of the most widely known analyses of workers' political attitudes is that of the Harvard sociologist Seymour Martin Lipset, who has argued that workers are particularly prone to intolerance, antidemocratic feelings, and a number of other "authoritarian" personality traits. For many years, this theory and related ones went largely unchallenged, and found their way into the popular press and scores of textbooks and studies. Only recently have systematic critiques appeared pointing out that a good part of the existing opinion-poll data actually contradicts these theories, that the methodology of studies like these has large subjective elements, and that the whole notion of the authoritarian personality is, in the words of one critic, "too elusive for measurement, if indeed it is a genuine clinical entity." For instance, a study of white attitudes toward equal treatment of blacks in housing, education, and jobs which was conducted in 1968 by the University of Michigan Survey Research Center found few if any significant differences between workers and the middle class. Similar results were reported in another 1968 study, this one conducted by the National Opinion Research Center. Other studies of working-class attitudes, although they are by no means as careful and systematic in their methods, have shown the same pattern.

But all such studies are based on opinion polls, and even though the two research groups mentioned above are among the most highly respected in America, it is easy to suspect that workers will respond differently from the middle class when it comes to "real life"—for instance, in city referenda on open housing. The author of a study of such referenda in two cities, Berkeley and Toledo, drew the following conclusion: "In neither city were blue-collar workers in toto far from the Caucasian mean, and they exhibited *less* intolerance than white-collars, exclusive of professionals."

More recently, Professor Chandler Davidson, of Rice University, studied the voting patterns in the nineteen-sixties in Houston, to test the hypothesis that the lower class voted in a more racist way than the upper. He looked at twenty electoral contests—eleven primary elections, ten of which involved state offices and one the United States Senate; four school-board elections; three general elections for federal offices; and two referenda. In each there was a clear choice between a liberal candidate, or position on the issue of race, and a conservative one. In only one contest did the wealthy precincts studied provide greater support for the liberal candidate or position. In four contests there was relatively little difference between the two types of precincts, and in the remaining fifteen contests, Chandler concluded, "the two least affluent precincts gave greater support to the racially liberal candidate or position."

Some recent opinion surveys reveal a very real hostility toward blacks, in some regards, among white workers. One 1970 survey, which included questions about whether blacks were "pushing harder and faster than they have a right to," were "asking for special treatment," and deserved "the things they are asking for," found that seventy per cent of white blue-collar workers took a hostile view on all three questions, while only about forty-two per cent of the white middle class did. But, despite new areas of antagonism, the fact is that white working-class racism, even in the North, was much worse in the forties and fifties than it is today. If there was no George Wallace on the national scene in 1956, and no anti-integration demonstrations, it was simply because there was no real pressure for change. There is more obvious tension today, but that is a result of the crisis of the ghetto, which has changed the nature of black demands and has caused them to grow at a much faster rate than the white responsiveness. As many black leaders have noted, the touted "tolerance" of the North in the fifties and early sixties, especially among workers, was in large part based on a rigid system of de-facto racial segregation. The admonition "Don't go through south Jersey," for example, had been known to every Northeastern ghetto black for many years, because black people merely passing through that area were subject to harassment. In literally scores of working-class neighborhoods across the North, any black man who was encountered after dark was in serious danger of being beaten up unless he could justify his presence. Many Northern plants had separate lockers and washrooms for blacks and whites, and a system of segregation just as thorough as Mississippi's. It is clear that a great change has taken place. In some areas, it is true, there is still unofficial discrimination, and even de-facto segregation in the plants. But today the average white worker clearly has much more contact with blacks than ever before, and accepts the elementary rights of blacks to a far greater degree. In fact, in predominantly white locals of the United Auto Workers, and some other unions as well, black men are routinely elected stewards, vice-presidents, and presidents, and not in a few exceptional places but all across the country.

One other factor helps to explain the seeming contradiction in working-class attitudes—the combination of tolerance and hostility. While many theorists think in terms of racial conflicts, and base their concern on an abstract sense of egalitarianism, the positive aspects of workers' attitudes are based on the problems and the sense of injustice they share with working-class blacks. Where workers see a common working-class issue, they respond "tolerantly." But when the issue is black needs vs. white affluence, white workers often become incensed at being lumped together with the white middle class and seeing their own problems ignored. Many workers genuinely accept the demands for simple justice being made by black workers, but few have any sympathy for the liberal intellectual's focus on issues like improving welfare benefits and seeking to understand the black criminal. Where "racism" appears most dramatically among blue-collar workers is in those aspects of black protest which pit the needs of what used to be called the "lumpenproletariat"—the disorganized families of the unemployed and dispossessed—against those of workers.

Because of blue-collar hostility to students, to "radical" tactics such as burning flags and occupying buildings, and to anti-war demonstrations in general in the sixties, it has been assumed that workers strongly supported the war in Vietnam. But in 1964 opinion polls indicated that blue-collar workers were probably more anti-war than any of the higher-status groups. Even researchers who argued that blue-collar anti-war sentiment was indicative of isolationist feeling rather than pacifism and conciliation in foreign policy had to admit that this was the case. As the war continued, however, it became difficult to find any valid studies of working-class opinion. The failure of researchers to separate blacks and whites, men and women, or North and South allowed anyone concerned to support almost any interpretation he wished. Not one systematic study has ever been done of class and the opinion data on the war in Vietnam. But referenda on the war do provide some indication of working-class attitudes. Six referenda have been studied, and the results are as follows: In three cases—Dearborn, Michigan, in 1966 and 1968, and San Francisco in 1967—more working-class communities than middle-class neighborhoods supported the anti-war referenda (and only in the case of San Francisco did blacks constitute a significant factor). In two cases—Beverly Hills, California, and Madison, Wisconsin—there was no significant difference between the working-class areas and the middle-class ones, except for skilled workers in Madison, who tended to be

HOW THE INVALIDS MAKE LOVE

The room must be warmer than
the root cellar, yet cooler than
the grape arbor in high summer,
the window shade should be raised
to allow the proper amount of hedge
to come between shade and sill.
Of utmost importance are the pressure
and texture of the counterpanes,
the crispness of the square pillows,
the cups of jasmine tea, and the cherries
in a bowl lacquered black.

Violets on the writing table,
little brittle saucers, and
portraits on the walls of macrantha
roses, Belle de Crécy roses, dog roses.
The filigree tongs and the double-ended
paintbrush must be nearby, and
the letters of intent. The drink made
of poppies and cold water, the dark
rinds, the thimbles glinting in
the half-light, the wide-meshed gauze,
the blunt ivory tiles, the black bees
in their box.

The invalids, swathed in linen, lie raw
and alive under the white. Bodies
rotate slowly, buttons that fastened
fall off and skitter across parquet,
palm presses palm, the clink of tiles,
pressure of bone on bone, black juice
of cherries. And across the eyelid,
the shadow of the black bee.

—Susan Feldman

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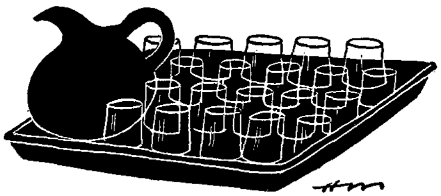


somewhat more hawkish. In only one case—Cambridge, Massachusetts—did the results accord with the popular preconceptions. In that city, the professional and managerial neighborhoods clearly gave greater support to the referenda than the working-class areas did.

"Confound it, Miss Avery! Where is my stamp of approval?"

Thus, in regard to the war in Vietnam there is evidence that the blue-collar stereotype is inaccurate—that American workers may actually have been not more militaristic than the middle class but slightly less so. This conclusion, however, seems hard to square with other indications of working-class opinion, such as ostentatious displays of patriotism and opinion-poll results showing strong blue-collar hostility to anti-war protests. Part of the explanation may lie in the fact that 1968, when this hostility reached its peak, was almost twenty years, or one generation, after President Truman's announcement of the Fair Deal for American workers. The children born at the time of that promise had reached college age only to discover that it had been broken, and older workers saw their sons going into the factories while college continued to be reserved in large part for the middle class. So when students began to shut down campuses or burn flags workers may have responded principally to the fact that these weren't "their" children. The students also had 2-S (student) deferments, which kept them safe from the danger of the war. Finally, when students, imitating the black activists, began to call policemen (themselves blue-collar workers) "pigs," workers saw the name-calling as élitism and snobbery.

ONE way or another, unions will be a key factor in determining the political role that workers play in the coming years. At one time, liberals saw the influence of unions as positive, but this attitude has obviously changed in recent years. A variety of changes, from the loss of "idealism" in the thirties to the subsequent corruption, abandonment of internal democracy, and formation of patterns of racial discrimination within the unions, have led many people to conclude that the unions have not simply fallen short of their ideals but decisively shifted from the side of progress to that of reaction. Many of the criticisms that liberals make are valid. Nevertheless, it can be demonstrated that in more than a few important areas unions are among the most progressive forces in American society.

Perhaps the most pressing matter that unions must deal with is the continuing stain of racial discrimination. The evidence of union racism and injustice toward blacks is clear. To understand the problem, however, it is necessary to look at industrial unions and skilled-trades unions separately. In industry, blacks have no trouble gaining admission to unions. Industrial unions, by their nature, need to organize everyone in a particular plant or shop if they wish to have any power, and even in the thirties the leaders recognized that it was literally impossible to exclude blacks from membership and still build a functioning union. Purely in terms of membership, industrial unions are the most thoroughly integrated institutions in America. But blacks in industry do have problems in the area of promotion and access to the better-paying skilled occupations. In 1971, only 5.4 per cent of the skilled jobs in industry were held by blacks. The industrial unions have a system of seniority, democratic in theory, which provides that when several men are capable of taking a more skilled job the man who has worked for the longest time is given it. The difficulty is that a large industrial plant is most often divided into departments, and upward mobility for workers is frequently limited to the better jobs that open up in their particular department. The opportunity for advancement can vary widely from department to department, and blacks are very frequently trapped in the departments with the lowest-paid, dirtiest jobs.

In the skilled trades, on the other hand, the problem that blacks face is simply getting into the unions. On most construction sites you will see black men carrying wood or doing other simple tasks. They are members of the unskilled Laborers' International Union, which is heavily black. They and the whites on the job—members of such unions as the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners or the Sheetmetal Workers International Association—get along more or less as factory workers do, in a range of styles from comfortable to hostile, with the general rule being a cool but tolerant mutual acceptance. As in the industrial unions, blacks are kept out of the higher-paying skilled jobs, and are concentrated in the unskilled laborer's union and the "trowel trades," the bottom rank of skilled construction labor. In this respect, the difference between industry and construction favors the former by just over two per cent, but, considering the total percentages of blacks involved—5.4 per cent of the skilled jobs in industry are held by blacks, compared with 3.3 per cent in the construction trades—that is a lot.

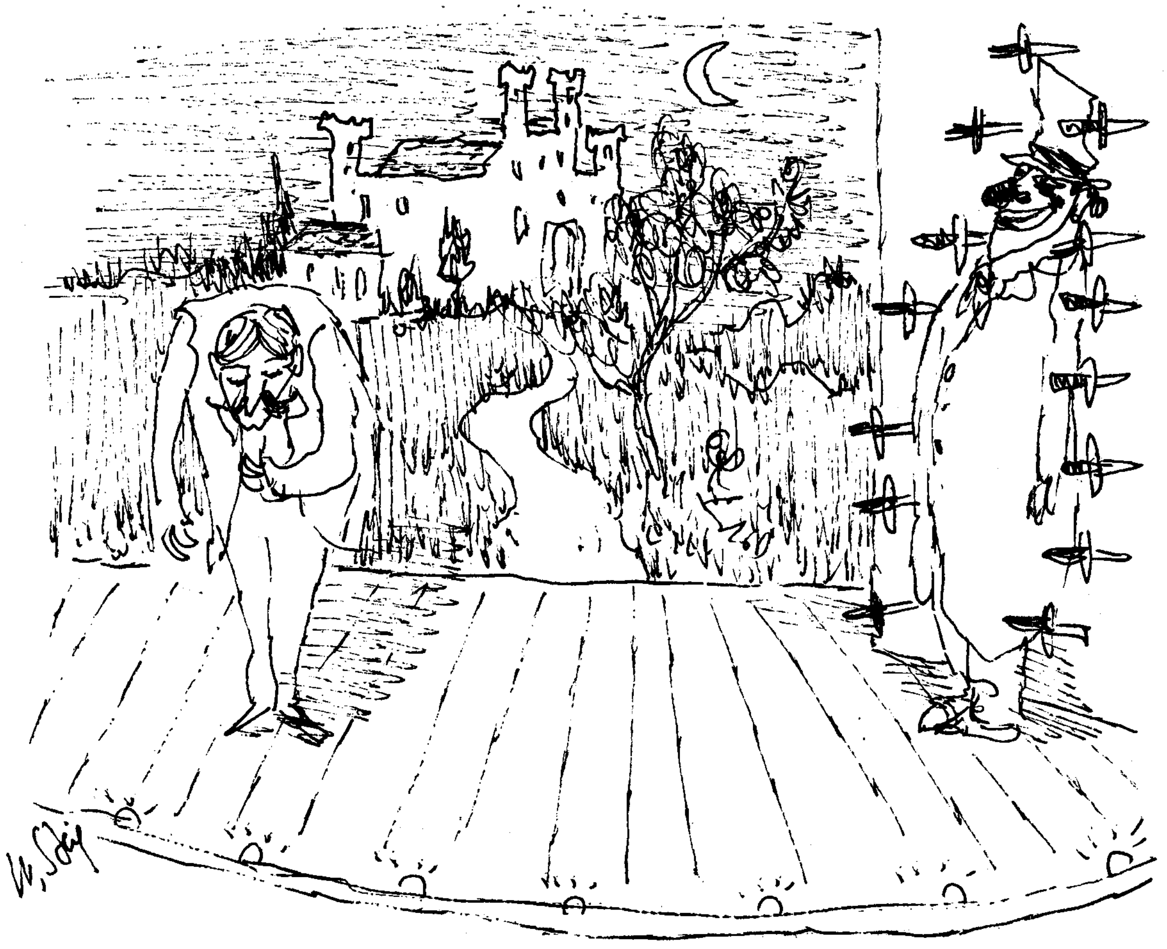
But it is a common mistake to think that this discrimination is based on a simple desire for segregation. The frequent remark that the "economic" issues are a blind for racism is simply not true. Until progressives deal seriously with the idea of full employment and government-guaranteed jobs, black representation in skilled jobs will remain a question of throwing a white carpenter out of work in order to employ a black, or making a Pole with seniority continue to tend the coke ovens while a black moves up to a better job. The demand for an end to all forms of racism in the unions is entirely valid. But an end to black unemployment and low wages and poverty is a demand that must be made of the American economic system, not of the unions alone.

Without excusing the unions' failings, one does have an obligation to see their role in perspective. Patricia and Brendan Sexton have written, in "Blue Collars and Hard-Hats":

> Though their representation is inadequate, blacks have won more influence in unions than in any other social institution. A study of black powerlessness conducted for the Urban League in Chicago and Cook County, Illinois, found that unions had a larger percentage (thirteen per cent) of black "policy makers" than any other private institution. In welfare and religious organizations, whose constituents were often largely black, eight per cent of policy-making posts were held by blacks. The universities (including Chicago, a citadel of radical academic opinion) had a negligible one per cent representation.... Only five out of three hundred and eighty policy-making posts in these universities were held by blacks.
>
> In three-fourths of the former CIO local unions, blacks were represented in leadership. In two-fifths of the former AFL locals, no blacks were represented, but one-third had leaderships that were fifteen per cent or more black. Even the AFL in this study looks better than Chicago's universities, churches, welfare and other organizations.... In the UAW... about eighty blacks serve as full-time international representatives.... Perhaps only the NAACP and the Urban League employ a larger block of black policy makers.

The answer that defenders of the unions often give to the charge of corruption is the statistically proved fact that in a recent year more bankers were convicted for embezzlement than union officials. But such comparisons of blue-collar union crime and middle-class "crime in the suites" bypass the real issue. The existence of corruption and undemocratic practices has led many people to conclude that unions cannot be a force for change. A manager of a liberal political campaign once said to me, "How can an institution with so much corruption and so little democracy in its internal life play a positive role in American politics?" There is a real difficulty in dealing objectively with this problem. Many people get an unfavorable impression of all unions because, while the press presents excellent and necessary exposés of the worst offenders, the activities of an uninspired but honest and reasonably open union local are not news. Thus, many newspaper readers are left to form their ideas of labor unions on the basis of nothing but vivid descriptions of monstrous injustices, as in the United Mine Workers, where—before the 1972 victory of an insurgent rank-and-file slate—the pension funds were looted, demands for safety were ignored, democracy was completely stifled, and violence was used against dissidents, culminating in the brutal slaying of the insurgent leader, Joseph Yablonski, and his family. In fact, the press should have given even more attention than it did to exposing those ugly events, but it is wrong to imagine that the old U.M.W. is in any sense "typical." In general, as Derek Bok and John Dunlop assert in their 1969 book, "Labor and the American Community," "union members have doubtless suffered far more from inefficient and unimaginative administration than they have ever lost through corruption."

The question of union democracy—of rank-and-file participation—is a bit more complex. In general, unions are probably about as democratic as a big-city municipal government—a standard that is not very high. Union incumbents have many advantages and can offer rewards and punishments, like any big-city political machine. They sometimes use the union press without giving the opposition a chance to reply. A ballot can be made purposely confusing, and a union meeting can be manipulated by a skill-



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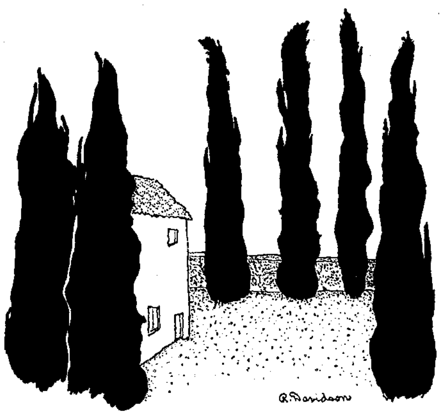
ful chairman. At the worst, elections can be rigged, or dissenters threatened with physical violence. But outright dictatorial rule is not typical. More widespread is the use of tactics like the denial of jobs to union dissidents or the abuse of clauses in union constitutions to allow workers to be drummed out of the union on a patently phony basis. The U.A.W. is one of the few unions that genuinely accept caucuses, and will even stick up for a critic in its ranks if, for example, he is fired by the company.

However unsuccessfully unions have dealt with the problems of discrimination, corruption, and intolerance of dissent, their efforts compare favorably with those of other American social institutions. And when we turn to national politics it is easy to see that the unions have compiled an overwhelmingly progressive record. The notion that the unions have become conservative was fostered, in part, by the foreign policy of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., which supported the war in Vietnam. But this policy was by no means unanimous. The U.A.W. was deeply disturbed by the A.F.L.-C.I.O. stand, and foreign policy was an important factor in the union's departure from the federation in 1968. Other unions as well were displeased, and a 1967 meeting of trade unionists opposed to the war, the "Labor Leadership Assembly for Peace," was attended by five hundred and twenty-three labor unionists, from such unions as the U.A.W., the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen, and the International Woodworkers. In 1972, a second gathering of labor officials opposed to the war drew more than a thousand delegates, including the leadership of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees and three vice-presidents of the Teamsters.

Meanwhile, in domestic affairs labor continued to support liberal programs. The support contributed by the A.F.L.-C.I.O. was vital in insuring the passage of the 1964 and 1965 civil-rights bills, and labor itself insisted on the passage of fair-employment provisions that would apply to unions as well as management. (The reason for this seemingly contradictory position on union discrimination is that the leaders wanted to pass the hot potato to government and be able to cite national law as forcing them to make the needed changes.) For virtually every social and economic program to aid not only union members but all underprivileged Americans, labor's record of support has been constant and forceful. In the Ninety-second Congress alone, labor supported bills to provide full employment, low-income housing, improved mass transit, pollution control, national health insurance, increased aid to education, federally subsidized school breakfasts and lunches, day-care centers, product-safety laws, no-fault auto insurance, stricter meat-inspection laws, better product warranties, campaign-practices reform, and congressional reform.

Indeed, labor's support for liberal programs has been not only consistent but decisive. Without labor, much—perhaps most—of the social legislation of the sixties would never have been passed. From October of 1973 onward, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. demanded the resignation or impeachment of Richard Nixon. And, thanks to the lobbying activities of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Department of Legislation and the support for liberal candidates provided by the Committee on Political Education (COPE), labor is unquestionably the most powerful progressive force in Washington. Once again, intellectual dogma and working-class reality are deeply at odds. Ratings of issues by COPE, in fact, are generally identical with those of liberal organizations, except on matters affecting foreign policy and the loss of American jobs.

If the assessment of workers and their unions presented here is accurate, how can we account for the blue-collar defections to Wallace and to Nixon in the 1968 election and to Nixon in 1972? The widely accepted explanation of labor's political behavior in recent years was well expressed by Richard Scammon and Ben Wattenberg in their book, "The Real Majority." They saw the 1968 election as proof that the political awakening of labor, which seemed to have exploded almost overnight in the Wallace phenomenon, was something completely different from the labor militancy of previous years. This time, it was what the authors called "the social issue"—drugs, crime, pornography, and so on—that was generating blue-collar anger. The traditional bread-and-butter issues, in the authors' view, were clearly taking a back seat, and a new conservatism was taking over.



No doubt "the social issue" and racial hostility *were* agitating many blue-collar voters. The black population in the North had been increasing so rapidly that it had basically altered the composition of many Northern cities. Since elementary democratic practices, such as the nonsegregation of restaurants, public transportation, and so on, were generally accepted in the North, the demands that Northern blacks made in the sixties immediately focussed on the extremely sensitive issues of union exclusionism and de-facto segregation in housing. The conflict between the interests of black and white workers was therefore far deeper and more directly threatening to white workers than any of the issues in the South had been in the preceding decade. Then the pent-up frustration that exploded in the ghetto riots dramatically intensified the hostility of white workers. More important than the affront that the riots constituted to workers' law-abiding ethos was simple fear. While the riots turned out to be remarkably free from violence toward people, their impact on urban workers, who often lived so close to the ghetto that they could see the flames and sometimes hear the shouts and the breaking glass, was to create terror. Considering the currents of racism that were already present in working-class America, it was inevitable that the riots should elevate working-class fear and hostility toward blacks into a central political issue.

But this was only one factor in the growing discontent of workers. A more basic development during the sixties was the workers' growing recognition that, despite clichés of blue-collar affluence and satisfaction, the stubborn reality was a range of real and pressing problems, and often simple injustice as well. In the economic realm, taxes provided the most glaring example. Despite the nation's avowed commitment to an equitable system, many taxes—sales and Social Security taxes among them—are severely regressive, taking a far higher proportion of income from the less well-to-do than the affluent. Inflation also not only eroded workers' standards of living but had the same impact as a regressive sales tax, consuming a greater proportion of a modest income than of a sizable one. This was especially the case with price increases in food and fuel. By April of 1974, rising prices actually reduced the

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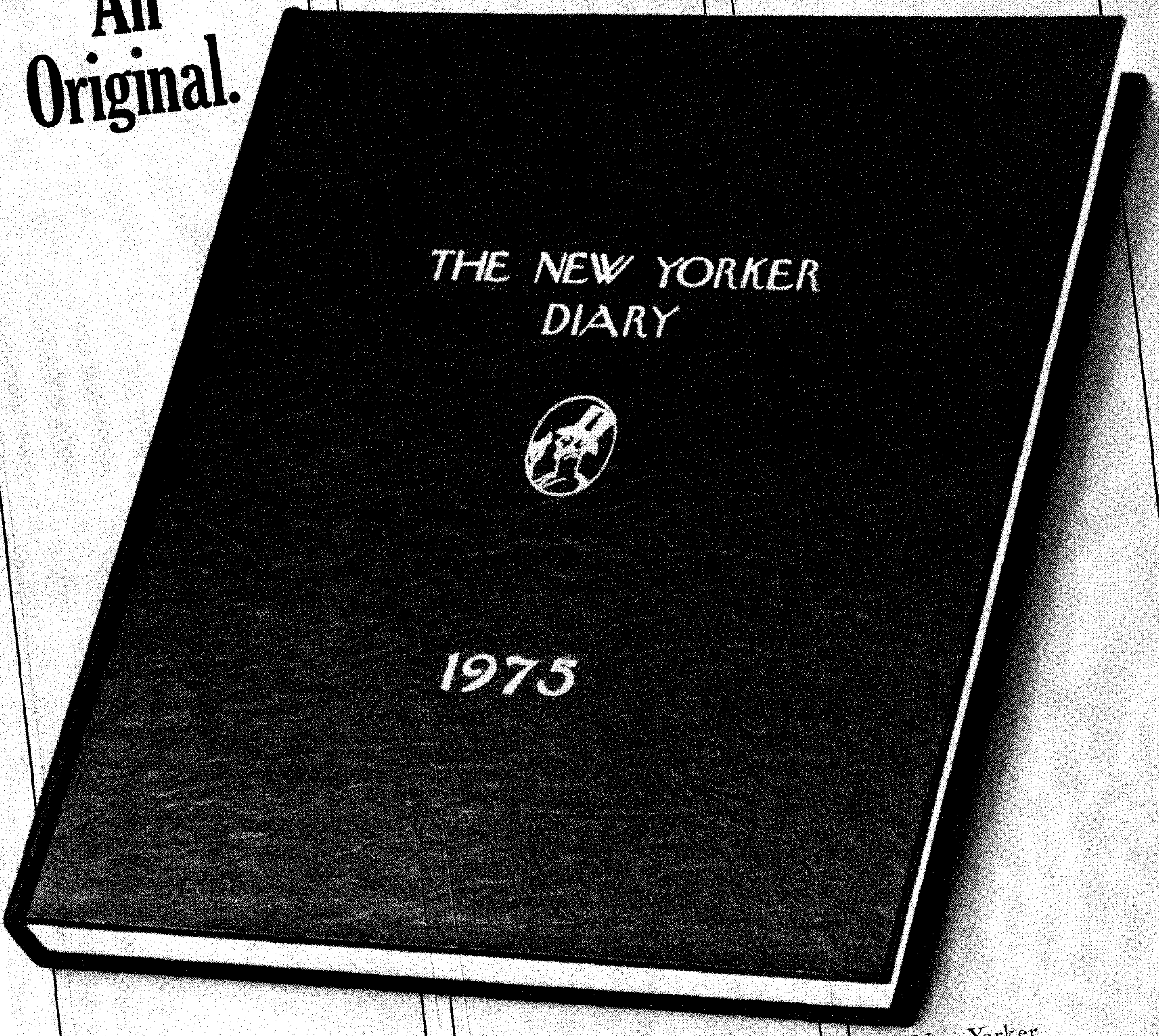

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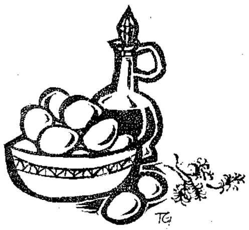
real weekly take-home pay of the average production worker with three dependents to the level of the mid-sixties. In constant 1967 dollars, his April, 1974, income of ninety-nine dollars and fifty-one cents was actually lower than the 1965 average of one hundred and two dollars and forty-one cents.

Equally pressing problems existed on the job and in the community. At work, inadequate health and safety precautions took a horrible toll. In 1970, a hundred and fourteen thousand workers died and ten million were injured, making the factory more than twice as lethal as the highway. Inadequate legal protection of pensions deprived thousands of workers of retirement benefits for which they had sacrificed wage increases over the years. And the classic discontents of blue-collar work—pressure, repetitive tasks, and petty, demeaning, and authoritarian rules—remained deep sources of unrest. In the community, workers encountered a price system under which the poor pay more for the necessities of life than do the rich, and second-class services (among other things, blue-collar neighborhoods are much more likely than middle-class neighborhoods to be plowed up for expressways, and they often have fewer parks, less frequent garbage collection, and inadequate health-care facilities).



WHEN workers turned to the political system for redress, they found yet another area of American life where their needs and desires received little attention and concern. Far from providing a source of solutions to workers' grievances, the political system decisively failed to represent workers or their interests. Although workers are a majority of the population, their needs receive less attention in Washington than those of a range of special-interest groups. For instance, in 1965 a study called attention to the pressing needs for occupational-health-and-safety legislation. Now, nine years later, many of its recommendations have still not been adopted, while a flood of amendments constantly seeks to gut those provisions which have passed. Another commission called attention to the deficiencies in workmen's-compensation laws. Nearly a generation later, significant federal legislation has still not been passed. A growing discontent over these conditions was increasingly apparent during the sixties and was responsible for waves of rejected contracts, wildcat strikes, and the replacement of older union officials with new, more militant ones all across the country.

However, these discontents did not necessarily entail the triumph of George Wallace and "the social issue." In American politics, the decisive factor in that development was what workers encountered when they looked to their traditional liberal allies. Far from recognizing the legitimate grievances of blue-collar America during the sixties, liberals regarded workers as affluent and smug. Most of the Great Society social programs were designed to deal not with the problems of all working people but with those of the very poor and the blacks, looked upon as a kind of last frontier of social injustice. The results were predictable. In 1968, Hubert Humphrey received just forty-three per cent of the vote and half the ballots of blue-collar workers. The remainder were split between Richard Nixon and George Wallace.

In 1972, Wallace used the potent slogan "Send them a message!" which was particularly well attuned to the rising anger of the blue-collar voters. Yet in the midst of the chaos of 1968, blue-collar workers had sent one "message" that was never understood. In the primaries, Robert Kennedy won in one working-class precinct after another that had previously been ceded to Wallace. Short of putting signs on their lawns which said "I am discontented but not inevitably reactionary," there was no clearer way that workers could have indicated their accessibility to liberal politicians. This should have led the latter to reëvaluate their tactics and strategy. Instead, the liberals simply updated all the myths of blue-collar authoritarianism and affluence to include an explanation of why "backlash" and "conservatism" were now inevitable. This mood of resignation about the blue-collar vote was maintained after the election, and one result was that a worker who voted for George Wallace in 1968 was given no reason to change his mind in succeeding years. Instead of seeing the liberal-progressive forces reject the condescending myths and return to their traditional role as his advocates, he saw them advance program after program that literally assaulted his real interests.

On the race issue, liberals lumped workers with the middle class and succumbed to one of the oldest weapons in the arsenal of reaction—playing white workers against blacks, instead of seeking the issues and programs to unite them. The busing program was typical. Not only did it ignore the deeper problems of class injustice in education—the inadequacies of the schools for both black and white workers' children—but, more important, it was not fairly and evenly applied. People with the money to move to the distant suburbs or to send their children to private schools could avoid the problems, while white workers, who could afford neither, had no such pleasant recourse. To workers, it appeared that liberals were willing to diminish the quality of blue-collar children's education for the sake of blacks, but that the education of their own children was a different matter.

Job quotas for racial minorities followed the same pattern. Until 1972, when they were instituted in the universities, such quotas applied only to working-class jobs such as the construction trades, once again exempting the middle class from any sacrifice. The potentially unifying alternative of full employment was substantially ignored. This tragic liberal myopia was skillfully exploited by Richard Nixon. In January, 1973, *The New Republic* noted:

> Unwitting or not, the Administration could not have worked out a better game plan to play off white against black labor for its own ends. Just as a nasty recession hit the unions in 1969, it began to talk about "quotas" for blacks, calling for preferential treatment for minorities in construction trades. (One of the Justice lawyers defending the Philadelphia Minority Hiring plan was William Rehnquist.) Having split the A.F.L.-C.I.O. over the issue, the Administration never then delivered the jobs to the blacks. And having whipped up blue-collar white resentment over "quotas," it used that resentment to club McGovern all through the campaign.

The impact of public-housing problems also fell heavily on workers. A newspaper in one large city published a map contrasting the locations of projects that had been built in white areas with the home neighborhoods of the men who had planned them. Every one of the projects outside the ghetto was in the working-class area, while every one of the white planners lived in a middle-class area. Unlike the simple democratic measure of letting a black man live wherever he chooses, large-scale integration of classes—putting the desperately poor side by side with those who have escaped from poverty—involves genuine social and economic issues. Public-housing projects often call for a higher density of oc-

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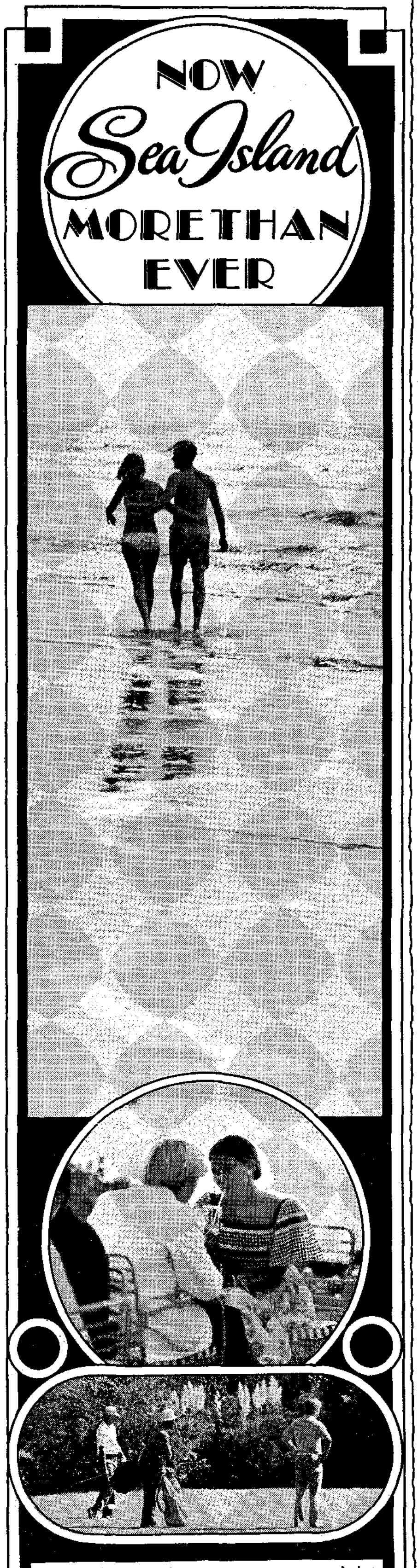

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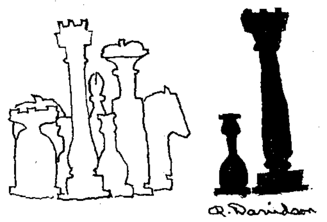
cupancy than the surrounding homes, and are usually of inferior construction. Any real-estate agent will admit that such buildings do affect real-estate values in a neighborhood whatever the tenants' color. Working-class communities have often fought to keep out poor white migrant workers—or, more recently, lower-paid white workers who live in trailer parks—for reasons that were economic and social, not racial. For that matter, stable black communities have also opposed public housing, even though it was for poor blacks. Again, in their efforts to aid blacks, liberals put black improvement directly in conflict with the interests of white workers.

And these weren't the only programs that unnecessarily alienated workers. In the ecology movement, as I have indicated, the general attitude seemed in the late sixties to be "Worry about pollution now; worry about jobs later." The vote on the supersonic transport plane is a good example of how things worked out in practice. The environmental arguments against the S.S.T. were clearly sound, but, at the same time, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. estimated that the project would eventually generate two hundred thousand jobs. The ecology forces succeeded in voting down the S.S.T., but where are the rapid-transit systems that were cited as more useful substitute projects? Where are the two hundred thousand new jobs in health, transportation, and pollution control that were mentioned at the time?

Military spending is a parallel case. By the mid-sixties, it was clear that a tremendous number of workers were dependent on military spending for their jobs, and as early as 1969 unions like the U.A.W. had developed sophisticated plans to insure an orderly conversion to peacetime production. But the war went on, and in 1972, when George McGovern spoke at the convention of the International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers, he offered little more than vague assurances that he would protect jobs during conversion. That was at a time when thousands of former aerospace workers were already driving cabs or doing jobs far below their skill level. It was too late to safeguard those workers. Had a clear and consistent drive to defend such workers been a key part of the liberal agenda, that issue would have been settled in 1968.



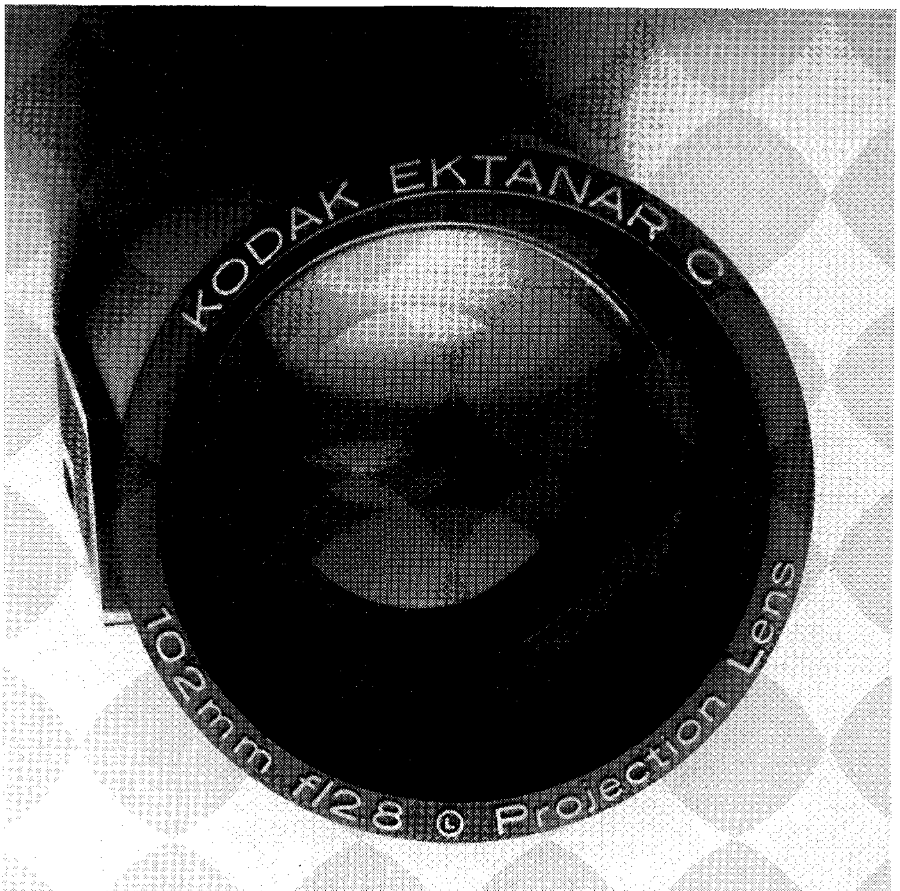
Even on a bread-and-butter issue like the wage-price freeze, workers did not see their erstwhile allies leap to their aid. For anyone who had understood labor's demands for equitable controls in the late sixties, it should not have been difficult to see that Nixon's 1971 freeze was a caricature of a just program. But when George Meany cried "Unfair!" many liberals joined with conservatives in denouncing his criticisms as the "selfish" demands of a "special-interest group."

ON other issues where opportunities were missed or destructive actions were taken, the point is clear. One does not need elegant sociopolitical theories to understand the "drift to the right," or the "emerging Republican majority." The only way progressives have ever won a majority of the voters is by offering programs that meet the needs of ordinary people. The McGovern campaign in many ways epitomized the worst mistakes that liberals have made in dealing with labor. Those who followed it at first hand know that there was a discernible pattern of arrogance and élitism toward workers and unions among many McGovern supporters. But it must be noted that McGovern was no lone sinner among saints. The lack of understanding and the failure to champion the needs of working people in recent years have not been confined to McGovern or the "new-politics" wing of the Democratic Party.

One important thing to understand about George McGovern is that he was never a serious candidate for President. This is not an insult but a simple statement of fact. Obviously, the politician who is genuinely concerned with winning will moderate his stands on the issues, cultivate the men and organizations whose support he needs, and avoid coming out in favor of wildly unpopular issues, especially if they are of secondary importance. But McGovern, from the time he decided to run, two years before the election, to the middle of the primaries, was running what is usually called an "educational" or an "issue" campaign—an attempt to use the exposure of an election campaign to present a point of view, rather than win the maximum number of votes. This is a perfectly honorable role, and there would be little to criticize except that McGovern actually became the Democratic Party's nominee and had the responsibility of beating Richard Nixon. But in a narrow sense McGovern's nomination rested on his use of reforms in the delegate-selection process. By careful organization, pro-McGovern delegates were victorious all across the country, although they were often not fully representative of their communities. Partly as a result, the Democrats were split into two hostile camps—labor on one side and a coalition of youths, blacks, and middle-class liberals on the other. The challenge was to create a liberal-labor alliance, and in that essential task McGovern failed.

As the campaign progressed, McGovern did show strength in some industrial districts, especially after he suddenly "discovered" blue-collar workers in a Massachusetts shoe factory, and to some it seemed that he might actually succeed in winning large numbers of blue-collar votes. But he had discovered workers too late to develop a consistent approach to them. He was saddled with all the positions he had taken to "consolidate the left." Along with issues like amnesty for those who refused to fight—clearly unpopular at the time with workers—there were the serious defects in his economic program. Even in its style, with its scholarly reference to "demigrants" and its abstract notion of income redistribution, the economic program could hardly have been expected to appeal to blue-collar workers, and in its substance it threatened them in two ways. First, since it dealt with income redistribution separately from jobs, instead of offering full employment at decent wages, workers understandably interpreted it to mean that it would make the working man support the man who just lies around. Second, since his program would have increased the taxes of a family earning more than twelve thousand dollars a year, it appeared to all workers, and especially the young, to be a threat to stop them cold at their present level. Every assembler who hoped one day to become a tool-and-die maker was bound to feel that the plan would keep him from any significant economic advance. Of course, when the mathematics failed to jell and McGovern had to shunt aside his own program, his credibility in many workers' eyes was destroyed.

Another profoundly important defect in McGovern's campaign was the attitude he took toward the unions. Despite huge doses of self-righteousness on both sides, the real issue was not McGovern's labor record in the Senate, or even what he thought about the war. McGovern and the unions were simply on opposite sides. It is true that



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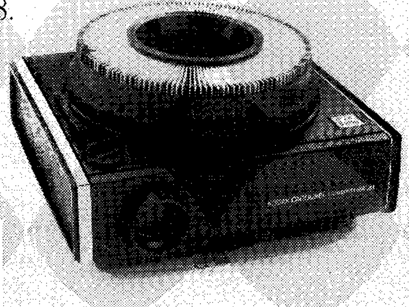

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Meany's and the other labor leaders' intransigence toward Party reform and their dismissal of the "kids and kooks" did much to bring about their own isolation. They, too, had drawn the wrong lesson from 1968. The point was not that labor, by itself, had almost elected Hubert Humphrey but that Humphrey had received only forty-three per cent of the vote and half of the working-class total. It was, at best, shortsighted of labor to believe in 1972 that some compromise did not have to be made. But if Meany had the vain dream of a Democratic victory without middle-class liberals and students, McGovern went him one better by announcing that he didn't need the "labor bosses." They would have to tag along, the popular notion held, because they were "traditional Democrats" and had good reason to want Nixon out of office. The remarks about "labor bosses" and the talk of winning with the "youth" vote and the "alienated" vote exposed the shallowness of McGovern's "populism" and ended any real hope that he could build a successful majority.

Yet the way the blue-collar workers actually voted in 1972 is another story, and one that is often ignored. While the A.F.L.-C.I.O. itself chose to remain "neutral," individual unions did not. McGovern received the endorsement of union after union, until a majority of the unions represented in the A.F.L.-C.I.O. came out in his favor. And in November of 1972, when America voted, labor in general and the industrial unions in particular delivered—if not in decisive numbers, at least in greater numbers than their critics. Only thirty-seven per cent of college-educated middle-class Americans voted for McGovern, in comparison with forty-three per cent of the American unionists. Were it not for some of the "labor bosses," McGovern might very well have ended up running neck and neck with the Prohibition candidate.

AN issue that may have a decisive influence on the future political role of blue-collar workers is job security. This problem, which is already a significant one, is currently being aggravated by automation, by the energy crisis, and by the move of industry to the suburbs, to the South, and to other countries. As for the energy crisis, its long-term effects are as yet impossible to gauge. Certainly the oil shortage and the Arab oil boycott are but short-term aspects of a bigger problem, and the effects even of these could have been reduced by more imaginative planning—such as an earlier emphasis on small-car production. But the inflation in petroleum prices is part of a broader and more alarming pattern. Prices for a vast range of raw materials and commodities, from foodstuffs to bauxite and copper, have risen precipitously under the impact of the recent world boom in the industrialized countries. This change, which may signalize the end of an era of relatively cheap raw materials, has the potential for a long-range threat to American jobs. But any truly wrenching change would be felt far more in the virtually resourceless countries like Japan, rather than in the United States, which remains one of the most self-sufficient. In fact, our competitive position could actually improve.

Automation is often ignored nowadays, because it did not live up to the predictions made in the nineteen-fifties that it would completely end manual labor within a decade or so. A comprehensive study made in 1967 by the University of Michigan Survey Research Center concluded that "for the years 1962 to 1967 very little unemployment can be attributed *directly* to machine change," a conclusion that may be related to the fact that the years in question were characterized by low levels of unemployment and a rapidly growing gross national product. The study noted, however, that "workers who might have been hired in the absence of technological change are not needed," and that "the last to be hired have to wait longer for a job." This is the hidden effect of automation. Many unions negotiated attrition clauses in their contracts, stipulating that only as workers retired or quit could automatic equipment be introduced, and thus it is the unemployed or the young workers just entering the labor market who feel the impact most. The level of unemployment among black youths sixteen to nineteen years of age, for instance, rose to a stunning 30.2 per cent in 1973.

The persistent move of industry to the suburbs is a key factor in the lives of central-city dwellers, whether blacks or working-class whites. In November, 1970, Paul Zimmerer, the executive director of the Mayor's Committee for Economic and Cultural Development in Chicago, testifying before a House committee on industrial location policy, said, "In Chicago's inner city alone, between 1955 and 1963 there was a net loss of some four hundred manufacturing companies and some seventy thousand manufacturing jobs. . . . Because of discriminatory housing practices, suburban zoning regulations, inadequate mass-transit systems . . . most inner-city workers could not continue to work at relocated manufacturing facilities in the suburbs." In New York, Kenneth Patton, former head of the Economic Development Administration, estimated a loss of two hundred thousand manufacturing jobs over the period from 1950 to 1970. In city after city, the pattern is repeated: factories move to suburban industrial parks that can be reached only by car, thus excluding poor and black workers and eroding the tax base of the central city they have left. There are a variety of perfectly sound reasons for this migration. Many factories function most efficiently when they are spread out horizontally, and land is cheaper in the suburbs. Construction costs are lower there, too, and the congestion of central cities creates serious problems in transporting raw materials and finished goods. But there are some less tangible factors involved. Patton has said, "The decision to locate a facility, particularly in an industrial area, often has at its center the question of evasion." Suburban pollution regulations are often lax and suburban taxes comparatively lower. Local communities often provide additional inducements or services. An inevitable result has been to make the centers of many Northern cities into a kind of urban Appalachia—burned-out pockets of permanent unemployment. Even for those workers who can make the move with their factories, the change has meant either long hours of commuting or the necessity of going deeply into debt for a nearby home.

But industrial migration has not stopped with moves to the suburbs. The relocation of Northern industry in the South has been accelerating. Between 1947 and 1965, employment in the South and the West grew by 57.4 per cent, while in the Middle Atlantic and Northeastern regions it grew by only 20.5 per cent. Supplementing textile mills, the chemical and wood-products industries have become major Southern employers, and the percentage of the Southern population engaged in manufacturing is now close to that of the North. Plants are attracted to the South not only by tax breaks but also by lower wages and the relative weakness of unions there.

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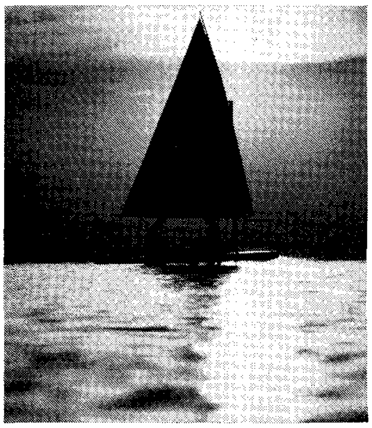

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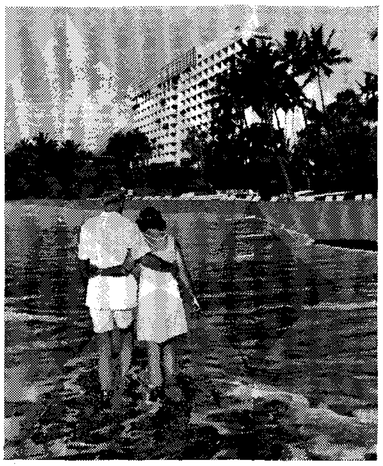

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behind the latest trend in industrial migration—the growing "export" of American jobs to other countries. In March of 1973, *Fortune* said that eighty-seven thousand American jobs in the fields of television, radio, and electronic components alone had been lost since 1966 because of the transfer of assembly lines overseas, while Paul Jennings, president of the International Union of Electrical Workers, has put the figure at a hundred and twenty-one thousand jobs. The United Shoe Workers, also hit by foreign imports, have lost sixteen thousand five hundred jobs over a ten-year period. And it has been estimated that a hundred thousand jobs have been lost because of imports in the automobile industry, many of them to American-owned plants in other countries. The trouble is less foreign competition in general than the specific role of the American multinational corporations in the world's economy. What makes "foreign" competition and the loss of blue-collar jobs today a different matter from ostensibly similar problems in previous years is that so many of the cars and electronic components coming into America now are produced by American firms that have set up factories overseas, where wages, fringe benefits, and working conditions are often markedly below those that prevail in the United States. In its effect on the unions, this is nothing but another variant of the "runaway shop"—a firm's transfer of a factory from a high-cost labor area to a low-cost one elsewhere in this country. It is impossible to estimate exactly the number of American jobs that have been lost because of the multinationals. In 1968, a Commerce Department study suggested that only fourteen per cent of imported goods came from American-based multinationals, but this figure clearly underestimated the reality, for it did not include the imports from foreign companies with significant, though minority, American interests. In any event, several hundred thousand jobs have certainly been lost because of job exports.

Curiously, these threats to blue-collar jobs are seen by some social scientists as a positive development. These people envision a long-range trend toward a "service economy," or a "post-industrial state," and identify the decline of manufacturing jobs with upward mobility into the middle class. The emerging "post-industrial society," Daniel Bell has written, "is based on services. . . . What counts is not raw muscle power or energy but information. The central person is the professional, for he is equipped . . . to provide the kinds of skills increasingly in demand. The post-industrial society is defined . . . by the services and amenities, health, education, recreation and the arts, which are now deemed desirable and possible for everyone." Nat Goldfinger, the director of research for the A.F.L.-C.I.O., has pointed out the central flaw in such projections: "Service jobs, most of them, are low-wage, menial jobs. It's not all surgeons and research chemists by any means." As we have seen, much of the white-collar growth has been in clerical and sales occupations, which pay so little that only wives seeking to supplement blue-collar family incomes will fill them. Even if a significant number of workers could find their way into the professional and managerial group, the elimination of factory work would cut away the middle level of American society and create a huge class division, with millions of workers facing unemployment or, at best, a precipitous drop in income.

A GOAL on which liberals and black and white workers can agree is the creation of genuine full employment. This goal would also have millions of natural allies in the middle class, because it would ameliorate many of the conditions that affect them. Full employment would be an enormous step toward ending the polarization of blacks and whites. By separating the question of jobs for able-bodied men from that of assistance for those who cannot work, it would resolve the welfare issue at a stroke. It would put more money into the black community than any other government program ever could, with obvious improvements in housing and medical care, and a lessening of racial tensions. Finally, it would have a profound impact on the issue of crime, which currently wracks the nation's big cities. Criminals are only a tiny fraction of the unemployed, and there are many criminals who would not be reformed by the prospect of a decent job, but full employment would dry up the vast well of criminal recruits, which is in part created by joblessness and the loss of hope for a decent life.

The issue is at present locked in a maze of verbal and statistical contradictions. Not only does the government's statistical "unemployment rate" seriously distort the real magnitude of the problem but, from a business point of view, "full employment" does not mean full employment. It means some compromise level of joblessness that will insure stability. Once, this was judged to be 2.5 per cent; today, however, some economists argue that having five per cent of the labor force without jobs is the closest that America can come to full employment. Goldfinger has said, "Full employment, as organized labor views it, means job opportunities at *decent wages* for all those who are able to work and seek employment." The most important part of that definition is the insistence on speaking of jobs and good wages together. It brings out the often forgotten key issue in the whole debate—that the point of jobs is to insure a decent life. The fact is that anyone in the United States could be "employed" in a moment if he offered to wash cars for a nickel, for example, or work as a domestic servant for a dollar a day. The problem is not just jobs but employment at wages that a worker can live on. Black central-city joblessness, in particular, brings this fact into focus. In many big-city newspapers one can find pages of want ads offering jobs for car-wash attendants or dishwashers, and yet many unemployed people will refuse to take them. On this basis, much has been made of "cultural factors" and the "lack of the work ethic." Yet only a few miles away, in the employment office of a General Motors plant, there are hundreds of blacks who have been up since four-thirty in the morning waiting their turn for an interview. Any time a high-wage plant opens up, it is flooded with applicants—sometimes four or five for every opening.

The point is obvious. A serious program for full employment cannot be based on national statistics that lump openings for babysitters, newspaper boys, and hamburger-stand waiters together with stable jobs in industry and the like. The first set of jobs are genuine jobs only for special groups like teen-agers. Other jobs—in the retail trades or in laundry work, say—can be economically viable only for single men or women. None of these jobs can support a family. A million jobs like babysitting and clerking in a store could open up in the black ghetto and young blacks would still line up in the employment offices of factories, looking for work that pays better wages.

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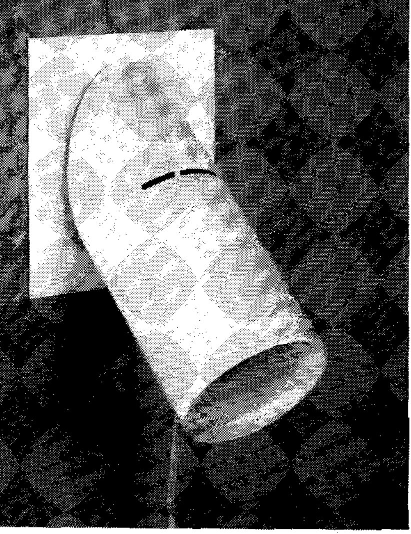

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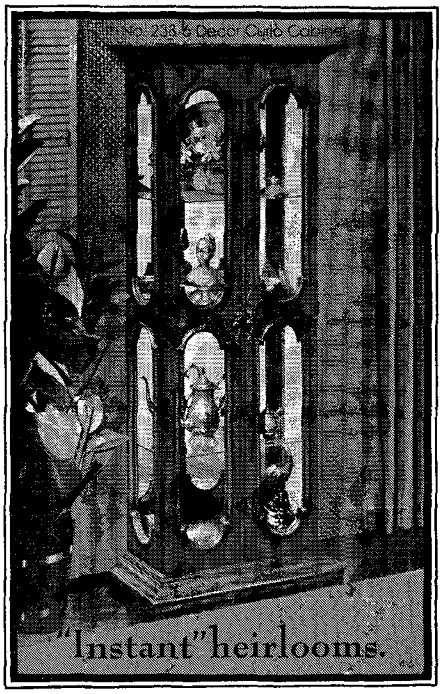

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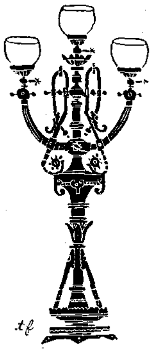
ating full employment, no one of them complete in itself. Perhaps the most popular is creating jobs in the public sector in such fields as medical care, conservation, and education. Jerry Wurf, the head of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, cites a study which "found [that] some 4.3 million nonprofessional jobs in public and nonprofit agencies could be established to perform useful and needed services." He explains, "These are not 'make-work' slots, but real jobs that need doing."



There have, in fact, been many legislative attempts to begin the creation of jobs, some directly related to welfare recipients and some aimed at the unemployed in general, but the results have barely scratched the surface. The federal public-employment program of 1971 resulted in only a hundred and eighty-five thousand new jobs, all of them temporary, and only a third of them filled by the hard-core unemployed. As of April, 1973, the patchwork of state and federally funded "workfare" programs, which required welfare recipients to accept jobs when offered them, had created sixty-nine hundred public-service jobs—about one factory's worth. But a significant expansion of such programs is a real and practical possibility, even given the current economic uncertainties. In hearings before the Senate Manpower Subcommittee in 1972, a group of economic experts ranging from liberal to conservative made basically similar projections of the costs in such an expansion. More than a million public-service jobs, it was estimated, could be created for about ten billion dollars. Even if one grants that such an estimate is far from precise, and that inflation would make any program more costly today, it is still true that a program on this level could be instituted without deficit financing (and the consequent danger of raising the inflation rate) or enormous tax increases for working Americans. Tax reform and the reallocation of tax money already in government hands could provide the funds.

Some estimates have it, for example, that just the repeal of the "accelerated-depreciation" tax break granted to business in 1971 would pay more than a third of the annual cost of this program. And since ten billion dollars amounts to about four per cent of annual federal expenditures, even the most cosmetic reordering of budget priorities toward social needs could supply sufficient funds. It is ironic that a large-scale program of public-service employment is often portrayed as too innovative and radical an idea to win acceptance, while the government is already creating jobs on a vast scale by financing highways, armaments, and vast aerospace programs. The creation of public-service jobs of the kind envisioned is different only in that the jobs would themselves be of greater social value and would be designed for the urban poor, who most desperately need employment at a decent wage. The creation of a million public-service jobs would be a major step toward full employment, but the program need not be limited to a million jobs. Even in the thirties, with a gross national product, corrected for inflation, roughly one-fifth of what it is today, the American government was able to put some four million Americans to work on federally subsidized public jobs, and it is hard to believe that an equal effort is not possible now.

But public-service employment, if it is to be effective, cannot operate in a vacuum. Without needed changes in the private sector, public-service employment might only result in employed workers changing jobs, rather than in the creation of jobs for the hard-core unemployed. One approach would be to offer tax incentives to business while providing government subsidies to low-income wage earners. However, the practical experience with the "Let business do it" approach in the JOBS Program, a business-government coöperative effort in training ghetto youths for more gainful employment, has not been impressive. In 1972, a study conducted by a joint congressional economic committee found that the program "may have pumped out subsidies to employers who would have hired unskilled laborers anyway, without government aid." And, further, it "has proven virtually useless in periods of high unemployment." In 1968, George Meany, testifying before a congressional committee, accurately predicted that this would occur.

One alternative is to recognize that the location of industries is as much a matter for public and government regulation as the smoke that they spew out of their smokestacks. This issue is also basic to any consideration of job export and consequent unemployment, but it must be seen to include all the ways in which communities are devastated by the movement of jobs. Studies of European countries that have had virtually full employment in the postwar period indicate that a major element in their success is the active role that government has played in economic development. One means of achieving this, known as "indicative planning," involves a strong government presence in planning sessions with management and labor, in which estimates are made of where shortfalls of capital or pockets of poverty will develop in the coming years. This is followed by measures to avoid the occurrence of such problems. In addition, selective wage, price, and profit controls are maintained in the most concentrated areas of the economy, providing a lever with which government can keep large corporations socially responsible. Besides such tested approaches, one future possibility is legislation requiring that a certain proportion of new factories be located where unemployment is highest. More speculative possibilities include direct government subsidies supporting new industry.

It is precisely the extension of democracy to the main social and economic areas of American life—the creation of a society without injustice toward blue-collar workers—that is the real issue. It is the fulfillment of the democratic ideal that goes all the way back to the French and American Revolutions—the ideal of equality and genuine popular rule which has lain dormant throughout our history. To many, it may appear hopelessly romantic to discuss such issues today. But it is equally unrealistic to discount blue-collar workers as a genuine force for progress.

—ANDREW LEVISON

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EIGHTY years ago, on September 15, 1894, the great film-maker Jean Renoir was born in Paris. He was brought up there and at the old Renoir home, Les Collettes, in Cagnes, Provence. In an act of homage that may faintly bewilder Renoir, now living full of intellectual vigor in Beverly Hills but unable to make the trip back to his apartment in Paris, the New York Cultural Center is playing eight of his features, along with a short that shows him rehearsing Gisèle Braunberger in a scene from an unshot film. The celebration runs from September 4th to 15th. The masterworks "La Grande Illusion" (1937) and "La Règle du Jeu" (1939) are not here, but there is a lot else: in order of showing, "La Marseillaise" (1937), "La Bête Humaine" (1938), "Toni" (1934), "Les Bas-Fonds" (1936), "Le Testament du Dr. Cordelier" (1959), "Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe" (1959), "Eléna et les Hommes" (1956), and "Le Caporal Épinglé" (1962). Renoir might well brush away the distinction between good and best. His films express the belief that people's deep endeavors are admirable whether they come to nought, as endeavors do in "Le Caporal Épinglé," in which the heroes are prisoners of war doing low-down jobs ("To think we set out to liberate Poland!" says one P.O.W. on sewage duty to another as they clean out cisterns while maintaining an air of unquenched lyric patriotism, overlaid with considerable affront), or whether the characters are engaged in the French Revolution, as in "La Marseillaise," and are changing the whole course of human affairs.

In his movies, Renoir has always been exhilarated by keen-eyed, strolling characters who are not overbusy with acquitting themselves well. He thinks the Garden of Eden must have had a population of non-heroes and loiterers. For him, heroism lies in having new ideas and in pursuing them alone. Ballochet (Claude Rich), in "Le Caporal Épinglé," an ex-employee of a gas company who is appointed an interpreter for his fellow-prisoners, though he doesn't speak a word of German, disappoints his friend the Corporal (Jean-Pierre Cassel)—who is never even allowed the dignity of a Christian name—by refusing to go on taking part in the Corporal's continuing attempts at escape, which are all failures until the sixth. Ballochet accepts the confines of prison camp almost in a mood of idealism. This is at least better than his old job, which was a nullity in the prewar order of Christian and chivalrous ideals: nothing very Christian or chivalrous about the gas company. To the Corporal's disgust, Ballochet enjoys his retreat into a liberty of the mind, though he says mildly that it's annoying to be a loser, and that it plays hell with one's habits. He seems at first a cowering soul. But not to Renoir, who shows him at last slowly inspired to walk out of their prison hut toward the barbed wire, armed with a pair of pliers from his old days with the gas company. He dies. The Corporal, the discouraged friend who felt a whiff of contempt that Ballochet had given up trying to escape with him, is suddenly Ballochet's intimate again, in a shot on Jean-Pierre Cassel in which he visibly walks every step with the loner and jumps like a rabbit in a hunt when the machine guns burst out. Others wanted to take the impossible risk, too, but Ballochet said, "My kind has to go it alone," walking away from the others and adjusting his spectacles. Dignity makes caste disappear. The Corporal is pinned—*épinglé*—into a system of automatized heroism, whereas Ballochet was able to see that the prisoners hardly knew any longer why they were attempting to escape. Still, the Corporal keeps trying. For Renoir's Corporal, as for an E. M. Forster character, heroism rests in behaving a little better in crisis than one normally would.

Eventually the Corporal succeeds in escaping, and makes his way to Paris with his second-best friend, Pater (Claude Brasseur). There are meaningless swift goodbyes, and empty promises to meet again at the front: awful to hear social fibs at this stage between two close members of a group that once said gaily, in the early days, that Roosevelt was writing to Hitler, "Dear Adolf, Release French prisoners or we'll declare war," and that made undying promises to have dinner together in Paris when it was all over. Life is full of brief shafts of disappointment. We know that Pater's and the Corporal's vows will never be kept. This is not where their heroism lies. With the completed escape, the Corporal has laid himself open to the arrows of real life's distress, and can find encouragement only in the memory of a German girl, a dentist's assistant, who said, "I like a man who's not a slave."

But the film says at the end that "this is only a beginning"—the idea that was to become the slogan of the student rebels during the uprising of May, 1968. Renoir is the

JOHN CORCORAN

youngest of us, the most gently rebellious, the most studious. Things are never more than a beginning for him. How like him not to have hesitated to make a picture about prisoners of war a quarter of a century after he directed "La Grande Illusion," on the same theme. The later film is not a masterwork, but it moves on the same hawser of sociability in impossible circumstances. An aged and very drunk German whom the escapers meet on a train says to the Corporal and Pater that he likes the French, and he tries to stop Nazi soldiers from catching them. Then he is killed by the Allies in an air attack. As the Corporal and Pater get near the border, they meet an amiable French farmer who turns out to be a First World War prisoner who later *married the German woman with* whom he had been billeted. A sense of the general flux of things suffuses Renoir's work. There are scenes in "Le Caporal Épinglé" in which the camera abruptly pulls back, as if to "resituate the characters in a better life," as Renoir once put it. The movie is made in revolt against the ruling absurdity of existence, what with the drunk on the train, and the chaotic air attack. The meditative film is watching, with cool eyes, a case of delirium taking place before a softer morning.

TRUFFAUT once said to me that Renoir has a sort of "trade secret." He meant the trade secret of sympathy. Renoir degrades no one. His vein of affection makes one think of Octave, the character played by Renoir himself in "La Règle du Jeu," who says, "You see, in this world there is one awful thing, and that is that everyone has his reasons." Renoir would accord reasons even to the accepted kind of heroism, though he reacts against it almost as strongly as he does against the Renaissance, which he identifies—in his beautiful introduction to André Bazin's book about him—as the movement that "laid the foundations of industrial society" and was "ultimately responsible for the atomic bomb."

Bazin records that, after a few years of what Renoir cheerfully pronounced to me to be utterly rotten pictures, the director resolved to study French gesture as it is reflected in his father's paintings. "I was beginning to realize that the movement of a scrubwoman, of a vegetable vender, or of a girl combing her hair before a mirror frequently had superb plastic value." The films at the Cultural Center are full of shots of frozen action which seem to come from Impressionist paintings. In "Le Caporal Épinglé," a shy small

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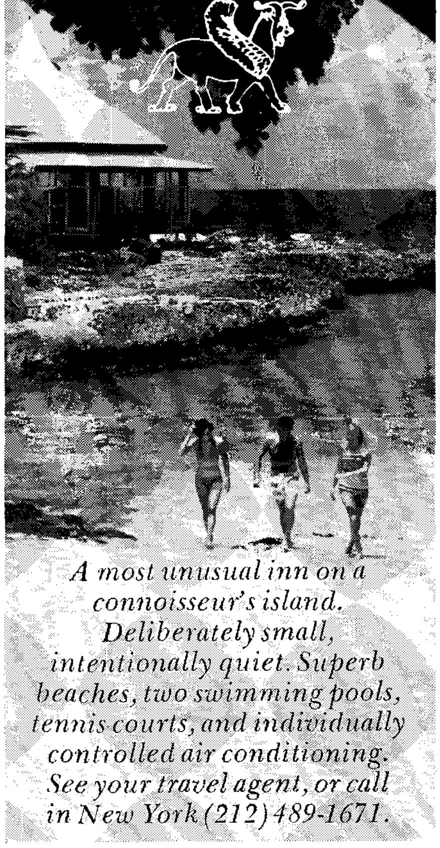

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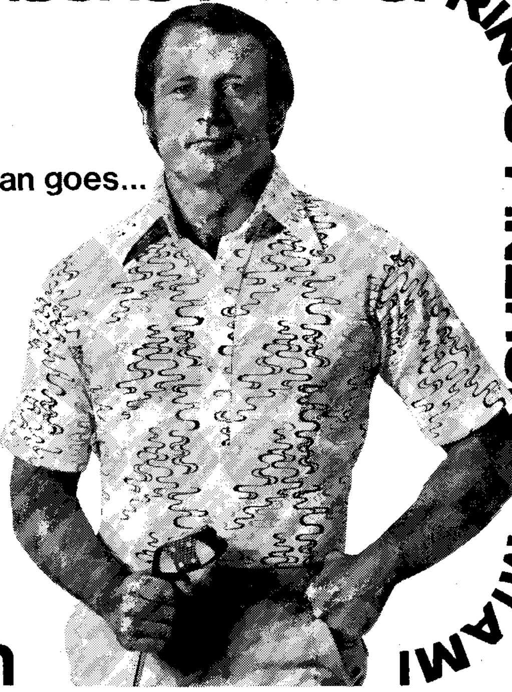
child in a silent German crowd raises a hand muffled in a woollen mitten to ranks of passing French prisoners. In “La Bête Humaine,” one of the very best Renoir films, adapted from Zola without the novel's rhetoric and, ironically, without its falsely “cinematic” scheme, Jean Gabin plays a locomotive engineer. (The story is that the film got started because Gabin had always wanted to drive a train.) There is an abundance of gesture between him and his fireman, signifying unity in a clamor that no words can be heard in. The Gabin character comes from a long line of drunkards. Himself a teetotaller, he is gripped by moments of sadness that moves him to an intolerable self-hatred. He begins to think he is paying for all his ancestors who drank, and gives himself pathological fits far worse than alcoholism. In a calm between storms, he throws two quick glances at his reflection in a looking glass. The contempt in his eyes is like the gaze of a basilisk. No one is better at this sort of grim, drained detail than Gabin, a Renoir actor if there ever was one. Renoir likes everything—even in his comedies and deliberately theatrical pieces—to be quick, dry: *sec.* Gabin's two glances are like stones hurled at a prison wall to bounce back and wound the prisoner.

Renoir has always been struck and stirred by the closed worlds that some people think they have to live in: a little series of glass cubes and spheres from which they can see other people, wave to them, copy them. The glass boxes devised by the technocrats who have so constrained liberty are prisons too low to stand in and too small to lie down in. They are torture chambers as minute as the primitive kind of prison called little-ease, but not so small as to prevent the inhabitants from grandiloquent posturing. Heredity can be wondrous, as it is for Renoir himself, who speaks again and again of his father as though the famous painter were still alive; in “La Bête Humaine,” though, heredity is another little-ease. Natural enough that the Gabin character should work on trains. They are a metaphor for his life, which runs on tracks and is sometimes catastrophically derailed. And the heroine pushes him to kill in a way that destroys his ownership of his soul. The prison in “La Grande Illusion” is made spacious by the two main characters' equality of calling. The German von Rauffenstein and the French de Boïeldieu are both aristocrats of the heart, enemies allied in sensibility. Renoir extends his devotion to those lords of inner liberty, though in his films they are more generally to be found among the populace than among the nobility. In “La Bête Humaine,” the one free man is Cabuche, the poacher—played by Renoir himself—who foreshadows the poacher in “La Règle du Jeu.” Poachers leap walls; owners hang back for form's sake, so that the rest of their party can catch up. The poacher has a sense of himself; the owners have a sense only of how they look to others. For Renoir, the master of acting movement as well as camera movement, gait expresses the difference between freedom and slavery in a second. In “La Marseillaise,” the volunteers marching from Marseilles to Paris walk like tired Boy Scouts; the palace guards move like chorus girls. Louis XVI, played by Pierre Renoir, Jean's brother, is a monarch much moved by culinary thoughts. Far from being asleep after what are referred to as the Herculean labors of his hunt the day before, he is first seen busy with a colossal breakfast in bed, with chicken fat running up the sleeves of his nightshirt as he eats what looks to be a whole chicken and swigs wine as if it were soda water for a headache. He is told by La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt that the Parisians have taken the Bastille. “Ah,” he says intelligently, the royal mouth full. “Is it a revolt?” “No, Sire, it is a revolution,” says La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt. Outside, the peasants scent freedom. They kill blackbirds with a sling. Someone laughs hoarsely about the burning of the rich, making a dissenter say gravely, almost to himself, that the nobles have taught bad habits and that they have created their slaves in their own image.

RENOIR finds it inapt of us to try to make things stay in place when everything is always naturally in motion. The films of this born innovator flicker with life on the move. In any frame, there always seems to be something happening apart from the major point of dramatic attention. Renoir's characteristic deep-focus lens uses doorways almost as proscenium arches for stages filled with activity. In “La Marseillaise” he brings his usual native affection to bear on the plight of the rigid. There is a fine scene showing homesick nobles in Koblenz, daydreaming of the common people still kneeling back in France. One patrician sings at the spinet, two play cards, another fiddles with a yo-yo like a lunatic dauphin. "Now we are the allies of Prussia. I once met His Majesty the King of Prussia," says a beauty who looks like a crinoline-lady cover to be put over a teapot. "An Agamemnon . . . two hundred and eighty pounds." Meanwhile, a nobleman named Saint-Laurent remembers the new concept of nationhood which was given him by Arnaud, the man who deprived him of his noble position. "And yet he was a gentleman," Saint-Laurent goes on to recall. "Yet he was a patriot. If there are many like him, we shall not have an easy time." Politically speaking, we are watching men struggling to discover the wheel. Only Renoir could make the struggle graceful, comic, and courageous—a documentary of crass primitivism and muddle which somehow, paradoxically, expresses divine sensibility and equilibrium. He treats peasants and emigrant courtiers with equal dignity and respect and a deal of humor. There is a very funny exchange between the King and Marie Antoinette about the brushing of teeth. Louis approves of the novelty: "I will gladly attempt this toothbrushing."

Mishaps and irrelevancies appeal to Renoir. On the road from Marseilles, the volunteers exchange irritable theories about what to do for sore feet. "A pair of roomy boots packed out with straw," says one to his insteps tenderly. Another says, "Paper." Another says, "Tallow rubbed between the toes." There are complaints that the song "La Marseillaise" is full of unpronounceable words. An exhausted enthusiast says quietly that he "likes the lines that a schoolteacher wrote: 'We'll replace our parents on the battlefield.' " The terse, slangy talk is all of a piece with Louis's compliments to the lately introduced tomato. Where Saint-Laurent sees the passing of an élite, Louis says the tragedy is that unfortunately the members of the court are the actors in this drama, "which is obviously less convenient than being the spectators." It is inconvenient, too, for the passionate speaker at the meeting of the Tribunes in "La Marseillaise" that she is a woman. "Your place is in the galley!" a heckler shouts.

IN "Eléna et les Hommes," one of Renoir's clearest expressions of his feeling for the theatre, Ingrid Bergman plays a politically infatuated Polish princess of the nineteenth century who has fallen on poorer days. Her idea of fending off poverty is to sell a pearl. The film is like a late-Shakespearean comedy of gesture and romance about a woman who believes



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herself dedicated to causes. She is buoyed up by a dilettante (Mel Ferrer), for whom lounge-lizardry is an art, and a general (Jean Marais), founded on the real-life Boulanger, whom the French people want to make into their presiding genius. The populace is eager to grow excited about its own dreams. Love's exhibition at the end, when Eléna is forced to appease a crowd by appearing at a balcony window with Mel Ferrer—substituting Ferrer in order to save the general from the mob—is the final stroke of theatricality, with the balcony almost playing the dividing theatrical role of footlights. The spectacle of romantic love meets a receptive audience. The crowd roars its approval of this slave of the heart, this outsider who echoes the regional Venus of Balzac's "Eugénie Grandet." She is an emblem of real love submerged in farcically pompous and maladroit disguises. All through the film, starting with the moment when she mingles with the crowd on Bastille Day, there is a sense of movement and light irony which is pure Renoir. The film is about the intrigues of the early years of the Third Republic. "Eléna" is a big movie in the guise of a breakable and fine-tuned little gem, with a diamond watch movement that the people in the film take to be the same tick-tock that the dropsical Fielding, laughed at for his size by the watermen at Rotherhithe, thought the activity of his own great heart to be. Impromptu, Eléna sings gloriously in a café scene, yet with the Renoir hint that there is something faintly ridiculous in bel canto: the same suspicion was embodied in the marvellous warbling of Jeanne Moreau in "Le Petit Théâtre de Jean Renoir" (1969). "Eléna et les Hommes" is the ultimate extension of Renoir's feeling for the theatre. Politics are reducible to shadow plays, to romances, to crowd appearances of beauties in hats burdened with flowers; it is love and art that supply the real values. One thinks of the dramatic sense in "La Règle du Jeu," which is the cinema's "Così Fan Tutte," and of the comedy about romanticism implicit in the way Mel Ferrer deals with Ingrid Bergman's difficult clothes in "Eléna et les Hommes;" for instance, avoiding the darts of the white ostrich feathers that sprout from the evening dress on her perfect shoulders, because he hopes not to be tickled into sneezing in their box at the opera. One thinks, too, of the cruel, audacious theatricality of "Le Crime de Monsieur Lange" (1935), which is a step away from mere theatre, and beyond the theatre in its icily deliberate use of the stage's furthest devices of alienation, like "Les Bas-Fonds," the fiercely melodramatic version of Gorky's "The Lower Depths." Drama is seen by Renoir as more truthful than politics, which he depicts as a misleadingly lifelike form of staging, with the voters playing the part of an extension of the audience; a Brechtian weight of unreal emphasis on art's techniques, he feels, can embody perceptions more truly than verisimilitude. In an equally startling way, he celebrates a certain kind of very attentive sloth, as it must have been known by the brilliant spectators loitering in the Greek agora. Renoir understands this sort of inertia as the most productive form of energy: unrestless and alert, like him. In the cinema of Renoir, when style rules, content will be there to an almost religious degree.

Not that anything in acting should be self-conscious or cute. It should be all strong and quick. We see Renoir developing these qualities in the short about acting, when he is rehearsing a young actress so that she can quit mannerism and use force instead. As he works with her, an instant of small sadness between a girl and her mother about a dead dog which begins as nothing more than a child crying about a broken doll becomes a crisis embodying accusation of the mother. The actress we are watching is having something unknown to her drawn from her inner resources, as if Renoir had found an idea in her head which first appeared as a little piece of cotton and then as a length of string and then as a rope.

Renoir's films are so gentle-spirited that it is easy to miss his innately theatrical instinct for finding the moment when a character is at the end of his tether. The method accommodates works as superficially different as "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (1932, with Michel Simon), "The River" (1950), "Le Carrosse d'Or" (1952), "Le Testament du Dr. Cordelier," a Jekyll-and-Hyde story with Jean-Louis Barrault, and "Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe." In other words, it accommodates neo-realism, romantic dialogues with nature, dramas of high and sometimes self-mocking artifice, melodrama, and those peculiarly Renoir moments when comedy dissolves into emotion.

IN "Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe," Renoir makes use of an earnestness about topics which is to be found in TV specials. The topics here are artificial insemination and the Common Market. A Professor Alexis is solemnly researching artificial insemination. He is a candidate for the Presidency of a united Europe, and is related, luckily, to the major chemical fortunes of both France and Germany. At the same time, he is in the middle of announcing his engagement to a beautiful German cousin who loves Scouting. A stuffy engagement ceremony for the press takes place in Renoir's loved Provence and would despoil the countryside except for nature's protest, in the form of a windstorm that sows confusion. Things begin to become bacchanalian in the drowsy heat. The sedate professor is entranced by the sight of a girl bathing naked. Theories about artificial insemination will have to wait till tomorrow. We are once more in the midst of a way of life that flows like a tide. Renoir is drawn again and again to the polytheistic and materialist conception of nature which has been so ravaged by Christian rationalism. In a pinch, Renoir would trust the pagan view every time. And this great experimenter and ally of novelty is forever looking for it in new forms. He believes that it is better to make bad films, always attempting fresh things, than to keep to the tried and already successful. He wants us to find things recognizable but never familiar. This passion for novelty and his amplitude of spirit are at the root of his vivacity and love. He is our perpetual revolutionary and our perpetual beginner. "Le Petit Théâtre," made when he was seventy-five, is directed with the excitement of a first work. It is heartening that it was originally scheduled in New York for five showings and then ran for seven weeks at the First Avenue Screening Room and three more at the Fifth Avenue Cinema, without benefit of advertising. Renoir tells us the truth, with sagacity and piercing insight. His people expose their spirits to us. Just as his great father loved women for baring their bodies, Jean Renoir loves his characters for the immodesty of baring their souls.

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Artists such as Mondrian eventually succeeded in removing any references to nature in their work, yet succeeded, by the manipulation of simple form and color, in expressing complex emotions and ideas. The discovery by abstract artists that this was indeed possible—that a full range of emotion, meaning, and complex symbolism could be evoked through simple forms, surfaces, and colors with no specific references to nature—was one of the great discoveries of twentieth-century art. Proceeding from a classical philosophical base, a notion of the primacy of basic forms and spatial arrangements, they went on to use the forms in the creation of extremely evocative images. Mondrian wished to express "pure reality in terms of paint." Mondrian felt that "the appearance of natural form changes, but reality remains constant. To create pure reality plastically, it is necessary to reduce natural forms to the constant elements of form and natural colour to primary colour. The aim is not to create other particular forms and colours with their own limitations, but to work towards abolishing them in the interest of a larger unity." Quiltmakers similarly used basic forms and colors to create images which are evocative of complex feelings and associations, as well as those which celebrate simply the beauty of geometric form and strong color.

THESE quotations—the first from "The Standard Book of Quilt Making and Collecting," by Marguerite Ickis (Greystone Press, 1949, and Dover paperback, 1959), and the second from "The Pieced Quilt: An American Design Tradition," by Jonathan Holstein (New York Graphic Society, 1973)—illustrate the change that has taken place in our view of quilts. Formerly regarded, on the one hand, as cozy, folksy relics of a cozy, folksy agrarian past and, on the other, as busywork for elderly women, patchwork quilts are now associated with twentieth-century abstract art (Noland, Stella, Albers, and Vasarely) and, in their most artful manifestations, are felt to *be* works of abstract art. This reassessment, which is part of the larger post-modern exaltation of primitive, vernacular, and folk-art forms, was brought dramatically before the general public at the quilt show of 1971 at the Whitney Museum, mounted by Mr. Holstein and his friend Gail van der Hoof, who hung quilts from their joint collection on the big white walls of the museum as if they were paintings, and left viewers stunned by the strength and beauty of design—by the modern art—that the mere move from bed to wall seemed to have created. A kind of quilt craze followed the show: dealers in antique quilts proliferated, prices of quilts soared, further exhibitions ensued, quiltmaking itself was revived among young people, and numerous books on the subject were published, of both a technical and a scholarly character.

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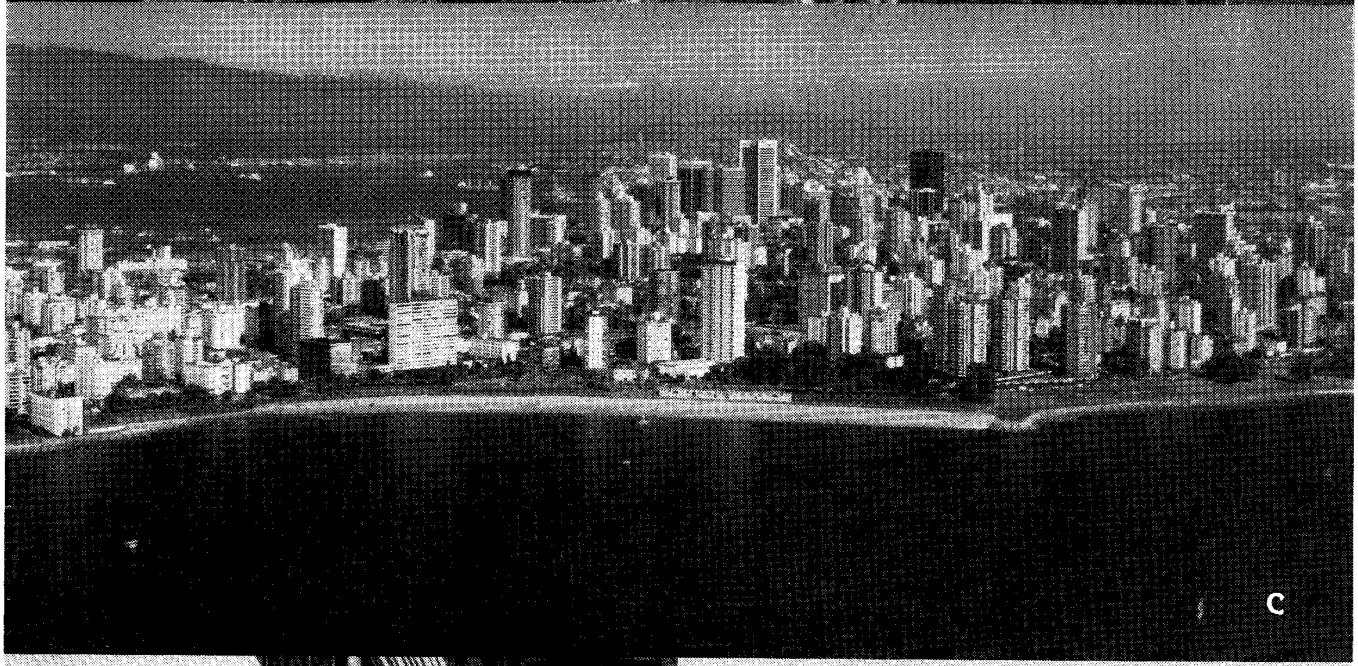
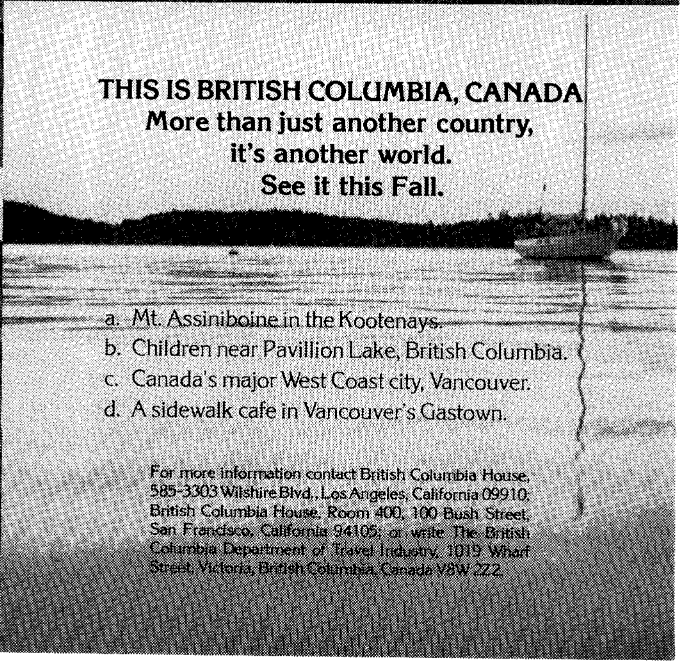
Holstein's scholarly but not ponderous volume, illustrated with almost a hundred color plates, is by far the best book on the subject, and among its merits is the corrective it provides to the spurious impression of modernity which the author's own show engendered. Having established the credentials of pieced quilts for admission to the "museum without walls" (and, as it sometimes seems, without staff), Holstein here returns them to their own context in the nineteenth century, and tries "to formulate, if possible, a reasonable theory of why they were made, where the impetus for creating these strong designs came from, why it persisted for such a long period."

By pieced quilts—also commonly called "patchwork quilts"—Holstein means those whose tops are made of small, straight-edged pieces of fabric sewn together to form a repeated or over-all geometric pattern, as distinguished from appliquéd quilts, which are made of cutout fabric shapes (usually floral, animal, or figurative) sewn onto a plain white background. The latter technique, a laborious one, was reserved for the "good" quilt kept in a bridal chest or brought out for company, while the former, faster, and less arduous method was used to make the everyday quilt that until fairly recent times served as the chief form of bed





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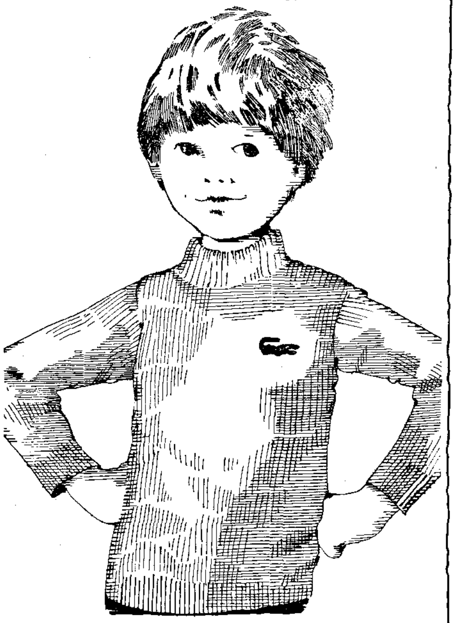

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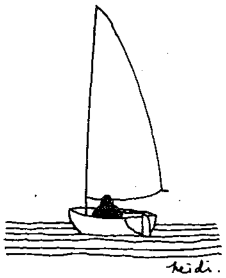
covering in this country. American appliqué quilts resemble the English appliqué quilts that (in actuality or in memory) the early settlers brought with them, which, in turn, were derived from Elizabethan embroidery and India-trade chintz patterns. The American pieced quilt, in contrast, looks like nothing ever made before. It is as autochthonous as apple pie and the Model T.

Applying John A. Kouwenhoven's useful (if by now somewhat overused) distinction between the indigenous vernacular and European-derived cultivated traditions—into one or the other of which every American art and craft can be neatly fitted—Holstein places pieced quilts within the vernacular: the body of plain, utilitarian forms (tools, machines, vehicles, buildings, domestic utensils) that quietly coexisted throughout the nineteenth century with its ornate "art manufacture," and that, according to Kouwenhoven, owed its unique directness and inventiveness to the special situation of "the first people in history who, disinherited of a great cultural tradition, found themselves living under democratic institutions in an expanding machine economy" and at every turn "had to relearn a truth which many of their European contemporaries had been able to get along without: the truth of function."



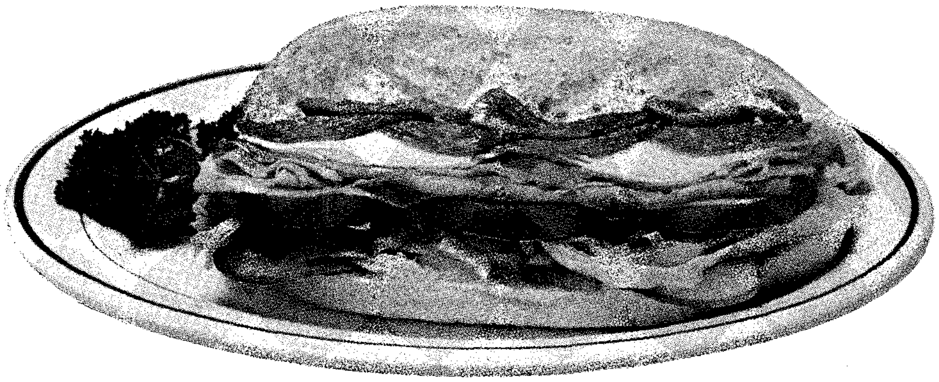
Like plows and hatchets and mason jars, pieced quilts were made to fulfill a necessity of life (keeping warm at night), and the special character of their top sides arose out of a special exigency of early American life: the shortage of cloth. "Money was scarce, and whole cloth expensive," Holstein writes, "so from otherwise useless scraps of cloth salvaged from clothes-making and worn-out cloth articles, the American woman pieced together a usable piece of fabric which became one side of a quilt." The method of assembling the mosaic of scraps (it became known as the block system) was, "in effect, a system of interchangeable parts," as Holstein notes, and was marked by the same efficiency, economy, and precision that attended American factory production. Quiltmaking was further expedited by the institution of the quilting bee, which made a communal project and a social occasion of the final "quilting" stage—the stitching together of the sandwich of quilt top, batting, and back. (It also helped keep lonely rural housewives from going mad.)

But in one respect there is a significant difference between pieced quilts and things like rakes, plows, ship propellers, and trestle tables, which seem beautiful to us because of their unembellished plainness. For quilts are not plain. Their patterns may have been born of necessity, but they serve no function, as the shapes of, say, bowls and airplanes do, and—a point that Holstein stresses—they "were meant to be beautiful." In this respect, pieced quilts, like painted chests, carved weathervanes, decorated pottery, and embroidered samplers, are a manifestation not of functionalism but of the impulse to add to and embellish, to transcend utility, which is the animating impulse of folk art and, indeed, of all decorative art.

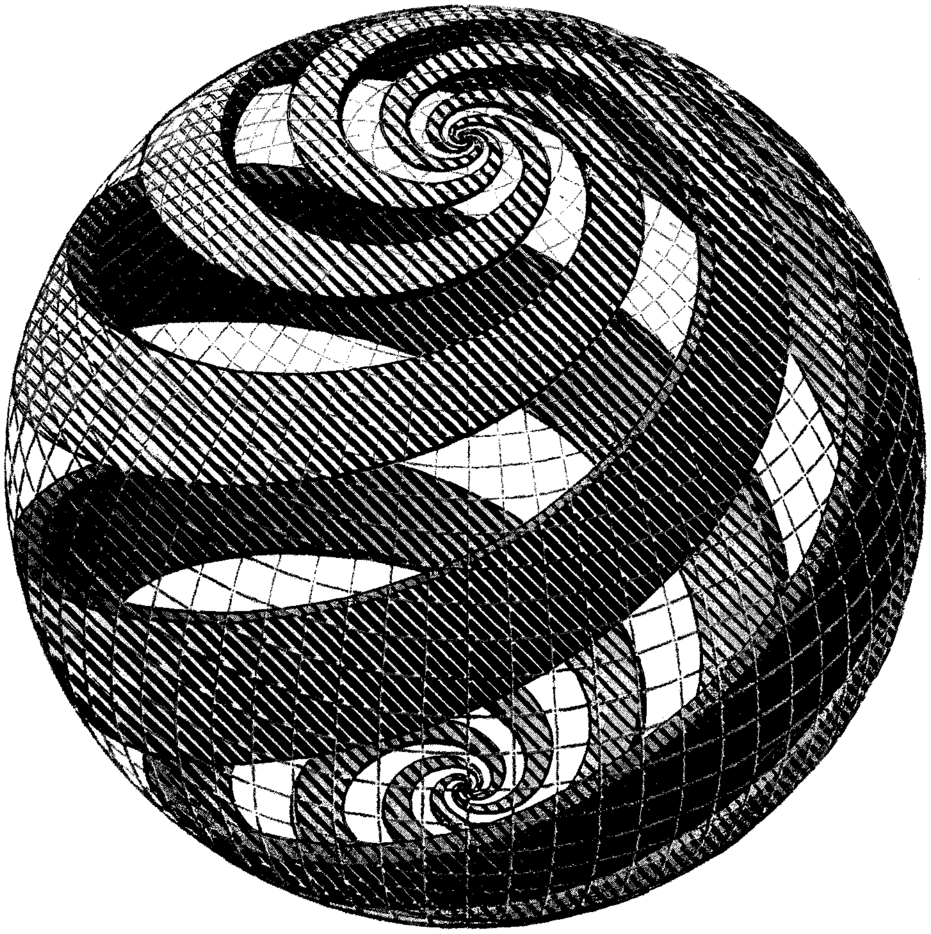
At the turn of the century, a revulsion set in against nineteenth-century taste in ornament which took the form, on many of its fronts (that of architecture, notably), of a repudiation of decoration itself. As "organic" architecture and "functional" design developed, the term "decorative" came more and more to be associated with triviality and backwardness, so that finally even interior decorators felt obliged to change their name to "interior designer" for business reasons. Holstein, accordingly, expresses his reservations about appliqué quilts by complaining that "their beauty is more of a decorative nature than that seen in the best of the pieced quilts, which when successful are the results of legitimate aesthetic questions having been posed and most convincingly resolved." And, again: "I prefer the extraordinary invention and tough visual qualities of great pieced quilts to what are to my eye the more decorative characteristics of most appliqué quilts."

Holstein's preference for the strong, bold, abstract patterns of pieced quilts is easy to understand and hard not to share. Their geometrical design, like that of American Indian blankets, gratifies the taste founded on the geometrical style of twentieth-century art, architecture, and technology. But does this make them more "legitimate" and less "decorative" than the hearts-and-flowers designs of appliqué quilts? Recent developments in art, architecture, the crafts movement, the preservation movement, and art and design scholarship suggest that we are entering a new phase of modernism, if not a new period of design altogether (it is almost obligatory for anyone writing about design and architecture today to stick in the phrase "the failure"—

The real
The disparity is shocking; our highways are lined with quick-snack delights, our supermarkets are lined with nutritious gourmet foods, yet the faces of millions are lined with hunger and despair.



There are questions that must be faced. The population of the world will increase by 3½ billion people by the year 2000—can we possibly feed them? Is there a universal nutritious food? Can we farm the sea? Are people willing to eat foods foreign to them in order to survive? Are there ways to ship and store and distribute food to cut down on spoilage? Will it ever be possible to support a constantly expanding worldwide population? Will our world leaders solve these problems in time?
Disturbing questions; but the wrong answers, or no answers at all are even worse.



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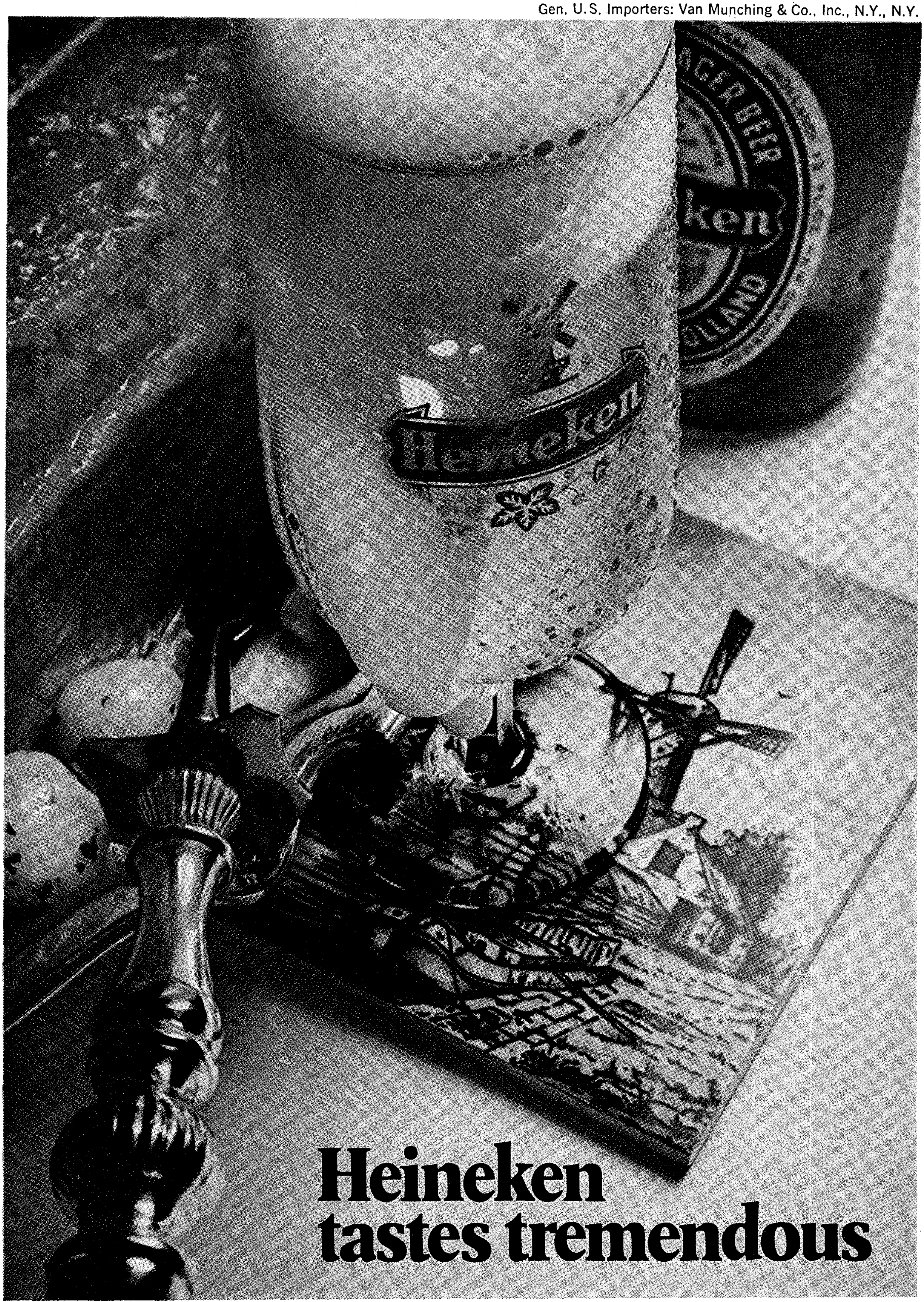
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or "debacle"—"of the International Style"), and that we need to reëxamine, if not jettison, many of the old modernist dogmas. One such article of faith—the idea that ornament (or "useless ornament," as the tautology goes) is an evil that needs to be eradicated from everything made by man (an essay by the Austrian architect G. Adolf Loos, written in 1908, was actually called "Ornament and Crime")—is already giving way as, on the one hand, the purity of functionalist design and organic architecture is becoming suspect (the passage of time reveals style: unconscious Cubistic influences are increasingly evident in the work of the Bauhaus designers and architects) and, on the other, the beauty of the best ornament of the past is becoming impossible to ignore. Events such as the tapestry show at the Metropolitan Museum (whose star attractions were the ornamental flower- and animal-studded backgrounds); the "Flowering of American Folk Art" show at the Whitney; the exhibition a few years ago at the old Cooper-Hewitt Museum of India-trade chintzes, and one at the Guggenheim called "Gauguin and the Decorative Style;" the publication in facsimile of Owen Jones' "The Grammar of Ornament;" the revival of interest in nineteenth-century architectural ornament and in the writings of Ruskin and Morris—all point to a reassertion of that side of our nature which delights in decoration because of its very gratuitousness and meaninglessness. Folk art provided one of the opening wedges in the readmission of ornament to the realm of the possible, but we no longer need to blunt our sense of folk art's strong decorative element with an overemphasis on its expressionism and/or latent abstractionism. In the pieced quilt, it is this element, rather than its accidental resemblance to an Albers, or even its real connection to the vernacular, that gives the form its special delightfulness and (in this moment in design) its special claim on our attention.

—JANET MALCOLM

•

LOS ANGELES (AP)—Nudity on public beaches, playgrounds and parks in Los Angeles has been banned by the City Council.

The ordinance, which took effect Friday, makes it a misdemeanor for anyone over 10 years old to sunbathe, swim or walk nude in a public place. A first conviction carries a maximum sentence of six months in jail or a $500 fine or bath.

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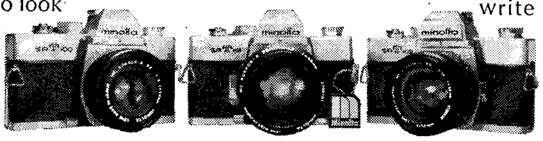

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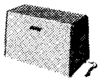

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U.S. JOURNAL: VALDEZ, ALASKA

IMPACT

IN the late sixties, Valdez, a small port on the south coast of Alaska, was chosen to be the terminus of the trans-Alaska oil pipeline. Until recently, everyone in Alaska assumed that to be an unalloyed blessing for Valdez. From the time oil was discovered on the North Slope of Alaska, in 1968, until the federal permit for a pipeline was finally granted, last January, public opinion within the state was ordinarily expressed in simple terms: the pipeline was good, the people causing its delay were bad. The forces that were going to bring unprecedented prosperity to Alaska were the oil companies that had combined to form the Alyeska Pipeline Service Company in order to transfer the North Slope oil to tankers docked at Valdez—a Pacific rather than overland route having been chosen with some thought of the Japanese market, critics pointed out at the time the oil companies were using the domestic "energy crisis" as a final argument for winning the permit. The enemy was addressed by Alaskans in bumper stickers that are still seen around the state—"Sierra Go Home" or "Let the Bastards Freeze in the Dark."

Once the permit was issued and victory over the meddlers and bureaucrats was assured, Alaskans who had dismissed as nonsense arguments about how much damage the pipeline might do to the permafrost began to reflect more seriously about how much damage it might do to their own lives. What Alaskans tend to discuss these days about the pipeline is not its value to the state but its "impact" on the state's residents. Will thousands of construction workers attract an army of prostitutes or turn to crime or, at the very least, break furniture for recreation? Will enough of them bring their families to overload the schools and exacerbate the housing shortage? Will the use of cargo space for pipeline supplies mean more delays in the arrival of consumer goods and higher prices for them when they arrive? Will the population growth brought by the pipeline turn parts of Alaska into the kind of place some of its residents came to escape? Most Alaskan discussions about the pipeline still carry the assumption that it is desirable; in a state that has traditionally attracted people hoping to strike it rich, the assumption could hardly be otherwise. But Alaskans tend to praise the pipeline with less assurance than they did when the battle was still joined. Chancy Croft, a state senator from Anchorage who has never been a devout worshipper of the pipeline, believes that the alarums about law and order now being raised throughout the state by citizens and legislators may be a reflection of more general misgivings that Alaskans can't or won't express—in the same way that law-and-order statements in other states in the sixties were used to express racial feelings best not put bluntly in public. According to the preliminary figures gathered by a team of University of Alaska social scientists, nearly everyone in Valdez believes that the pipeline will bring an increase of crime to the town; two-thirds of the residents believe that pipeline construction will make it dangerous for their children to be out on the streets at night. But when an official of an Alaska human-relations agency went to Valdez just after the permit was signed last winter, he found that conversation about pipeline impact was still based on the premise that everyone in Alaska could hardly wait for construction to begin. He returned saying, "It's as if a boulder were falling from the sky and everyone ran to get underneath it."

The conflict between the fears and the assumptions of Valdez residents about the pipeline sometimes makes them appear puzzled as to why they aren't as ecstatic as they're supposed to be. The city manager of Valdez—a blunt, practical-minded man named Herb Lehfeldt—says that Valdez residents have, for the most part, no reason to expect to benefit personally from the construction of the pipeline. Most of the wage-earners in Valdez (aside from the pipeline workers who have already arrived) make their living from the state—at the state hospital for the retarded or at a district office of the state Department of Highways. Most of them will not leave the state payroll for pipeline jobs and will not share in any increase in retail trade. Almost all of the land-speculation money that has been made in Valdez since the pipeline became a possibility has been made by outsiders. In Lehfeldt's view, it is not easy to imagine how the construction of the pipeline and storage

"We're invited to a come-as-you-are party."

tanks and docking facilities—a project that will require Alyeska to maintain a Valdez labor camp of thirty-five hundred men, or three times the population of the town—will benefit many of the town's residents. "If groceries cost three times what they cost now, is that benefitting them?" Lehfeldt asked not long ago. "If their daughters get raped in the street, is that benefitting them? If their kids aren't getting educated because of split shifts, is that benefitting them? If the moose they used to go after every year get driven up in the woods and the fish limit goes down, is that benefitting them? When they add up their blessings, it ain't necessarily so." But aren't the local people in favor of the pipeline? "Certainly," Lehfeldt says. But why? "Because they don't understand it." On the other hand, Lehfeldt, who believes Alaska must become "a producing state rather than a consuming state," is in favor of the pipeline himself.

THE original town of Valdez no longer exists. It was founded as a port for gold mining toward the end of the nineteenth century, and by the early years of this century it had become one of the most important cities in Alaska. (Its name was apparently always pronounced in a way that would eventually permit someone to compose a short rhyme by publishing a newspaper called the Valdez *Breeze*.) The construction of a railroad inland from the port of Seward in 1913 cost Valdez a lot of its port business. There was hope of recouping as the terminus for a copper railroad during the copper boom of the twenties, but the railroad went to Cordova instead. In the fifties, equipment and supplies for constructing some military bases were moved through Valdez, rejuvenating the port for a while, but by the early sixties Valdez had settled back into a quiet shore town that got by with some state salaries and some tourism and a little fishing. It still had something of the look of gold-mining days even then—low wooden buildings along a harbor that has Prince William Sound on one side and spectacular, snow-covered mountains on the other three. There is some difference in memories of what life in Valdez was like just a dozen years ago. Some people remember the old town as an idyllic place—close and picturesque and prosperous enough. H. R. (Slim) Blood, a businessman who used to vacation in Valdez and then moved there permanently in the mid-sixties, says that the old town, charming as it might have been, was "destitution flats." Blood remembers

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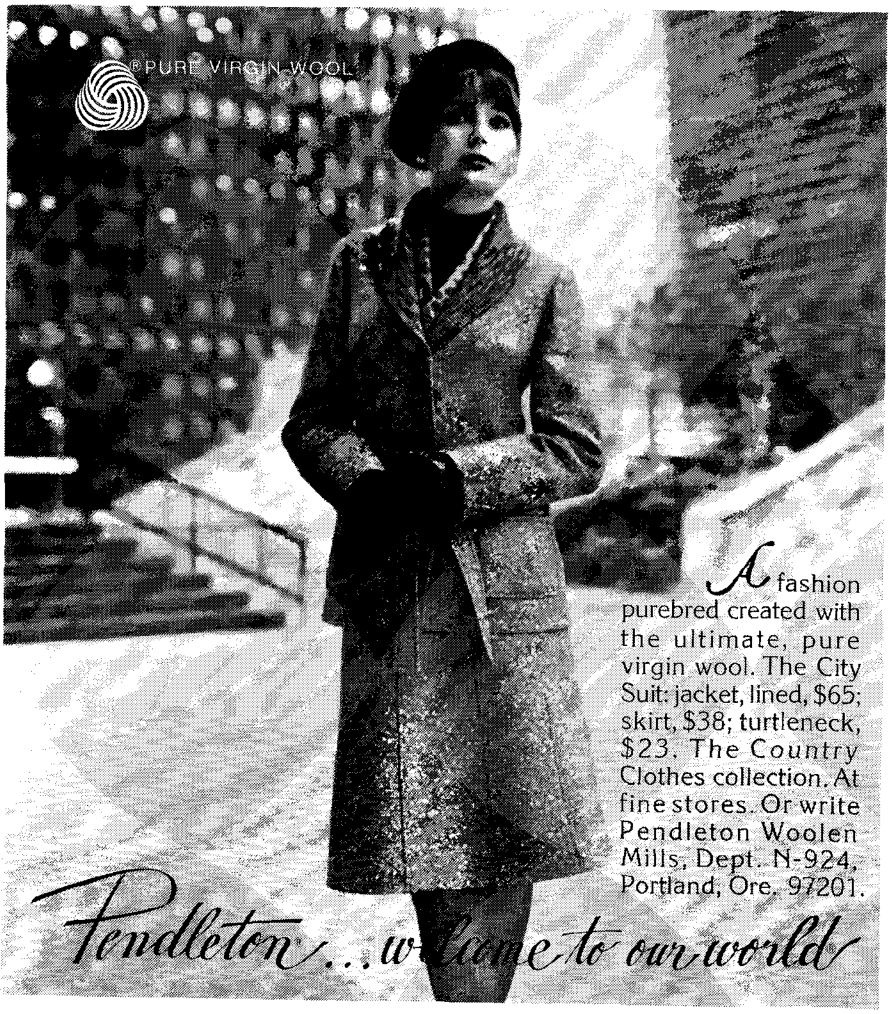

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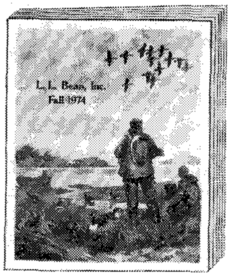

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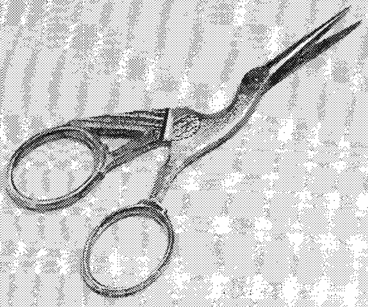

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the town banker saying to him in those days, "There's a dollar twenty-six in this village, Slim. Saturday night it goes to the bar, and on Monday I get it back in the bank again."

Whatever that Valdez was like, it is gone. In 1964, on Good Friday, a great earthquake struck several cities in Alaska. In Valdez, a pier that thirty-three longshoremen and truckers and bystanders stood on as a ship was being unloaded suddenly disappeared. Water damaged many of the town's buildings. It was decided to rebuild Valdez on solid ground, four or five miles down the harbor. Only a few buildings were moved to the new site, so the new Valdez is an old gold-mining port that has the look of a nineteen-sixties subdivision. Eventually, the old town was bulldozed under. The only indications that it was ever there are an occasional concrete foundation and some signs that say "Dolan House" or "Conley House" or "American Legion" or "Catholic Rectory." All that rises above the ground are stacks of four-foot pipe—stored at the site of the old town until the day they are hooked up to carry oil on its final stage from the North Slope to the new port of Valdez.

The new Valdez had only about a thousand people at the last census, but its city limits extend twenty-seven miles into the interior—the annexation of all that wilderness having been made with the thought of maintaining taxation and planning control over pipeline development. Unfortunately for Valdez, the state made a settlement with the oil companies that drastically limits the power of local communities to tax oil-company property. Valdez, which did not tax the mountains of pipe during the half-dozen years it stood waiting to go into the ground, is now in the position of not being able to tax it enough to pay for the expansion of services pipeline development will require. Although the work camp at Valdez will supposedly be self-sufficient, the need for administrative employees and service workers living in Valdez will mean, among other capital improvements, an expansion of both the sewer system and the school system—in a town that has until recently had a bonding capacity of only two million dollars. Where will Valdez get the money? "I'll be damned if I know," Lehfeldt says.

In a way, the long delay in starting pipeline construction made places like Valdez less prepared than they might have been if construction had started four or five years ago. When the pipeline plans were first announced, Fairbanks, the largest city along the route, geared up immediately in anticipation of the business it would bring—a stitch in time that caused a number of bankruptcies as the controversy over the pipeline continued to stall construction. The Fairbanks experience has been used lately to explain why nobody has been willing to commit himself to preparations for a pipeline that could have been delayed for years. The pipeline company, having had six or seven years to figure out its personnel needs, only filed a subdivision plan in Valdez this April—and one that did not meet the planning regulations of the city. The housing shortage in Valdez is caused partly by the fact that outside speculators avoided sinking any money in the development of their land until the pipeline was certain.

Alyeska is apparently studying the possibility of finding some modular buildings to relieve the expected crush at Valdez schools this fall, but the mayor of Valdez, Emil Wegner, reflected a widespread view when he said of the company recently, "They haven't done a thing, as far as I'm concerned." The position of the oil companies is that they made a deal for a certain level of taxation by all governmental authorities and it is up to those authorities to sort out who gets what. (Most of the impact money voted by the state legislature to communities such as Valdez has been tied up in a dispute about who should have the power to control its allocation.) In American corporations, the effect that some corporate action may have on bystanders falls into the area of "community relations." It never seems to be thought of as an element of "operations"—getting the job done, and all that—but as a sort of independent, low-priority sideline. The response a coal company makes if people in Kentucky object that too much of their land is being strip-mined is not to strip-mine less land but to run advertisements in Kentucky papers about corporate reforestation projects in the Pacific Northwest. Those in charge of building a pipeline in Alaska get their corporate rewards not for endearing themselves to the locals but for building a pipeline as quickly and cheaply as possible. Alyeska's response to grumbling in Valdez has not been to, say, risk some money by deciding on housing needs in time for the city to do something about them but to hire the son of a prominent citizen and put him in charge of community relations.

When Lehfeldt complained to a visitor this summer about not being able to get delivery on a new police car that had been sitting on the dock in Seattle, he was asked why the pipeline company didn't find it in its best long-term interest to leave one of its bulldozers behind on one trip and take the city's police car instead. "There's one thing you can't forget in this whole story," Lehfeldt said. "These people are economically oriented."

VALDEZ was the logical place for the pipeline port to be built, but the way some of the town's most influential businessmen saw it, that was all the more reason for the project to be stolen by Anchorage. People in the rest of Alaska figure that Anchorage now has so many more people and so much more political clout than anyplace else that it can steal just about anything. A few businessmen from Valdez approached the oil companies to make certain that everyone was aware of Valdez's extraordinary ice-free harbor and of the land available for pipeline storage and of the friendliness of the populace. Although the Valdez businessmen involved had more to gain from the terminus than most citizens did, they were undoubtedly correct in taking it for granted that their view was the view of the townspeople in general—the difference between them and the others being mainly in their belief that they could have any influence on some gigantic outside force like a consortium of oil companies. The fortunes of Alaskans have risen or fallen in this century principally according to decisions made on huge projects by people who live in that part of the United States Alaskans call "outside"—copper-company executives in New York or Defense Department planners in Washington or oilmen in Houston—and the pipeline was said to be the largest project of them all, the largest private construction project, in fact, in the history of man. "Most everyone wanted it," Mayor Wegner said recently. "But it didn't make any difference whether they did want it or didn't want it. It was going to happen anyway."

There were, of course, residents of Valdez who were unhappy at the prospect of their quiet town becoming the terminus for the trans-Alaska pipeline, but they apparently made their feelings known mainly by moving away. "We had some doubts about it ourselves," Robert Clifton, a supply supervisor at the state hospital and the chairman of the Valdez Planning and Zoning Commission, said not long ago. "It was going to change our way of life. But it wasn't fair to try to keep the town from bettering itself. After all, we had left Valdez where it was." Some businessmen in Valdez see the pipeline terminus as only the beginning of a betterment process that will eventually result in Valdez returning to its full glory. They talk about the possibility of another oil pipeline and perhaps a gas pipeline and maybe a refinery. They see the port of Valdez rejuvenated by the oil traffic so that it once again challenges Anchorage as the route to the interior. The tourists who now come in the summer to see the harbor and the mountains and take the ferry past the Columbia Glacier on the way back to Anchorage will, according to the optimists, not be driven away by the prospect of non-picturesque oil depots but will come in great numbers to see one of man's engineering marvels. (The town's leading motel already has in front of its door a symbolic section of pipe—on which someone has scrawled, sloppily but accurately, "Made in Japan.") There is talk about the routine arrival of tankers bigger than anyone in Alaska has ever seen. "What we're talking about is a really big deal," one member of the Chamber of Commerce said at a recent Chamber luncheon. "All we have to do now is survive."

Even those residents who have nothing much to gain economically from the growth of Valdez talk about how their lives may be enhanced by living in a city that may end up, after all the construction is over, with a population of five or six thousand instead of one thousand. Valdez is remote. Although Anchorage is only about a hundred and fifty air miles away, Valdez never had the traffic or the landing facilities to warrant regular flights. The normal way to reach Anchorage (and the normal way for goods to come to Valdez from Anchorage) is by road—a semicircular route that requires more than three hundred miles of driving. The nearest town of any size is only fifty miles closer than that. People in Valdez talk about how a town of several thousand people may warrant two or three competing clothing stores and maybe a

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movie theatre other than the Eagles' Hall, and perhaps even a bowling alley. It's a long winter in Valdez. "Why do I want the pipeline?" says Robert Clifton's wife, Dorothy. "Well, after nine o'clock where could you go for a cup of coffee here in the winter? Nowhere. Could you get a soft-ice-cream cone? Heavens, no! No way. You couldn't get any material, because if they sent a bolt down everyone in town would have the same dress. Well, maybe now we'll be able to get a soft-ice-cream cone. And you can already get a cup of coffee after nine o'clock."

The decision to welcome the pipeline terminus to Valdez was not, of course, made on its potential for drawing soft ice cream to the area. In fact, the decision was not made at all. It has always been taken for granted in Alaska that a town touched by a grand project has found success. Success and failure in Alaskan cities can be dramatic. Anchorage, that much-feared center of population and influence, was an insignificant town until the Second World War. Wanting the pipeline was taken for granted; the arguments about soft ice cream and bowling alleys came later. Wanting a project like the pipeline is so much a part of the Alaskan culture that some Valdez residents seem to feel mildly guilty at harboring any regrets at all about the end of their quiet winters or the beginning of what will sooner or later be a company town. How could Valdez have accepted the alternative—to be left out of the greatest private construction project in the history of man? What is the temporary inconvenience of raucous construction workers or a little inflation compared to the misery of seeing the terminus of the trans-Alaska oil pipeline go to Cordova? —CALVIN TRILLIN

•

We are indebted to Professor Alexander George for permission to publish a hitherto unpublished essay on psychological biography which, in its unpublished published form has long been recognized as one of the clearest statements on the topic.—*From the introduction to "A Sourcebook for the Study of Personality and Politics," edited by Fred Greenstein and Michael Lerner.*

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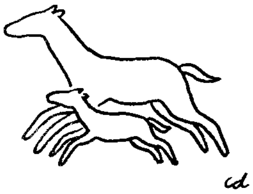
THE RACE TRACK

Saratoga Windup

SARATOGA'S most successful meeting in years ended last Saturday with two winners of the six-and-a-half-furlong Hopeful Stakes. Split because so many two-year-old colts were entered overnight for the $75,000 purse, the race was run off in two divisions, to each of which the management added $60,000. I have a notion that horsemen had wanted this to happen all along. Anyhow, both divisions were well run and exciting to watch. In the first, The Bagel Prince, a bounding bay by Grounded II out of The Bagel Queen, wore Knightly Sport down in the stretch and went on to win by three lengths, with Cardinal George third. In the second, Foolish Pleasure ran much as he did in the Sapling Stakes at Monmouth, to win by nearly four lengths from Greek Answer, with Our Talisman, winner of the Saratoga Special, third. The time for the second division was 1:16—four-fifths of a second faster than the first. Both winners were favorites, paying exactly the same price—$4.20. Right now, I'd say that Foolish Pleasure tops the two-year-old colts. Unbeaten in his five starts (the previous ones were a maiden race at Hialeah, a division of the Dover Stakes at Delaware Park, the Tremont Stakes at Aqueduct, and the Sapling at Monmouth, in which he beat The Bagel Prince), he has earned $161,565. He's a medium-sized, well-made bay by What a Pleasure, who won the Hopeful in 1967, out of Fool-Me-Not, by Tom Fool. LeRoy Jolley, who trains him, bought him on his looks for John L. Greer, a Knoxville bakery man, paying $20,000. He got a bargain.



In some respects, the Spinaway, which was run the day before the Hopeful, was quite as thrilling. Ruffian won it with an air of effortless superiority, leading the three other two-year-old fillies all the way and strolling home by nearly thirteen lengths. It was the fifth start for the strapping dark bay, who is as big as some three-year-olds. She was ridden by Vince Bracciale in place of Jacinto Vasquez, her regular jockey, who had been set down for seven days for crowding in a race the week before. As soon as Vasquez heard the ruling, he got a lawyer and appealed to the Racing Commission for a rehearing of the case, asking that if the suspension wasn't lifted he be given permission to ride in four stakes for which he'd been engaged, one of them the Spinaway. At the hearing, his request was denied. Colonel Martingale says that "one of these days some grounded jock is going to get an injunction permitting him to ride in a race, and he'll win it, too."

To horseplayers, the big event at Saratoga wasn't the Hopeful or the Spinaway. It was the triple earlier in the week that paid $63,624—the biggest payoff on a two-dollar ticket in the annals of thoroughbred racing in New York. To win a triple, you must pick the horses who finish one-two-three, in that order. And, to make the uncertainty more delightful, the animals usually are Class C, at best, because the triple is bet on the last race of the afternoon. Well, the day before the Spinaway, a schoolteacher named John Hansel, who lives in Ridgefield Springs, a small town upstate, near Utica, wound up an afternoon at Saratoga with a go at the triple. One of his two-dollar tickets had the numbers 9, 11, and 6 (you pick horses by numbers, not their names), the ages of his three children. Which I'd say is as good a way as any to pick a triple. As the race was run, Big Gig, whose number on the program was 11, led until Squire Henry, No. 9, caught him in the last dozen strides and beat him on the post. So Much More, No. 6, was an easy third. Mr. Hansel's was the only winning ticket at the track, but two men, who wouldn't give their names, had deuces on the combination with OTB. They received only $60,442 apiece—that five-per-cent surcharge, you know. After Mr. Hansel straightened things out with the tax people, he took a check.

FOR THE RECORD: Determined King brought off a 30–1 chance in the American Derby at Chicago's Arlington Park last weekend. Orders was second and Sr. Diplomat third. Holding Pattern, the favorite, was twelfth.

ANTI-INFLATION ITEM: As it did last fall, in the hope of stimulating betting, the state has cut the take from the mutuel handle at Belmont to fourteen per cent.

—AUDAX MINOR

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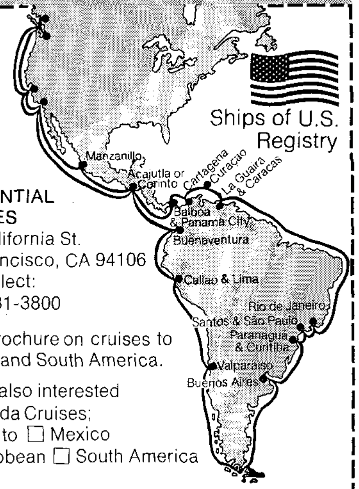

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BOOKS

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THE autobiography of a writer of fiction is generally superfluous, since he has already, in rearrangement and disguise, written out the material of his life many times. A novel like "The Man-Eater of Malgudi," though its hero, Nataraj, and its author, Narayan, are not to be confused, tells us more about the India that R. K. Narayan inhabits, and more explicitly animates his opinion of what he sees, than his recent brief memoir, "My Days" (Viking). Not that Mr. Narayan's mischievous modesty does not lend an agreeable tone to this account of his rather uneventful life. Nor are his delightful gifts of caricature entirely inhibited by factuality. In "My Days," as in his novels, one meets men so absorbed in self-interest that they become grotesque and wonderful: the young Narayan, seeking employment, grooms himself smartly to meet a prospective employer, who comes onto his veranda "bare-bodied and glisten[ing] with an oil-coating, as he prepared himself for a massage; he blinked several times to make me out, as oil had dripped over his eyes and blurred his vision. . . . All my best efforts at grooming were wasted, for I must have looked to him like a photograph taken with a shivering hand." The man barks a rebuff of the boy, and then paces "like a greasy bear in its cage." This sense of imprisonment within character, of each person energetically if ruinously fulfilling his dharma—his vocation, a Christian might say—reached its peak in English fiction with Dickens, and perhaps requires a religious basis. In the liberal view, character is significantly malleable, whereas the traditional character-creators fatalistically look into men for a fixed posture, an irrevocable passion. Narayan tells us that one of his uncles served as "an inescapable model for me—his approach to other human beings, his aggressive talk wherever he went, his dash and recklessness . . . his abandon to alcohol in every form all through the day. (I portrayed him as Kailas, in 'The Bachelor of Arts,' and he provided all the substance whenever I had to portray a drunken character.)" Few writers since Dickens can match the effect of colorful teeming that Narayan's fictional city of Malgudi conveys; its population is as sharply chiselled as a temple frieze, and as endless, with always, one feels, more characters around the corner.

Yet the creator's life, as described in "My Days," begins in loneliness. A little boy living with his grandmother and uncle, he has only pets for company, and the pets all die. He goes to school, and hates it. "On the first day I wept in fear. The sight of my classmates shook my nerves." He cannot shape clay, and his slate is always smudged. Throughout his schooling, though he toughens into an athletic boy of the streets, he remains difficult, intractable, uninspired. "I was opposed to the system of being prescribed a set of books by an anonymous soulless body of textbook-prescribers, and of being stamped good or bad as a result of such studies. . . . I liked to be free to read what I pleased and not be examined at all." Taking his university entrance examinations, he flunks English—his best subject. And in the idle year this gives him he begins to discover his own dharma—the vocation of a writer.

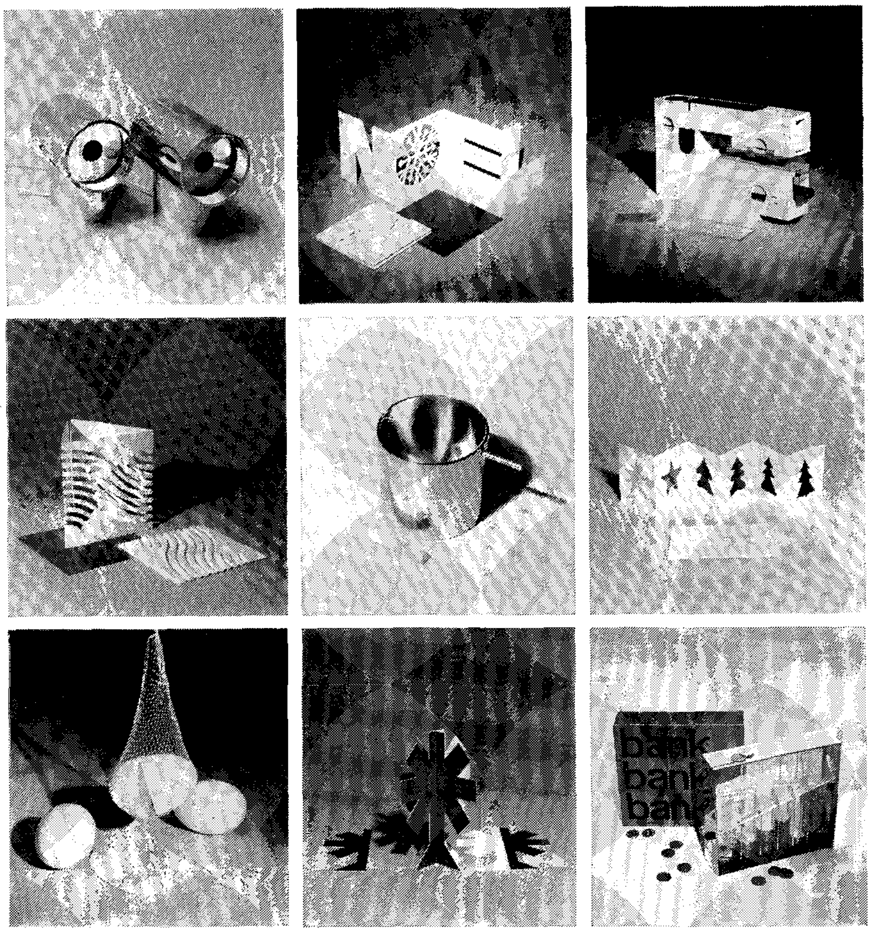
An aspect of this vocation, one feels after reading Mr. Narayan's fascinating middle chapters, is to have no other. His interviews for employment in business are humorous disasters; his enrollment as a teacher in the school where his father had been headmaster, a plausible route to respectability, is sabotaged by Narayan himself, with the manic pugnacity of one of his own characters. His chapter describing the regimented foolishness of schoolteaching and his repeated escape from it approaches vehemence; the chapters following drop in emotional temperature, and trace a slow climb to success, contentment already achieved.

> That settled it. After the final and irrevocable stand I took [not to be a teacher], I felt lighter and happier. I did not encourage anyone to comment on my deed or involve myself in any discussion. I sensed that I was respected for it. At least there was an appreciation of the fact that I knew my mind. I went through my day in a businesslike manner, with a serious face. Soon after my morning coffee and bath I took my umbrella and started out for a walk. I needed the umbrella to protect my head from the sun. Sometimes I carried a pen and pad and sat down under the shade of a tree at the foot of Chamundi Hill and wrote. Some days I took out a cycle and rode ten miles along the Karapur Forest Road, sat on a wayside culvert, and wrote or brooded over life and literature, watching some peasant ploughing his field, with a canal flowing glitteringly in the sun. My needs were nil, I did not have plans, there was a delight in being just alive and free from employment.

It speaks well, I think, of the Indian society of the early thirties that it allowed, after due resistance, this prospectless young man's rebellion against gainful employment; a contemporaneous American family might have driven such a child to France, or into bohemia—altogether out, in any case, of the home environment that has continuously nurtured Narayan's creativity. Madras, where he was raised, and Mysore, where he came to live, spontaneously fostered a fictional city: "On a certain day in September, selected by my grandmother for its auspiciousness, I bought an exercise book and wrote the first line of a novel; as I sat in a room nibbling my pen and wondering what to write, Malgudi with its little railway station swam into view, all ready-made." This novel, under the title of "Swami and Friends," was finally published in England.

The literary London of Shaw and Wells, Conan Doyle and Wodehouse, the *Strand* and the *Mercury* had been brought, via magazines subscribed to by his father's school, into the center of Narayan's boyhood, and colonial India abounded in English-language journalism, though of a threadbare sort. (This reviewer once had the opportunity to ask Mr. Narayan if present, nationalist India, which has discouraged the teaching of English, would produce any more masters of the language like himself; his answer was affable but not affirmative.) In his first year of free-lance writing, Narayan earned nine rupees and twelve annas (about a dollar and a quarter); the second year, a short story sold for eighteen rupees; the third, a children's tale brought thirty. He labored as the Mysore correspondent for the Madras *Justice*; Graham Greene became his champion in England, and found a fresh publisher for each of his first four novels, which were merely critical successes. The author married, and his beloved wife's sudden death from typhoid, and his own slow recovery from sorrow via psychic communication with her, form the only significantly adverse incident in his gradual progress from journalistic piecework to international distinction, movie deals, and—crown of crowns—a travel grant from the Rockefeller Foundation. In prosperity and fame, his imagination seems to work as fluently as when Malgudi with its railway station swam into view: "During my travels in America, the idea [of "The Guide"] crystallized in my mind. I stopped in Berkeley for three months, took a hotel room, and wrote my novel."

Narayan's few revelations about his practice of writing heighten the value of this memoir. His desire to write in English was born of an early infatuation with English novels, beginning with Scott and Dickens ("I . . . loved his London and the queer personalities therein") and going on to the romanticism of Rider Haggard and Marie Corelli and Mrs. Henry Wood ("I looked for books that would leave me crushed at the end"). When he turned from mystical poems to his first novel, he let the incidents invent themselves: "Each day as I sat down to write, I had no notion of what would be coming. All that I could be certain of was the central character." The tale-teller, that is, is nearer the tale-hearer, in his openness to surprise, than college instructors of plot mechanics may know. "The pure delight of watching a novel grow can never be duplicated by any other experience." But Narayan's fertility would be tedious without his control and economy; he goes on to describe how his days of pure delight were followed by nights of "corrections, revisions, and tightening up of sentences" so that a "real, final version could emerge . . . between the original lines and then again in what developed in the jumble of rewritten lines." His one confessed doctrinal resolve, as he set out, was "to see if other



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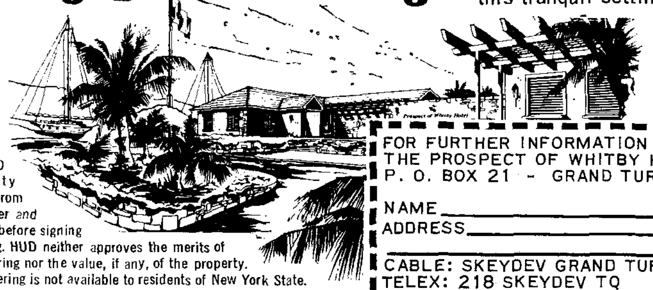

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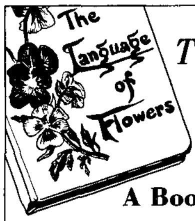

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subjects than love . . . could be written about. I wished to attack the tyranny of Love and see if Life could offer other values than the inevitable Man-Woman relationship to a writer." The predominantly masculine interplay of Narayan's novels develops, one feels, from street life, from the skein of casual and passing conversation that he alludes to lovingly more than once. His journalistic news-gathering no doubt reinforced his habit of sociable curiosity, but the impulse perhaps dates back to the time when, the only child in his grandmother's house, he found it "exciting, one day, to be asked to go with my uncle to the street of shops." His days as a writer sometimes began with a walk:

> All morning I wandered. At every turn I found a character fit to go into a story. While walking, ideas were conceived and developed, or sometimes lost through the interludes on the way. One could not traverse the main artery of Mysore, Sayyaji Rao Road, without stopping every few steps to talk to a friend. Mysore is not only reminiscent of an old Greek city in its physical features, but the habits of its citizens are also very Hellenic. Vital issues, including philosophical and political analyses, were examined and settled by people (at least in those days) on the promenades of Mysore.

Narayan is one of a vanishing breed—the writer as citizen. His citizenship extends to calling up municipal officials about inadequate street lighting, to "dashing off virulent letters to newspapers about corruption and inefficiency." Such protests do not feel, as with so much American social consciousness, forced—a covert bid for power and self-justification. "If I have to worry, it's about things outside me, mostly not concerning me." What a wealth of material becomes accessible to a writer who can so simply assert such a sense of community! We have writers willing to be mayor but not many excited to be citizens. We have writers as confessors, shackled to their personal lives, and writers as researchers, hanging their sheets of information from a bloodless story line. But of writers immersed in their material, and enabled to draw tales from a community of neighbors, Faulkner was our last great example. An instinctive, respectful identification with the people of one's locale comes hard now, in the menacing cities or disposable suburbs, yet without it a genuine belief in the significance of humanity, in humane significances, comes not at all.

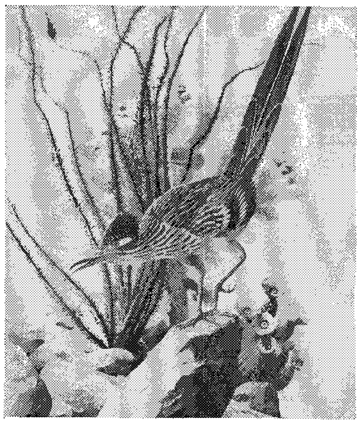
—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ORPHANS AND OTHER CHILDREN, by Charles Webb (Putnam). With a

BEEP . . . BEEP



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**Publishers Weekly*

HBJ **HARCOURT BRACE JOVANOVICH**

curious fascination, Mr. Webb writes of uptight people who yearn to break out and sometimes do—but only through desperate, grotesque lunges. Each of the three stories in this book centers on a naïve, rather straitlaced observer—a fifteen-year-old girl living with her aunt in California, a widower newly admitted to a "villa" for the aging in that state, and a solitary young man who acquires a New England Laundromat in hopes of leading an independent life. In each case, the observer is pounced upon, aroused, tempted, and very nearly ruined by characters—proselytizing nudists, a swinging widow, a bank clerk eager to unload his fiancée on a total stranger—who feel that they have found the answers to life's riddles, or who at least want to force answers on others. Mr. Webb's narrative is marked by smooth, understated dialogue that unwraps each person's pretenses layer by layer, and this is admirable. What is not so admirable is the sniggering amusement that the author often exhibits toward his lost souls. Mr. Webb has too much talent to be wasting time on titillating the unhappy and repressed.

NOTE: "The Mystic Adventures of Roxie Stoner," a collection of short stories by Berry Morgan, has been published by Houghton Mifflin. Most of the stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

THE BORN EXILE: GEORGE GISSING, by Gillian Tindall (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). An intelligent and sensitive, if not wholly persuasive, effort by a contemporary novelist to revive interest in the work of a semi-forgotten novelist. Gissing (1857-1903) is mostly remembered nowadays as a figure in other men's memoirs, and perhaps as the author of "New Grub Street," a novel about professional (or hack) writing in the late nineteenth century. He had a remarkable faculty for self-destruction. A scholarship boy, he was expelled from college for stealing to keep his girl friend from a career on the streets; as soon as he could, he married her, but her vocation could not be denied. When she died of alcoholism (and perhaps venereal disease), Gissing married the wholly uneducated daughter of a tombstone cutter; *she* went crazy. He was thus never legally free to marry a persnickety but literate Frenchwoman who was his mistress until he died. Gissing's novels drew

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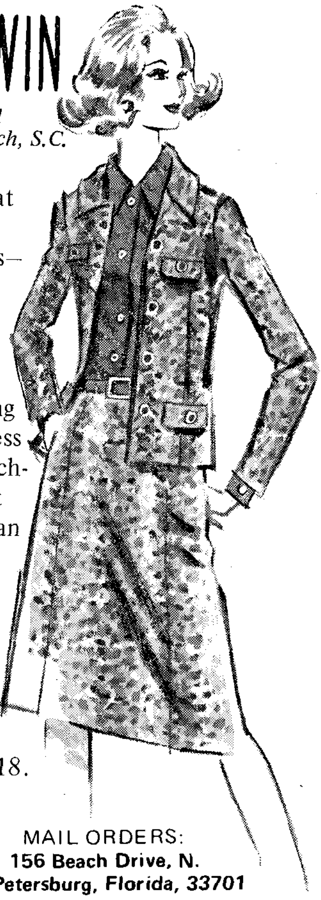

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on some of his difficulties, and when he attained literary and financial success, he kept his personal life secret from his colleagues; his work and his secretiveness both aroused gossip. But the result of his acquaintance with poverty was snobbery. The lower classes in his books may be pitiable, but they are, with few exceptions, unbearably vulgar. Miss Tindall feels that Gissing shows considerable sympathy for (middle-class or educated or tasteful) women, but another reader might find his pity akin to contempt. In his books, Gissing is unmistakably sorry only for Gissing. Miss Tindall is not claiming more greatness than is credible for her author—who is, indeed, extremely readable—but it may be that a very great talent is required to overcome such irritating qualities.

CARRYING THE FIRE: AN ASTRONAUT'S JOURNEYS, by Michael Collins, with a foreword by Charles A. Lindbergh (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). On the Apollo 11 flight, in 1969, Collins was left in charge of the command module while Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin landed on the moon. His memoir of his career in the American space program is explicit and is written in his own serviceable prose. It tells about the stunning scientific and engineering work, and also about the personal, or personnel, side—the astronauts he knew and their relations with one another, with their superiors, and with their scientific and engineering colleagues. (These relations, by the way, were not always rosy. The spacemen were quite dissimilar types; what they seem to have had in common was an ability to argue—or quarrel, if need be—and then to get on with the job.) And Collins discusses the role of man amid the multitudinous mechanical marvels; he describes everything he did every step of the way, and what his fellow-astronauts were doing as well. He tells why he left NASA (he is with the Smithsonian now), what it all meant to him as a human being, and what he hopes the space program will mean to mankind. These last pages are profoundly affecting.

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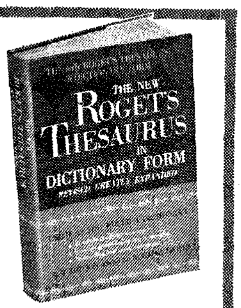
City Police Inspector Ignatius (Iggy) Borkowski is turning in his badge Tuesday after 25 years of tracking down the wrong people.—*Pittsburgh Press.*

And you know what he said? "I enjoyed every minute of it."



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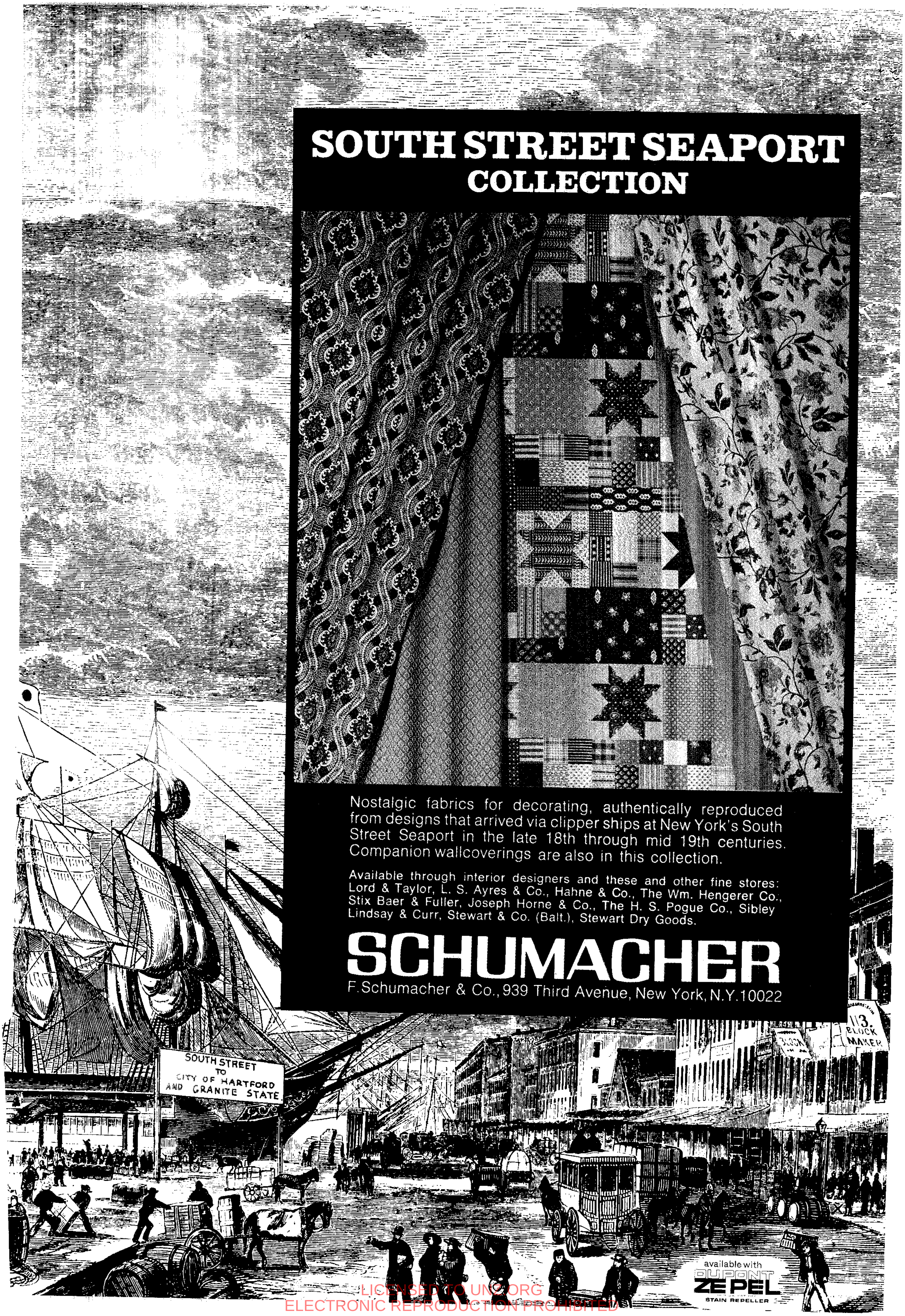
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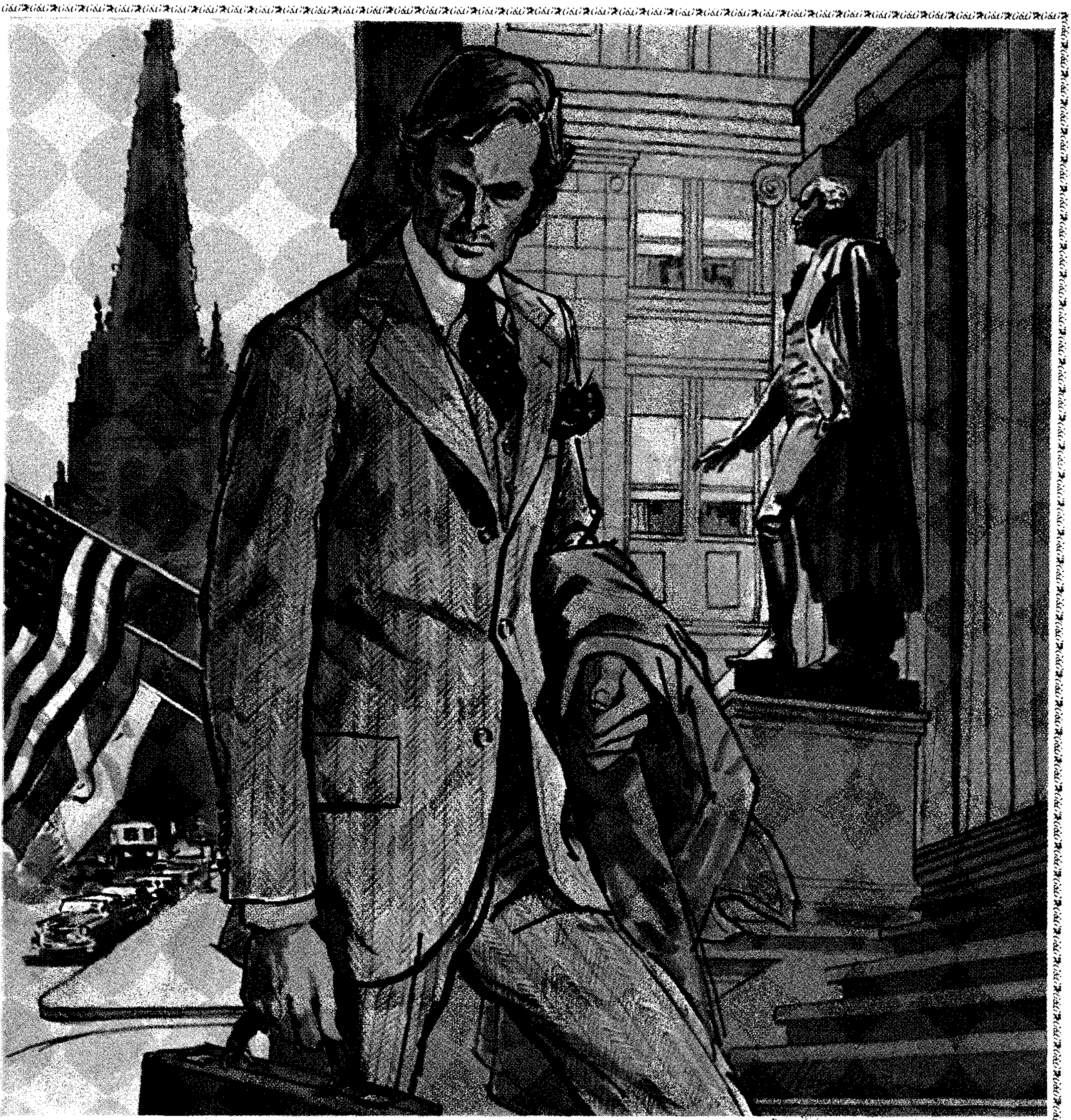

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